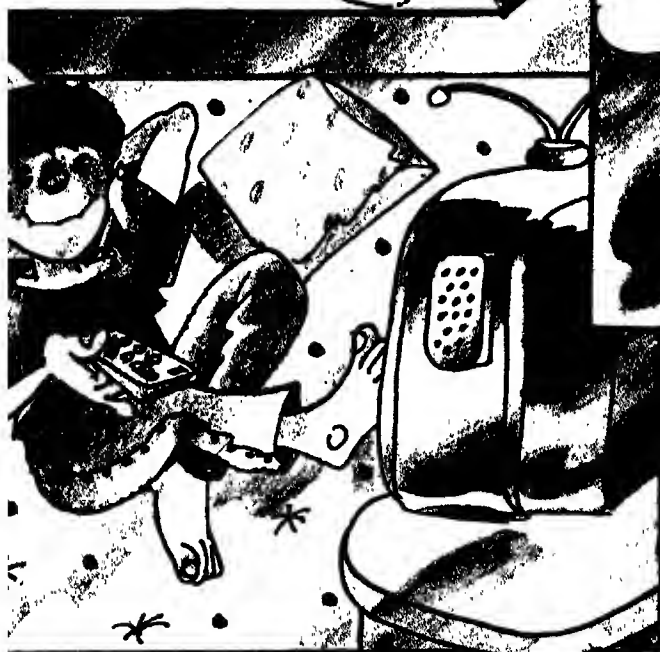


CW

CHILDREN'S WORLD



12.00



Newsletter Inside



Holiday
Special
Child, Am I?
Stories
Comics
Pen-Friends

Humayun's Tomb

ON MATHURA Road, some distance from where it crosses New Delhi's Lodi Road, high rubble-built walls enclose a garden divided by causeways. A lofty mausoleum stands at the centre of the enclosure. It is the tomb of Humayun (1530–1556), the second Mughal emperor of Hindustan.

The structure was built under the orders of Humayun's senior widow Bega Begum, popularly known as Haji Begum, 14 years after his death. The architect was a Persian named Mirak Mirza Glyas.

The tomb clearly exhibits the influence of Persian art. It is also influenced by traditional Indian art.

The central octagonal chamber is encompassed by similar chambers at the diagonals and arched lobbles on the sides, their openings closed with perforated screens. Each side is dominated by three emphatic arches, the central one being the highest.

The roof is surmounted by a 42.5 m high double dome of marble with pillared *chattris* placed around it. The bulbous dome was an innovation as it consists of two shells with appreciable space between them. An outer shell supports the white marble casing of the exterior, the inner shell forms the vaulted ceiling of the main hall of the interior. Red sandstone has been used along with white and black marble to relieve the monotony.

Although some tombs had already been sited within

gardens, this is the first mature example of the idea of garden-tomb, which culminated in the Taj at Agra.

The enclosure is entered through two double-storey gateways, one on the west and the other on the south. A *baradari* occupies the centre of the eastern wall of the enclosure.

Several of Babur's successors lie buried in the mausoleum, although it is not possible to identify their graves. The personages include Shah Jahan's son Dara

Shikoh and the later Mughal Alamgir II. Bahadur Shah II, the last Mughal emperor of Delhi, had taken shelter in this tomb during the Revolt of 1857.

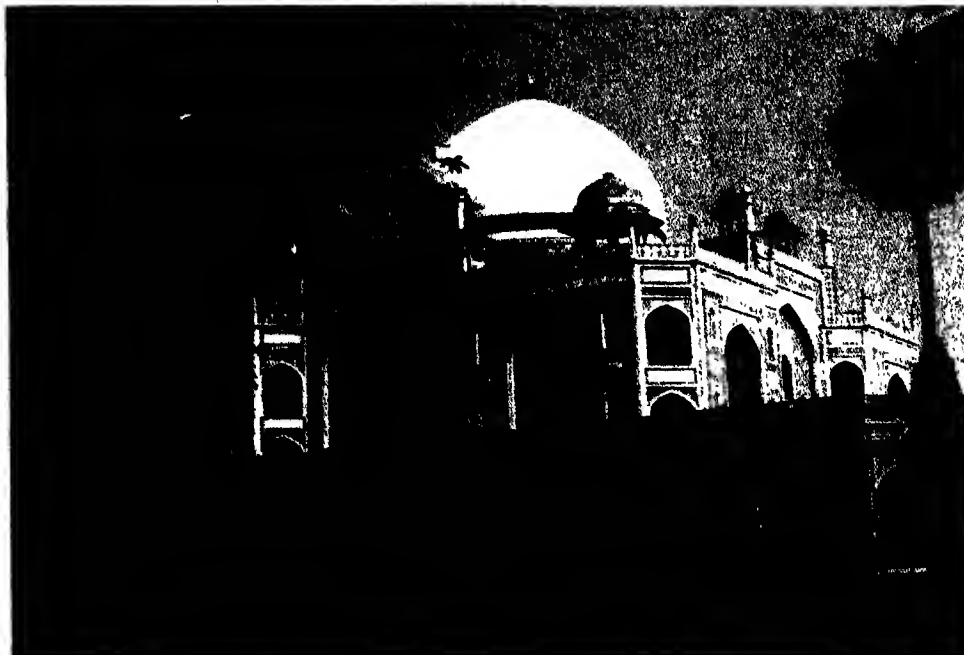
Within the compound, to its south-east, stands an impressive square tomb with a double dome. It is usually referred

to as Barber's tomb. One of the graves inside is inscribed with the figure 999 which may stand for the Hijra year corresponding to 1590–91.

Outside the north-east corner of the garden are the remains of a house and a mosque, which, according to credible tradition, formed the residence of Sheikh Nizam-ud-din-Aulia.

The tomb of Humayun is a development of the style which had begun with the Qutb group of buildings and passed through the rough Lodi monuments and Sher Shah's mausoleum.

Abhijit Chandra Chandra



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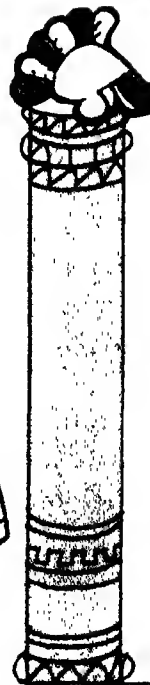
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NEWS UPDATE

Geeta Menon



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Dear Readers,

You lucky things! We really, really envy you your long summer vacation. Imagine not having to get up at some weird hour—unless driven out of bed by mosquitoes or power failure—and having the whole day to do what *you* want. You will have to spend some time on homework, of course. Nothing like being regular. What's a couple of hours in a day after all, when you've got the other twenty-two to do as you like?

While all of you take a break from 'work' for two months, consider the plight of children your age who toil at thankless jobs to add to the family kitty. No school, no holidays for them. Just long, long hours of work in uncongenial environment with little chance of redemption. Child labour is like a millstone around society's neck. More in our feature 'Child, am I?'

Thank you for writing and appreciating our work. It is so important for us to know what you like in and want from the magazine. Which is why you will find the 'Pen-Friends Corner' back. There's been such a clamour for it, we thought these holidays would be a good time for you to reach out and make new friends.

Surprise! The 'Your Pages' entries have started trickling in. That's some enthusiasm. Keep it up. Ask your friends and classmates to write in too.

Surprise again! Beginning with this issue, all contributions by children will be paid for. Great news, isn't it? Which means, you get a chance to be published and earn money for your effort, and we get to be just as choosy about the kind of material we pick up for publication. Works both ways, you see.

Next month, look out for a special package on environment written just for you. It could make a sound summer project for those of you who have to submit one at the end of the holidays.

Meanwhile have a rip-roaring, wonderful vacation.

Dear Editor,
I have received my copy of the CW Diary. It's very nice and I have started writing in it. I like to do 'Funtime' and read the stories. I liked 'Poly-Poly Zero' very much.
S.P. Chidambaram
Chennai

Dear Editor,
I am a regular reader of your wonderful magazine. I wait anxiously for my copy every month. It is a complete magazine. Congratulations to the entire CW team. I hope CW goes on till the earth moves on. I look forward to a CW which gives a lot more information and has a lot more fun.

Anusheel Bhan
New Delhi

Dear Editor,
I am a regular reader of CW and I would like to congratulate you for publishing such a lovely magazine. It is like a treasure-house for children. Even adults take a lot of pleasure in reading this beautiful magazine so full of fun and knowledge. Every issue of CW gives us a new inspiration to face life with more courage and vigour. I hope CW will continue to fill our lives with enthusiasm and beauty.

Ligi John
Delhi

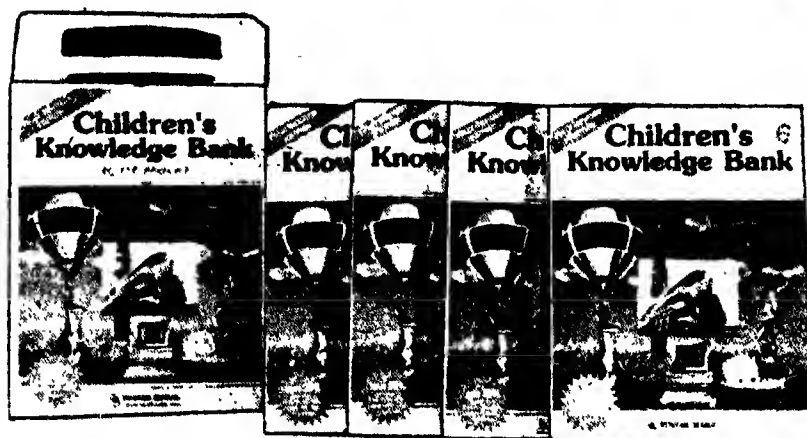
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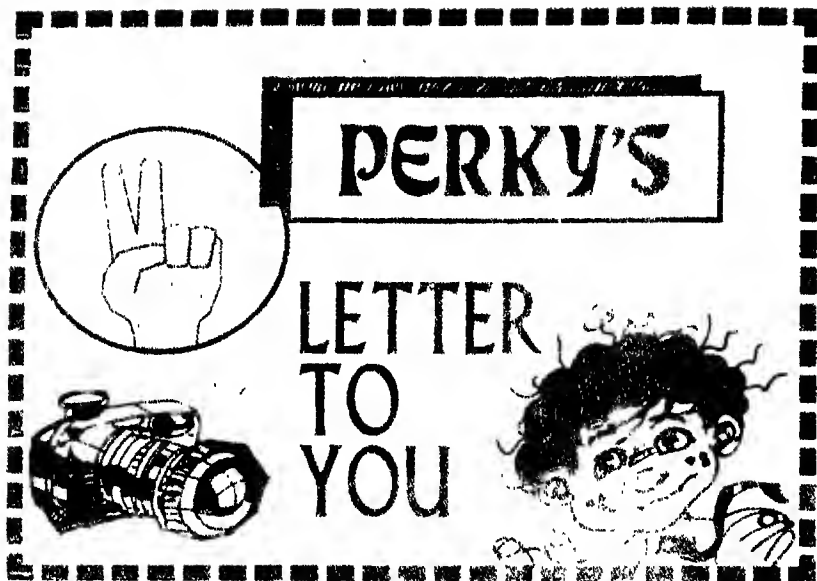
- How does the tongue tell us taste?
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- Why can't we walk straight with closed eyes?
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Dear snaps and shots

If my English teacher saw this letter she would scream and shriek but what to do I can't write it any other way because there are some days when there are no full stops not even commas and life goes on and on from one thing to another especially in school when the class photograph has to be taken and we have been told for days without number that we must come looking clean and tidy with our hair combed and our faces washed and even Raghu tried to keep his belt where it should be and the tie around his neck instead of the other way round where his tie is around his waist and his belt hangs from his ear and his knees are near his shoes but anyway for weeks without end we all tried to stay clean actually for two days when you come to think of it but it seemed like a year and the

photographer did not come to school at all and then when he did arrive the sun did not rise because of some thick clouds that hung around like angry teachers who were actually angry the real teacher I mean because they had to stop giving us tests and quizzes to show us how ignorant we are and had to smile and pat us for the photographer and finally

one day the sun rose and the photographer arrived a couple of hours or so later and we had to help arrange the benches the bigger boys and Raghu put one bench inside another and it got stuck so then the chowkidar had to come and tear the two benches apart and they came apart CRACK like that and everyone was angry and Raghu was put in the last row for the photograph but he started pulling the leaves off the tree near him because he could reach them since he was standing on the highest bench and so he was brought down and made to sit right in the front on the ground just next to Mr. Krish's toes who is our Principal, not the toes of Mr. Krish but Mr. Krish himself who is all right most of the time but even he has a bad temper on school photograph day and can anybody help it when they are made to stand first this way





then another way and your combed hair becomes uncombed and tangled and in Raghu's case wild and your tie chokes you and your shoes defeat you and your shirt sticks out as if it needs more air to breathe and your ears gasp with all the sun and the photographer keeps saying smile now please and somehow you can't and finally you can but then your eyes close so he says don't close your eyes please so you open your mouth and smile with your eyes and suddenly the camera clicks and the photographer says thank you please and Mr. Krish gets up but he sees the next class coming in so he sits down

again with a groan and the next class passes our class and there are a few small fist fights and somebody pulls somebody's hair in passing so we are all punished and Raghu says he is suddenly itching on his legs because he sat on the ground and it never suited him sitting on the ground he is not used to it as if I don't know how many times he sits on the ground and makes mud balls to throw at me and other people but anyway by the time Raghu has stopped complaining and we are punished enough it is time to go home and forget about the day but we have homework to do and tests to study for and next day

we go back to school and the photographer is back again saying the photographs have not come well so he is taking them again and so we get back on the benches and our hair is not even combed properly and our shirts have fought with our shoes which have fought with the socks and our trousers are painted with ink and somebody has got glue on his tie so it has got stuck on his throat and anyway the photograph is taken and when it is ready and when we see it we see only a row of open mouths with ties around the chins and with hair sticking out of head tops like cabbages with pins

Perky full stop



YOUR PAGES 1998

Every November CW dedicates its pages
to articles by children.

Every November these pages come alive with
your thoughts, feelings, experiences and opinions,
told in poems, stories, interviews, jokes, riddles
and much else that you create.

This November, your work too can
find an honoured place in these pages...Your Pages.

So curl up in a comfortable corner,
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Important

Each entry must carry a declaration that it is
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It **must** be signed by the author and
counter-signed by his/her teacher/parent.

Entries without this declaration will not be considered.

Each entry must also carry your name, age, address
and the name of your school.

Number of entries: Unlimited

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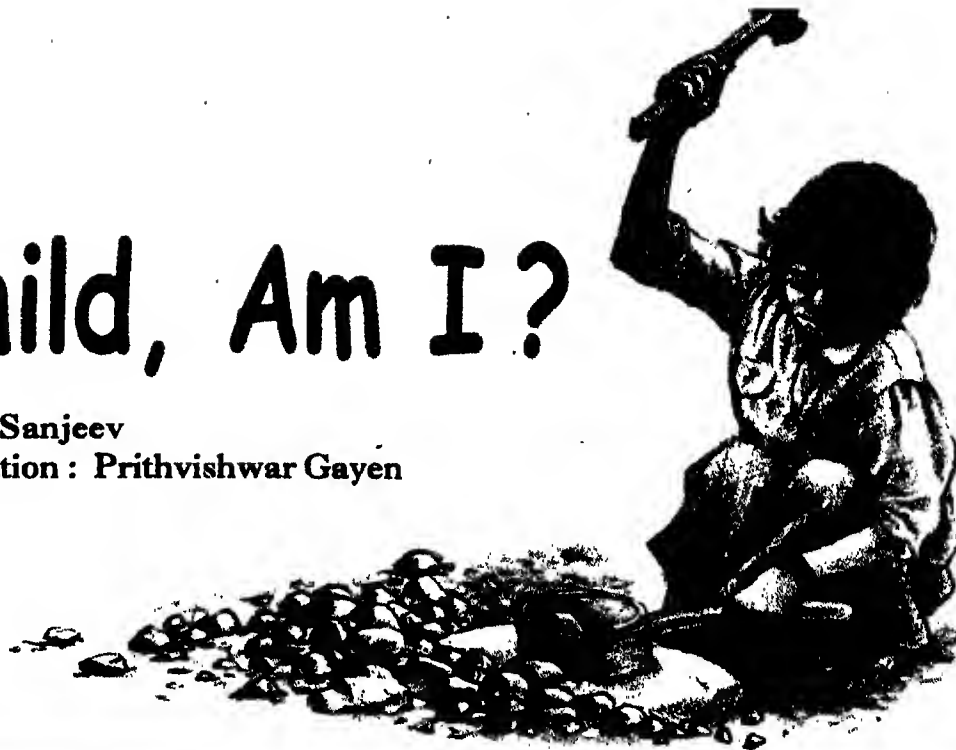
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Last date for receiving entries: July 31, 1998

Child, Am I?

Sudha Sanjeev

Illustration : Prithvishwar Gayen



It was hot. Unbearably hot. Ashok had been working without a break for almost four hours. His back ached from carrying the heavy, thin rod with molten glass loams stuck at its tip, to the moulding furnace, burning at 1600° Celsius. Ashok dodged other children rushing to and fro with their rods. The floor was littered with pieces of broken glass. Ashok hardly felt any pain. His feet were cracked, blood-caked and, mercifully, hard.

Ashok's brothers, Ramu, Gopi and Nandu, worked in the glass factory too. Ramu couldn't see very well. The doctor said it was cataract. The jagaiya (contractor) no longer wanted him to work. Gopi coughed constantly. He had asthma. For six years he had inhaled the soot and dry glass mixture in the factory. Even breathing was difficult. Nandu had come to work after a week. Standing close to the furnace for hours, he had had a heat stroke. Today, the long hours exhausted Nandu. But Ashok had no time to ask him how he was. Ashok had made so many trips to the furnace and back that his mind was a blur...

Muniya, his sister, was crouched in the next room over a kerosene flame since early morning doing jhalai (bringing the two arcs of a bangle together) and judai (joining the two ends). Muniya, who was fourteen years old but looked nine. Muniya, whose eyes were red-rimmed with fatigue. Muniya, who fashioned exquisite bangles in myriad colours by the thousands. Muniya, whose thin, stick like arms were...bare.

Like the 50,000 children working in glass factories, Muniya, Ashok, Ramu, Gopi, and Nandu toil long, gruelling hours for one square meal. Their little hands shape chandeliers, beads, bangles, and crockery with dexterity and speed.

The next time you squeal in delight over some colourful bangles, pause if you can, for a moment, and see Muniya's and Ashok's dirt streaked, exhausted faces in them.

Child labour is a socio-economic problem that mocks at

a world claiming to have taken vast leaps in scientific and technological terms.

The nightmare is not confined to glass factories alone. About 18 million children in the country work to earn bread for their families. The number,



unofficially, is much higher.

But figures are figures. Hiding below the surface of these figures are the bleary-eyed and work-racked children whose voiceless cries must evoke a response in the conscience of mankind.

The consequences of using child labour are many. Working in unhealthy and hazardous conditions stunts physical health and mental growth. Children are easy targets for diseases like asthma, bronchitis, TB, ocular problems, cuts, burns and dehydration.

The number and types of occupations in which children are being employed is endless and includes almost every aspect of human work and life.

Countless 'economically active' children—as they are conveniently called—can be found in small workshops, cot-

tage industries and almost in every commercial or manufacturing unit, family owned or otherwise. These child workers are often described as 'apprentices'. In fact, their 'training' always means ever increasing, strenuous work load. They are treated like menials, sometimes not even earning enough for a meal. For the employer, child labour is somehow 'law-proof'—none of the labour enactments or welfare measures is applicable to them. Work may prolong, as in hotels, from 4 a.m. to midnight.

The notoriously exploitative industries

that have been identified are the match and fireworks industry at Sivakasi, the diamond polishing industry in Surat, the precious stone polishing industry in Jaipur, the glass industry in Ferozabad, the lock making industry in Aligarh, and the carpet industry in Kashmir.

Children also contribute to a large proportion of urban domestic servants, vendors, shoe-shine boys, coolies, newspaper hawkers and labour at construction sites, tea gardens, transport sector, stone and quarry works. An overwhelming majority of the children, in fact, work in the unorganized sector rather than in the 'visible' industries that have been identified.

Like glass factories, other industries too extract gruelling work at an inhuman pace with little regard for the safety and health of the workers.

In Sivakasi, the children are woken up early, stuffed into vehicles and taken to the place



of work to be brought back at about six in the evening, after working for about 10–12 hours. The plight of the carpet weavers is equally pathetic.

The root of the malaise lies in grinding, abject poverty. When the question is of survival, other considerations take a back seat. As a doctor said, "The parents are more keen that the child earns rather than keeps healthy. They have come to accept lung related diseases as part of their lives."

Wherever social and economic conditions have improved, children go to school, and child labour has virtually disappeared. One of the important reasons for Kerala having the lowest figures for child labour is due to the fact that it has the highest school enrolment of over 80 per cent in the 5–14 years age group; another remarkable feature being that this high enrolment is also about the same in both sexes.

As such the main precondition for a society is to free its entire population first from fear of want. This means ensuring basic human needs, i.e. food, shelter, clothing, education, training and provision of gainful employment to all.

The government is aware and concerned about the evils of child labour. The Constitution of India stresses, inter alia, the need for granting special protection to children. Article 24 of the Constitution categori-

cally provides that children below the age of 14 years should not be engaged in factories or mines or in hazardous employment. Similarly the Directive Principles of State Policy enjoin that children of



tender age should not be abused but, on the other hand, they should be protected against exploitation and provided the facility to grow in a healthy manner.

The latest Child Labour Regulation Act, 1986, has banned the employment of children below 14 in specified occupations and processes. It has laid down the norms to regulate the condition of work for children in employment where they are not prohibited from working.

The legal framework created for protecting child labour is formidable. Yet its inadequacy lies in its enforcement. With an increase in child labour in the unorganized and informal sec-

tor, the desired results are yet to be achieved.

Child labour cannot be willed away at one stroke. It can, at best, be contained first and abolished over a period of time. To achieve this we need

committed action by the government, unrestrained support from non-governmental organizations, and an awareness among people about not depriving children of the pleasures of childhood. A realistic approach of tackling the problem would be to lay emphasis on removing the causes of child labour and to improve working conditions of existing child workers.

Is this not food for thought? As children, are you aware of child workers around you—maybe in your own house, in local shops or in street corners? Reach out to them, for they, too, are children...India's children.

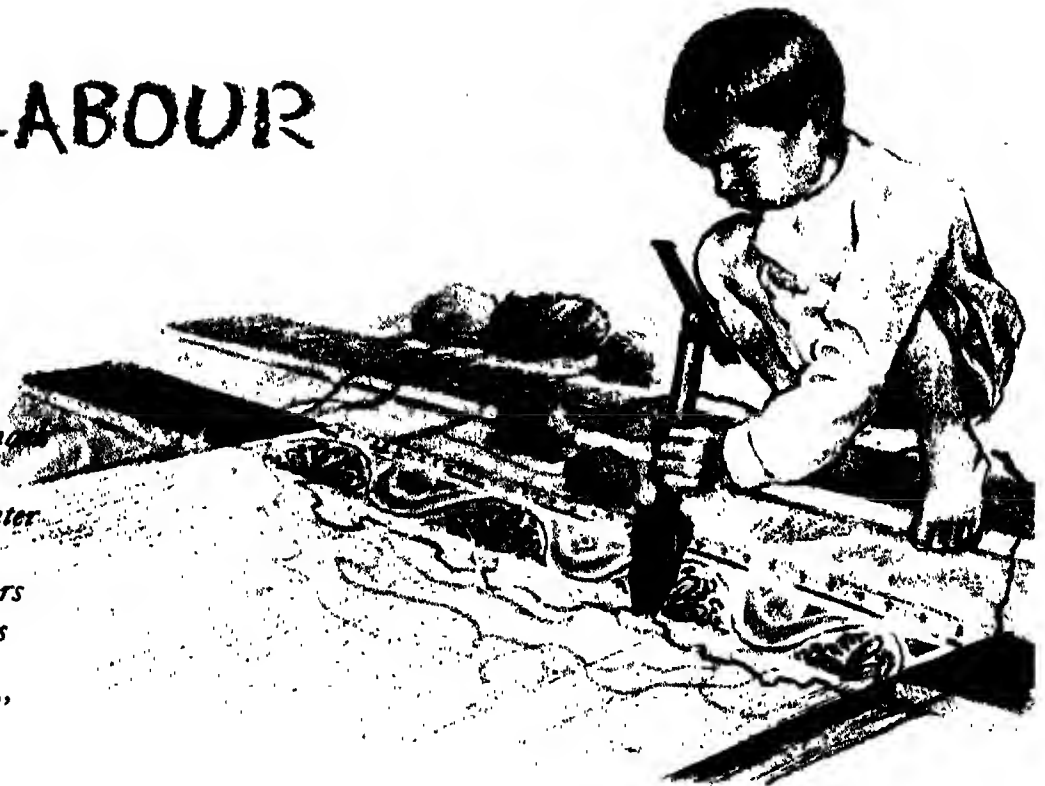
(Photographs courtesy UNICEF)

CHILD LABOUR

*My hands are bleeding
I cry out in fear and pain
A poor carpet weaver
I have not a day of joy*

*Pangs of hunger
Have grilled my small stomach
Thirst—I cannot cry out—
Oh give me few drops of water*

*My country has many leaders
Who talk of children's rights
I call out loudly to them
'Oh, free me, I'm in chains!'*



Joe George (14)

Illustrations : Prithvishwar Gayen

CHILDHOOD NO MORE

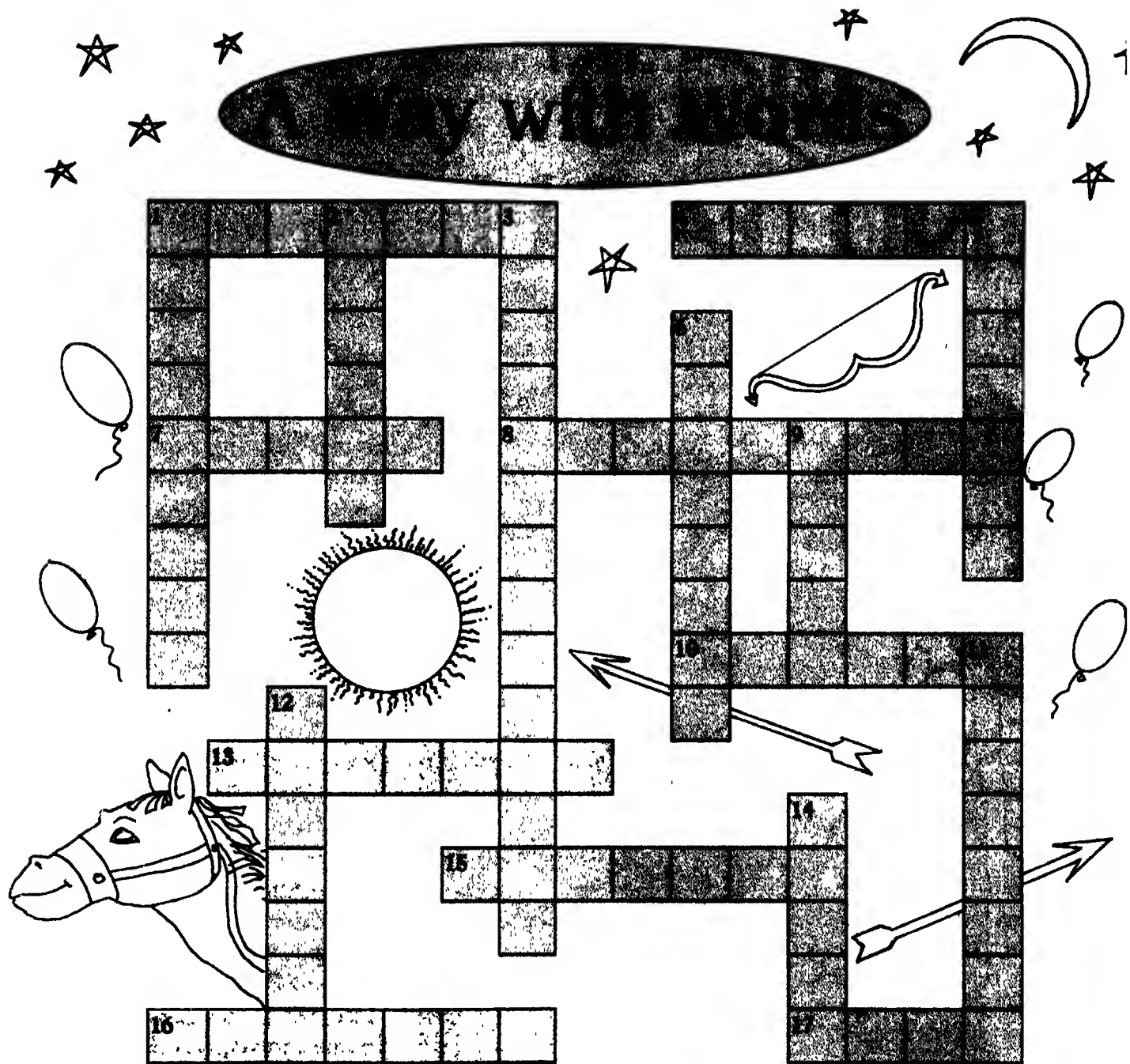
*Childhood is the age of innocence
Of happiness, love, purity and sweetness
It is the best time of a man's life
With no cares, frets, fears and worries.*

*Those who force a child to work
In farms, factories or fields
Will be punished by God
And earn the curse of good men.*

*If you cannot give love and tender care
Keep away, cruel folks, from them;
Don't tear their little fingers
Or cut their soft and delicate hands.*

*Only he who loves an infant
Can rightly be called 'a human being'.*





Across

Down

1. Keeper or custodian of a museum (7)
4. Outskirts (6)
7. Warning sound (5)
8. Pertaining to the night (9)
10. Dry, barren land (6)
13. Against the law (7)
15. Red (7)
16. Closest to the sun (7)
17. Bad (4)

1. Yuletide (9)
2. One who shoots with a bow and arrow (6)
3. Survey of a region (14)
5. Writing for the blind (7)
6. Way of thinking (8)
9. Straps used for horse (5)
11. Calm (8)
12. Taste (7)
14. Old, not fresh (5)

THE BIG 'B' AND JADU

Saibal Chakraborty

Illustrations : Surendra Suman



them, because the end in their cases was always tragic.

Of the top three villains of Bengal—Kabul Singh, Hasan Ali and Bhishon Bhadra—the last was Jadu's favourite. His name actually was 'Bhibishon' but his fans shortened it to Bhishon (dangerous) which no doubt matched well with his dare-devil antics.

Jadu had long wanted to meet Bhishon in person. He had heard that just to avoid his fans, Bhishon Babu moved about in disguise. If today he is a Kabuliwala, then tomorrow he would be a European. In the morning he

JADU had a special love for film villains. He liked heroes, no doubt, but the villains fired his imagination as nothing else did. They are physically strong and have the courage to face all kinds of odd situations. They jump from running trains and leap into nowhere from the top of hills. Jadu was all sympathy for

might cycle down to the Gariahat market to get some fresh cheese, and the same evening drive his Opel Astra to Digha for a quiet weekend.

Once, Bhishon Babu went to New Market without a disguise to buy a bunch of roses for his aunt on her sixtieth birthday. There was such a hullabaloo that the police had to be called in. How Jadu wished that he were present in the market that Sunday, to get a glimpse of his hero.

One evening, Jadu's Santu Uncle brought sensational news. Santanu Dutt, the tall twenty-five-year-old-Ranji all-rounder, was a sports journalist of an English daily, *Today*. Incidentally, Uncle is very proud of his profession.

"Do you know what's the top story of the week?" Santanu asked Jadu one evening at the dinner table. "I mean about Big 'B'?"

"No," Jadu said with a start. "What is it?"

"He has rented a cottage near the lake in Tanupukur," replied Dutt while chewing a piece of mutton, "and started living there."

"Really?" Jadu almost fell from his chair in excitement.

"From the first of this month, I hear," Santanu looked at the calendar on the opposite wall. "Today is seventh. So it's about a week since he is in the same

municipal ward as we are."

"What went wrong with his Sunny Park house?" gasped Jadu.

"That place has become much too uppish," Santanu grimaced. "Too many cars and dogs. The noise is simply deafening. Our news editor who was Bhishon Babu's neighbour is also thinking of moving out."

Jadu found it hard to believe. Bhishon Bhadra—their neighbour. Of course, Tanupukur is a quiet place with a lake and few orchards. There is a cute, wooden bridge over a slim canal also. Anyone who loves quietness may fall for this place. Yet it is difficult to believe that Bhishon Babu has preferred Tanupukur to Sunny Park.

"Mr. Bhadra has laid a condition," Santanu gulped his Cola, "that his landlord will not disclose his address to anyone. Just for that he is paying an extra thousand rupees over the usual rent."

Jadu still had his doubts about how far this was true. "How do you know all this?" he asked.

Santu Uncle was smart enough to deal with such scepticism. "Here," he lifted his press-card from his shirt pocket with the help of two fingers. "The key to truth. Truth and nothing else." Jadu liked it. He wished he could also be as smart as his uncle.

"But then," Santanu Uncle was now wiping his hands with a towel after a wash, "it may not be easy for you to recognize the ace villain, if you happen to meet him in the park or at the post office. He is crazy about disguises, you know."

He laughed and left the room to watch India fighting the West Indies at Georgetown on TV.

That was the biggest news of the week for Jadu. More important than India producing a record wheat crop or Leander Paes winning a



bronze in the Olympics.

"Wait," he told two of his close friends, Choton and Navin, "I am going to introduce you to a VIP very soon."

He did not disclose who the VIP was, to keep the two chums in suspense.

A week later, Jadu had a strange experience. An experience more spellbinding than the magic show he attended. Navin's uncle, who lived in Almora and had come to Calcutta during the monsoon, was regaling the boys with tricks that evening. Jadu was so engrossed that he did not take notice of the rain and gale that lashed outside since dusk.

Around six o'clock he rose to take leave. The rain had stopped by then and Navin's uncle also wanted a break. Navin offered to accompany Jadu upto the railway track but the latter said, "No, you stay back. I will make it alone."

Walking down the muddy path which skirted the mango orchards of the Mitras and the Roys, Jadu increased his pace. He had to reach home by 6.30 p.m. as Rosomoy Nandi, his Maths teacher, would be waiting for him.

In the eerie silence suddenly he heard a voice, "You there, will you please come here for a minute?"

On his lefthand side, about twenty yards from where he was, standing under a *Sisam*



tree Jadu found a *dhori*-clad gentleman. He was around forty, tall and fair with a sharp nose. Obviously he was in distress.

"The rain stopped ten minutes back," Jadu said going up to him. "So what are you waiting for?"

"It's not the rain, but ..." said the man pointing to a spot on the other side of the path. Jadu's gaze followed the direction. He saw a fierce dog standing under a mango tree, its mouth open and a big tongue hanging out of it.

"That's Zebra," Jadu laughed. "Are you scared of him? I tell you, he looks big but is as harmless as a handkerchief."

"Could you please walk with me...I mean upto the wooden bridge?" The stranger

meekly asked.

"Sure," Jadu said. He raised his hand and shouted, "Shoo, Shoo." Zebra was quick to make his way in the opposite direction.

"Right from the lake where I had gone for a walk, he has been after me," complained Dhori Babu. "And such a big tongue," he raised his eye-brows.

"It's his habit to stick to people," Jadu explained. "Specially strangers. But with no ill-motive, I assure you. You are not an old resident of this locality, are you?"

"No," said Sharp Nose. "I only came here last month." With Zebra out of sight he looked relaxed. Both walked up the zig-zag path; at the next right turn he raised a finger to a palm grove across the wooden bridge. "My

cottage is just behind the palm grove.

"Thank you," he shook hands with Jadu. "Had you not come just then I don't know how long I would have been standing there."

"You are welcome," Jadu felt happy to be of help to someone.

"Here," the stranger pulled out a card from his *kurta* pocket, "I shall be happy if you could come down to my place one day. Sundays I keep free for friends..."

He soon vanished across the bridge. The moon got covered by clouds. There was no light nearby so Jadu had no way of reading the contents of the card.

He ran towards his house. It threatened to rain again and Rosomoy Babu might be waiting for him. As he came closer to his house he felt an urge to have a look at the card. No sooner did he take it out, lightning flashed across the sky, and there was enough light.

Jadu was thunderstruck. He wondered whether it was a dream.

No. There he could see the TV antennae on the roof-top of their house, as real as the ivory card in his hand or the beautiful black letters printed on them.

His next thought was how to give the news to his parents and others.

Santu Uncle would hardly

believe his story. He thinks Jadu is too small a person to have an experience like this.

It happened almost the way Jadu had anticipated. No sooner did he begin telling his story to the family at the dinner table, when Santanu Uncle tried to dismiss his talk, "Oh, Jadu, don't talk rubbish."

Jadu quickly lifted the dainty card from his pocket—his trump card—and said, "Look at this."

That had a magical effect. The Ranji all-rounder was speechless. Jadu's parents looked at the card and then at each other's face. Little Ranu jumped on her chair and read

out loudly, 'Bhibhison Bhadra, Cottage No. 1B, Tanupukur, Calcutta...'

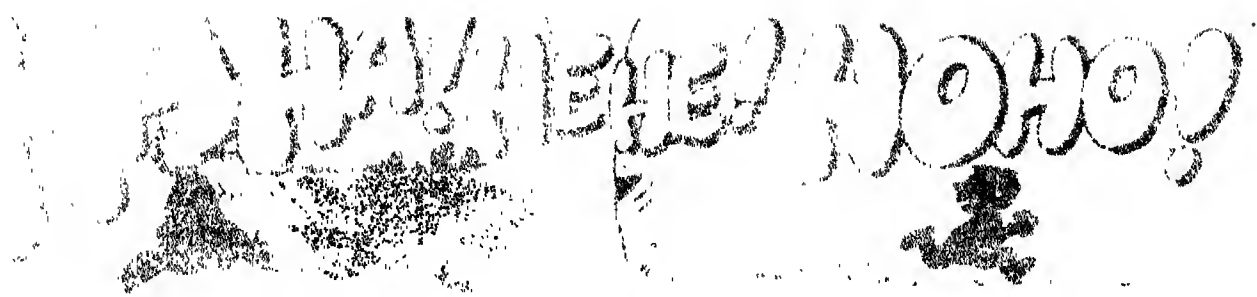
It was Jadu's turn now to tell them his experiences of the evening. He did this as smartly as Tendulkar sweeps to extra cover or Azhar takes a difficult catch off a Jayasurya hit.

He told them everything except that the No. 1 villain of the Bengali screen was scared to death of the harmless Zebra and that he had taken Jadu's help to reach a place of safety.

You know why.

He omitted it because he could hardly afford to let down his hero.

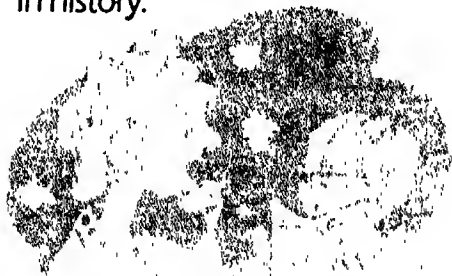




Son: Ma, I got one hundred in two subjects.

Mother: Excellent! What are they?

Son: Sixty in maths and forty in history.



Mother: Shyam, eat all your breakfast so that you will grow up big and strong like your Daddy.

Shyam: Okay, but after I become big and strong, nobody is going to make me eat it.



Mother: You fell over fifty feet and didn't even get a scratch?

Anu: Yes, I was walking to the back of the schoolbus.

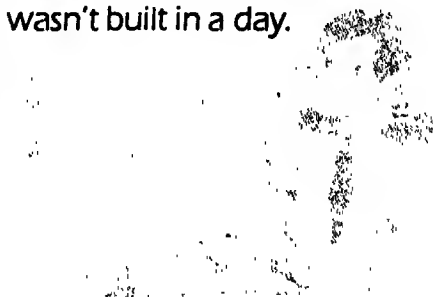


Teacher: When was Rome built?

Tina: In one night.

Teacher: What makes you say that?

Tina: Well, I've heard it wasn't built in a day.



Indu: I went to the dentist yesterday for my toothache.

Bindu: Is it still hurting?

Indu: I'll ask the dentist. He kept it.



"Did you hear about the man who made himself a boomerang?"

"No, what happened to him?"

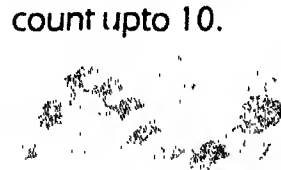
"He went crazy trying to throw the old one away."



Little centipede(crying): Mom, I've sprained my foot.

Mother centipede: Which one, dear?

Little centipede: I can't tell yet because I can only count upto 10.



Ritu: What's the difference between lightning and electricity?

Arun: I don't know. What is it?

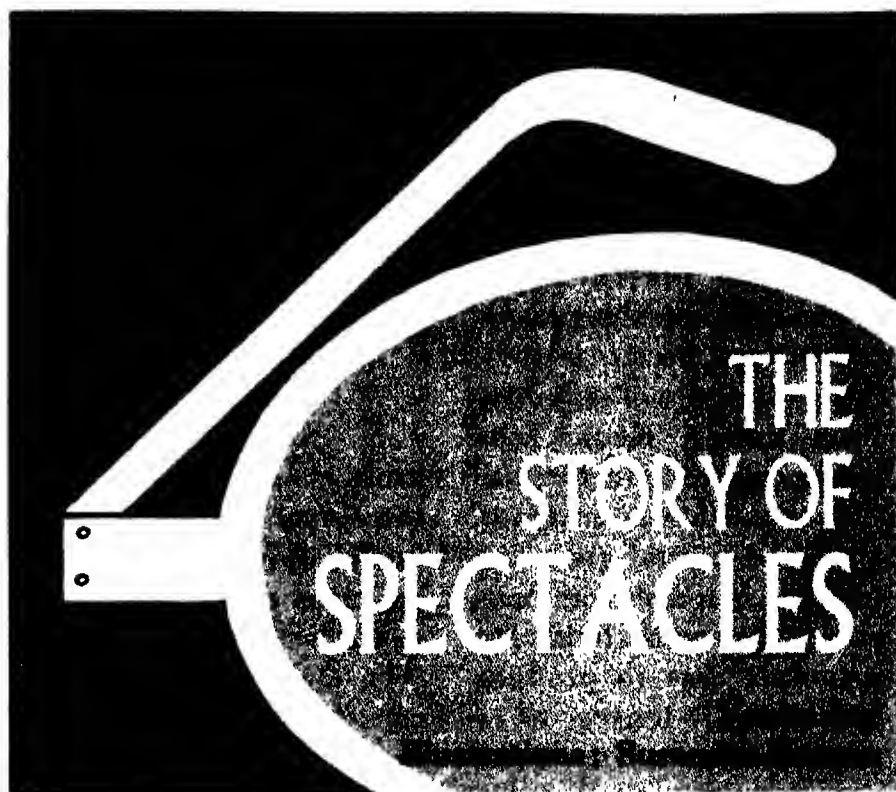
Ritu: Lightning's free.



Why did the crow sit on the telephone line?
He wanted to make a long distance caw.



How do you make a slow elephant fast?
Don't feed him!



N ECESSITY is the mother of invention. Indeed, spectacles became a virtual necessity after the introduction of printing. Before the advent of the printed word, the segments of society that could read were able to satisfy their quest for knowledge, as handwritten manuscripts had large, legible characters. But with printing, though the number of readers increased, the size of lettering created a significant problem. Spectacles became evident in paintings by about the middle of the 15th century.

The first inventor of spectacles remains a matter of much controversy, but the forerunner of the modern spectacles has been around for

centuries. The use of a convex lens to aid failing vision goes back to early times. One version credits the Chinese with the invention of spectacles. The tomb of Armati of Florence, who died in 1317, ascribes the invention to him. In the 13th century, Roger Bacon recommended reading lenses for the old. Spain's Doca de Valdez published the first scientific treatise on spectacles in 1623.



In Indian literature, it has been stated that the 74-year-old Vyasaraaya used a pair of spectacles to read a book in 1520, and that Portuguese traders may have presented spectacles to him. It is also claimed that lenses and spectacles were made by Devanarayan, an Indian architect, as far back as the 14th century in Ceylon (Sri Lanka). Based on the assumption that he knew the art of spectacle-making before he went to Ceylon and that he was from Vijaynagar, spectacle-making was presumably prevalent there before the Portuguese arrived in India by the end of the 15th century. Spectacles were extensively used during the Renaissance era, when printed books began to circulate. Customers were given the 'right' spectacles by trial and error and spectacle shops did thriving business.

A real obstacle to successful making of spectacles was a poor understanding of the principles of vision. Benjamin Franklin invented bifocal lenses in 1748. Thomas Young performed a number of studies on himself which he presented in a thesis in 1793. He surmised that when a distant object was brought into focus, one of two things must happen to the eyeball. Either it must lengthen its total depth or something must happen to the

eye lens. With callipers, he proved that the eyeball itself did not change its total depth. He thus proved correctly that when a distant object is brought into focus, the convexity of the lens in the eye changes. Today, we know the lens contour is changed by the ciliary muscle during 'accommodation', a process we use to see near objects.

The early spectacles invented in the 13th century brought their share of problems. The users chose the lenses that seemed the most reassuring, but the lenses were poorly ground and made from poor quality glass. It was John Marshall (1659–1725) who sought to improve the quality of these early lenses. Marshall was a freeman of the Turner's company and optician to George I. He was well versed in the knowledge of lenses and optics and also invented the compound microscope. Thus, improvements in spectacles overlapped with the era of improvements in the microscope. Both these 'visual

aids' required high quality lenses. In 1693, Marshall devised a novel method of grinding batches of identical, good quality lenses of specified focal length.

Marshall presented his method for improving lenses to the Royal Society in 1693. His proposal won approval from Robert Hooke, the pioneer microscopist. Marshall never published his methods, but used crystal glass and replaced iron tools with brass ones for a smoother finish. His principle was to produce batches of lenses of a particular focal length. At that time, most opticians in London were members of the Worshipful Company of



Spectacle Makers, which Marshall would not join. This led to protest from other spectacle makers who claimed that his invention was not new. Marshall never patented his new technique. The recommendation of his technique by the Royal Society led to a trade war between Marshall and his rivals, who began to advertise that they too were



using a method approved by the Royal Society! Despite initial opposition, English opticians came to adopt his method

In South India, quartz crystals were apparently used for manufacturing spectacle lenses by the 18th century.

With increasing age, there is a failure of accommodation or "Presbyopia"—this is the reason why older people need glasses for activities such as reading. The widespread use of spectacles for presbyopia can be inferred from its popular terminology. For example, in some parts of India, they are called "Chaleesi" meaning forty! The terminology for spectacles may also refer to their actual positioning on the face! In Tamil, they are referred to as "Mookku Kannadi", "Mookku" meaning nose and "Kannadi" meaning glasses, referring to their position on the nose. In Spanish, "anteojos" refers to spectacles and is derived from the words, "ante" meaning before and "ojos" meaning eyes.

A TRUTHFUL HERO



Thangamani

Illustrations : Beejee

Gopal Krishna Gokhale, a great freedom fighter, was a 'moderate' among Congressmen. He believed that freedom should be won through constitutional means and dialogue. A social reformer, he started the Servants of India Society for the upliftment of the poor. He firmly believed in communal harmony. A great educationist who served as a permanent member of the Deccan Education Society, he taught for 20 years at the Fergusson College, Pune, subjects as diverse as Mathematics, History, English and Economics.

He was elected as Member of the Imperial Legislative Council. He gave forceful speeches criticizing the policies of the British Government. He had a big role in the formulation of Constitutional reforms, viz., the Minto Morley reforms in 1909. He was also a member of the Royal Commission, appointed by the Government in 1912 to inquire into the Civil Services in India. His fight for the inclusion of Indians in the Civil Services and the Imperial and Provincial Services is noteworthy.

Gokhale's birth anniversary falls on May 9.

THE TEACHER was very angry. He had set some arithmetic problems the previous day. None of the boys had done them correctly. Some had not even attempted them. Then he came to Gopal's seat and

saw his slate. The sum was correct!

"Look at Gopal! He has got the problem right! Get up, my boy; go to the front of the class. You belong there," he said, patting Gopal on his shoulder. To the teacher's

horror, Gopal burst into tears!

"Why, what happened? Aren't you happy about being at the head of the class?" the bewildered teacher asked him.

Still sobbing, Gopal managed to say, "But sir, the

problems were not solved by me. My brother, Govind, did them for me! How can I take credit for that?"

His honesty was greatly appreciated by the teacher. Gopal Krishna Gokhale grew up to become a great intellectual and a freedom fighter of India. He would never do anything that brought disgrace to his character. His mother, Valubai, who, though uneducated, told her children stories from the epics and sang them songs written by saints. She had a great hand in moulding Gopal's character. She taught them that love and purity of heart are the most important virtues in a person. These lessons stayed with Gopal all his life.

The brothers Gopal, 10, and Govind, 15, studied in a secondary school in Kolhapur, since there was none in Kotluk, their hometown. Their father Krishnarao Gokhale, was poor, but was keen to see his sons well educated.

At one time, when the brothers had gone home for their holidays, they played a game of 'kabaddi'. Govind, whose side was losing, whispered to Gopal, "Don't hold me down. Let me go back to my side."

"I won't. That would be cheating," replied Gopal, proceeding to get him out. He was scrupulously honest,

even in play.

When Gopal was 13, Krishnarao Gokhale died, leaving the family in dire financial difficulties. Govind had to discontinue his studies in order to support the family.

After that, Govind took up a job with the State of Kolhapur at a salary of Rs. 15 a month. Out of this, he sent Gopal Rs. 8. His mother ran the house on the remainder.

At Kolhapur, Gopal had to skimp and save on the money for he had to buy his books as well as pay for his food and room. He ate at an eating house, which charged Rs. 4 per month.

"Gopal, I want you to study well and go to college. I will do everything to help you," Govind promised his younger brother.

The meal that came at this





price didn't include curd. However, Gopal was unaware of this. Once, while eating, he asked to be served some curd.

"If you want to eat curd, pay eight annas more," the man, who was serving the meal, said rudely to Gopal. The food stuck in his throat.

"All right. You can put it on my bill. Now, serve me some," said Gopal, hurt at the man's tone, which implied that he couldn't afford to pay the extra amount. The man served him with a sneer.

Later Gopal got worried

about the extra expense that he had to incur because of his impulsiveness. He could ill afford the eight annas, which would be useful in buying books and other necessities. He thought with regret about his family, who denied themselves so much in order to send him the money every month. He came to a decision. 'I will not eat on Saturdays. The *upvas* (fast) will do me good besides making up for the extra expense,' he decided. Thereafter, he went without food on Saturdays.

He could ill afford any luxury. His only aim was to study well and vindicate his brother's faith in his capabilities.

"Gopal, why don't you come out to the theatre with us today?" asked one of his classmates one day.

"I'm afraid, I can't," he replied. "I have to complete the book I borrowed from the library."

"Oh, you can do it later. This play which we are going to see is very famous. It will be wonderful. Come on, get

up!" his friend urged.

There was no way Gopal could have afforded the ticket for the play. Yet he was tempted. Perhaps his friend was going to pay for the ticket. After all, he hadn't said anything about Gopal paying. Moreover, it would be nice to go to see a play—he rarely saw one. After debating with himself, Gopal agreed to go.

That evening, he had a wonderful time at the theatre. The story, acting and songs were all very good. His friend bought some *chana* and they munched it as they watched the play. Gopal enjoyed himself thoroughly.

A few days later, Gopal's friend came to his room.

"Gopal, you owe me eight annas," he said.

"Eight annas? For what?" asked a bewildered Gopal. He had not borrowed any money from anyone!

"Well...for the ticket of the play we went to, the other day," said his friend. Gopal was taken aback.

How naive he had been to think that his friend had treated him to the play! However, he was not about to let his friend know that. Quickly recovering his composure, he answered, "Oh, I completely forgot to pay you the amount." He then counted out the money and gave it to him. That night, he couldn't sleep with the guilt of

having wasted such a big amount for one evening of entertainment. Unless he was very careful with his money, he couldn't make it last till the end of the month. Thinking furiously, he calculated that he spent eight annas per month on kerosene for his lamp. He would have to read under the street lamp for a month to make up for his indiscretion.

Gopal was a very good student and had a phenomenal memory. When he went to college, his scholarly pursuits continued and he regaled his friends with his recitation.

"Come, let's ask 'parrot' to recite Scott's *Rokeby*," one of his classmates would say.

"Here, you keep the book for reference. For every mistake I make, I will give you an anna," he replied. That was

a big amount for Gopal. His brother had had to sell his wife's jewellery to pay for his college. But so sure was he of his ability, that he made the wager without any fear of failure.

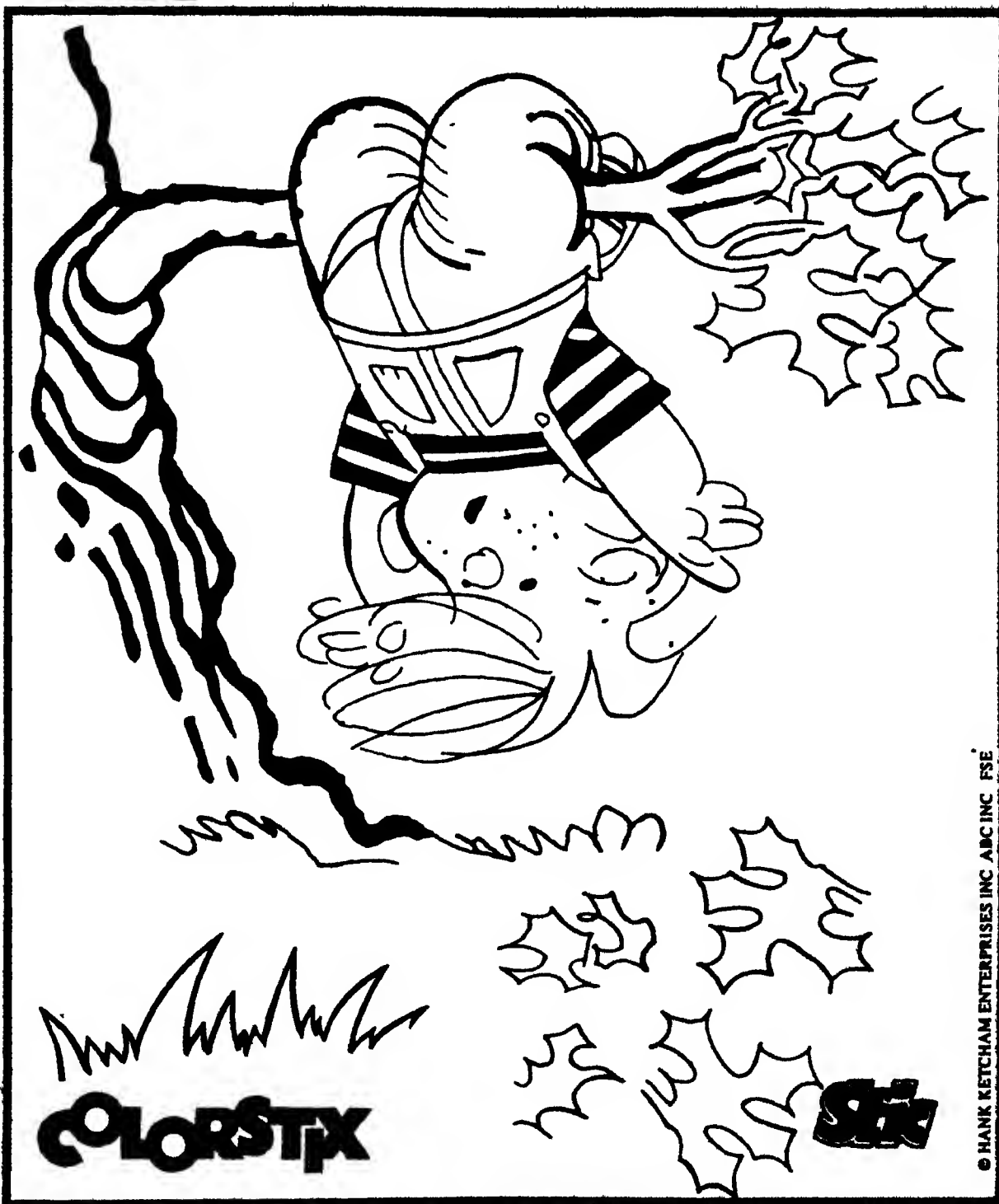
"We cannot win against the 'parrot's' memory," laughed his friends. His oratorical skills were apparent from his student years. They stood him in good stead in his public life, whether he taught or led the Indian National Congress or even spoke up for his countrymen's right to govern themselves.

His integrity, diplomacy and compassion for the poor and downtrodden set him apart as a statesman par excellence.





COLOR CONTEST



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PANDA CLUB OF INDIA

Newsletter Vol. 2 No. 4

Dear friends,

Yahoo! Examinations are over and I am relieved for all of you. I'm sure you must have put in your best and aimed to do well. If you have sincerely worked hard, you will be rewarded in the long run. I know some of us have problems with Algebra or Science and some just cannot cram History—the dates all get mixed up. But no one is perfect in this world. So we say, "Try, try, try again and you shall succeed.!" On that cheerful note we say goodbye to exams and get set for a super holiday ahead.

Your minds must be buzzing with ideas on how you will spend the long summer. You could be going on a vacation with your family or an excursion or a trek with your buddies—you could perhaps be not going anywhere and yet plan to do exciting things—join a voluntary organization, learn a sport, join a hobby club or theatre workshop. How about learning some cooking and helping mother? And that applies to you boys too! You know that the best chefs in the world are men. You might discover your culinary skills and decide to take it up as a career! You never know!

As for me, I am still discovering more and more of this great country that is India. To play safe, however, I'm making a quick exit to the hills, closer to the snow-clad mountains of the north. You've guessed why I made this choice? Yes, it's to protect my furry, burly self from the onslaught of the blazing summer sun. After all, you don't want a roasted Panda for a friend, do you? Have a great vacation. Now that you're free from studies, please do write to me. I miss your dear letters.

Love always,



Panda

P.S. Ooops! I have put my big paw in my mouth! In CW (April), I have called the Baby Elephant 'Rimba' instead of 'Pria'. Maybe it's the heat going to my head! I'm sure you were intelligent enough to know that she is from our show 'Rimba's Island' aired on DD Metro II, on Tuesday, 5.30 p.m.

PRIZE-WINNERS—STIC COLOUR CONTEST

September 1997

First Prize: Divya Agarwal, New Delhi; Second Prize: Ananya Puri, New Delhi; Third Prize: Pooja Jain, Haryana; Consolation Prizes: Manish Palan, Mumbai; Pooja K. Singh, Gurgaon; Rishi Ravi Sharma, New Delhi; Yashita R. Chintala, New Delhi; Rana Acharya, New Delhi.

October 1997

First Prize: Vamini Sethi, New Delhi; Second Prize: Ananya Bhatia, Gurgaon; Third Prize: Rishabh Aryan, Madhya Pradesh; Consolation Prizes: Aditya Kumar Deshpande, Delhi; Ananya Singh, New Delhi; P. Subramanian, Bangalore.

November 1997

First Prize: Divya, New Delhi; Second Prize: Ankit, New Delhi; Third Prize: C. K. Singh, Chennai; Consolation Prizes: Karan Talwar, New Delhi; Vikas Datta, New Delhi; Ishita Sharma, New Delhi.

December 1997

First Prize: Ananya Bhatia, New Delhi; Second Prize: Divya, Bangalore; Third Prize: Harman Singh, New Delhi; Consolation Prizes: Ananya Bhatia, New Delhi; Pooja K. Singh, Gurgaon; Rishi Ravi Sharma, New Delhi; Yashita R. Chintala, New Delhi.

FSE



Duo Frolic

Are you seeing double? Have fun colouring the two Pandas in the garden. The best pictures win prizes from Stic.





Monday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—**FLASH GORDON** : On a vital mission to save planet Earth from 'Ming the Merciless', Flash Gordon makes a rocket journey to the planet Mongo. Join the adventures of Flash Gordon.



Tuesday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—**RIMBA'S ISLAND** Six lively, lovable, colourful costumed animal characters who dwell deep in the idyllic rain forest, share their joys and learn from one another catchy songs and simple stories—(dubbed in Hindi)



Thursday 5.00 P.M. on DD II—**SUPERHUMAN SAMURAI SYBER SQUAD** Sam Collins, a video game champion and leader of a teenage garage band, fights an alien warlord 'Kilokahn' who has infected the digital world with monster "megaviruses."



Panda Club is available on DD Cable and Interactive Broadband in India

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Thursday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—**PHANTOM** : The legendary Lord of the jungle—Phantom, is incredible. Phantom uses the secrets taught by the natives of the deep woods to fight and conquer crime.



Saturday 6.00 P.M. on DD II—**DENNIS THE MENACE** : Irrepressible Dennis and his unwilling best friend, the grumpy Mr. Wilson will enthrall you with their hilarious antics and send you into splits.



Saturday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—**DEFENDERS OF THE EARTH** : Led by the Phantom, Flash Gordon and Mandrake the Magician challenge 'Ming' in a series of great adventures. They use powerful computers and space age technology to combat and overpower him.

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 YOUR CALENDAR OF PANDA CLUB SHOWS

CHANNEL	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
DOORDARSHAN METRO		FLASH GORDON 5:30 PM	PANDA'S ISLAND 5:30 PM		SEPHORA SABUN/SHAMPOO 5:00 PM		SEPHORA SABUN/SHAMPOO 5:00 PM
					PRINCE 5:00 PM		PRINCE 5:00 PM



Holidays mean...

...togetherness with family

...lazy mornings, slow afternoons and leisurely evenings

...no frenetic studying

...visiting and visitors

...books, books and more books

...dieting, when you are not gorging

...trying out new things

...islands of rest in a sea of activity

...frequent forays to the refrigerator

...early morning walks

...endless channel surfing on TV

...going on a fitness binge

...hanging out with friends

...seeing the latest movie in town

...playing your favourite game

...relaxation of rules and curfew hours

...long hours of sleep

...lending a helping hand at home

Why Shines the Sun?

Sonali Sharma (12), Mumbai
Illustration: Beejee

*Why shines the sun
In the bright, blue sky?
Have you ever thought,
'It happens, but why?'*

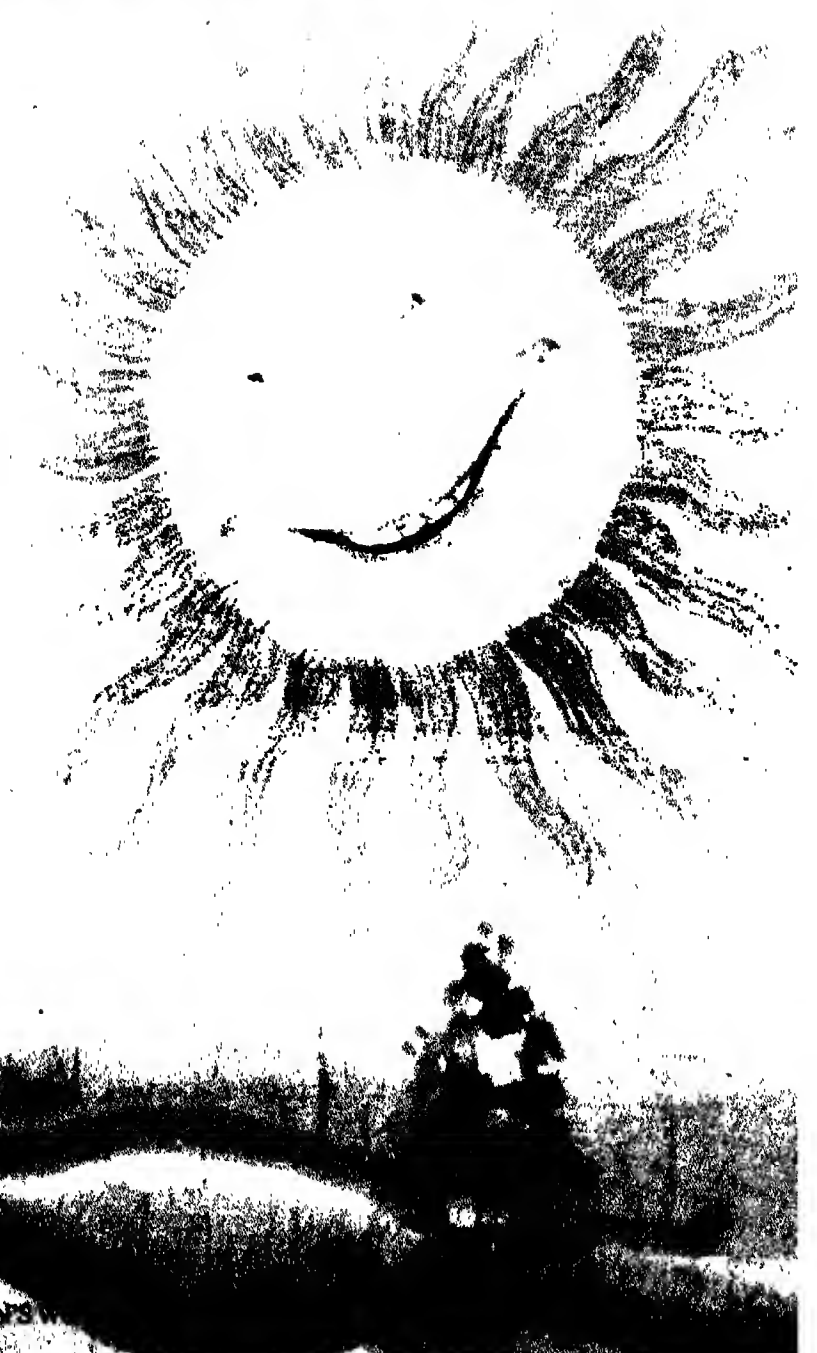
*The moon and the stars, too,
Shine in the sky;
But nobody's ever thought,
'It happens, but why?'*

*Why sings the cuckoo,
On a bright summer's day?
She'd sing all night, too,
If she had her way.*

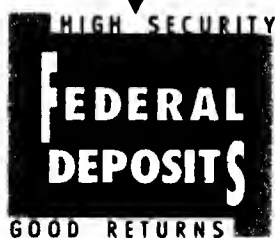
*They do it for you,
They do it for me
The sun, moon and cuckoo,
They do it for free!*

*A little bit of love,
If we have here and there
We can make anything,
We'll have it everywhere.*

*If we have our example
If we have our love
If we have our discrimination
Then we will be free*



For your
loved ones !



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Atishwanya Deposit • The Cash Certificate
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Benefit Deposit Scheme • Federal Savings
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For many decades now, Federal Bank has been at your service. Across what is today the largest private sector banking network - 377 branches!

So that, one day, the dreams of you and your loved ones may come true.



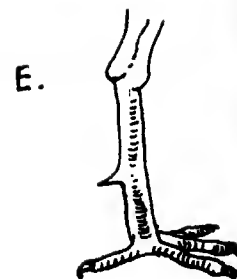
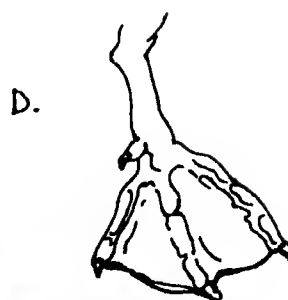
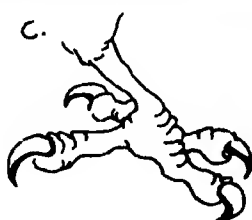
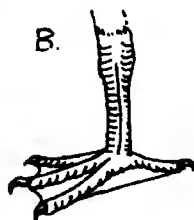
**THE
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LIMITED Regd. Office : Alwaya, Kerala.

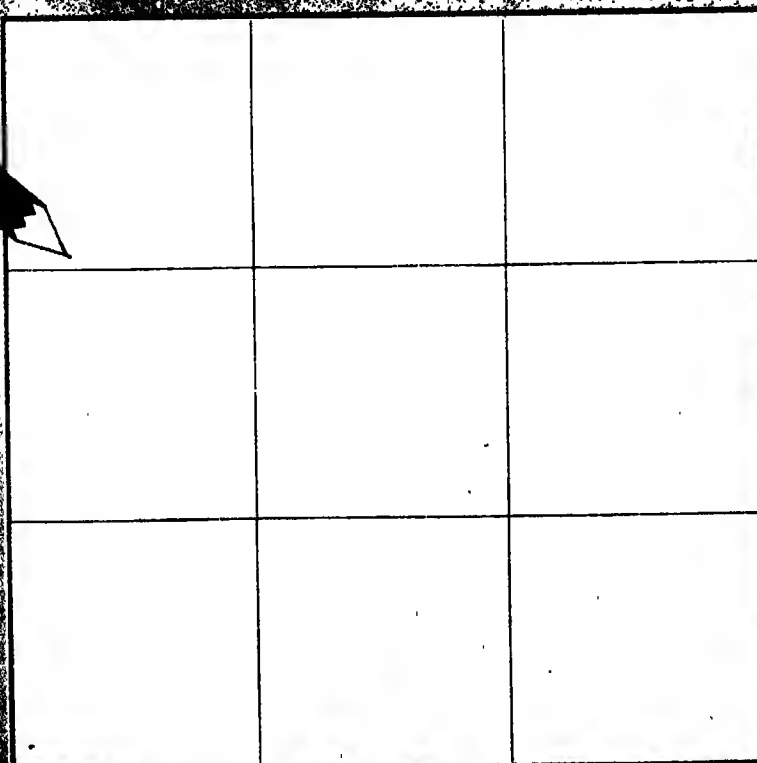
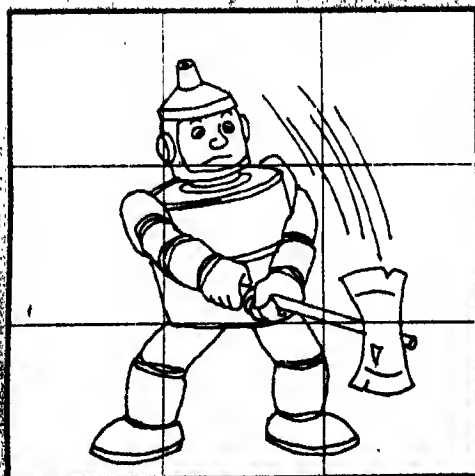
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FEET FIX

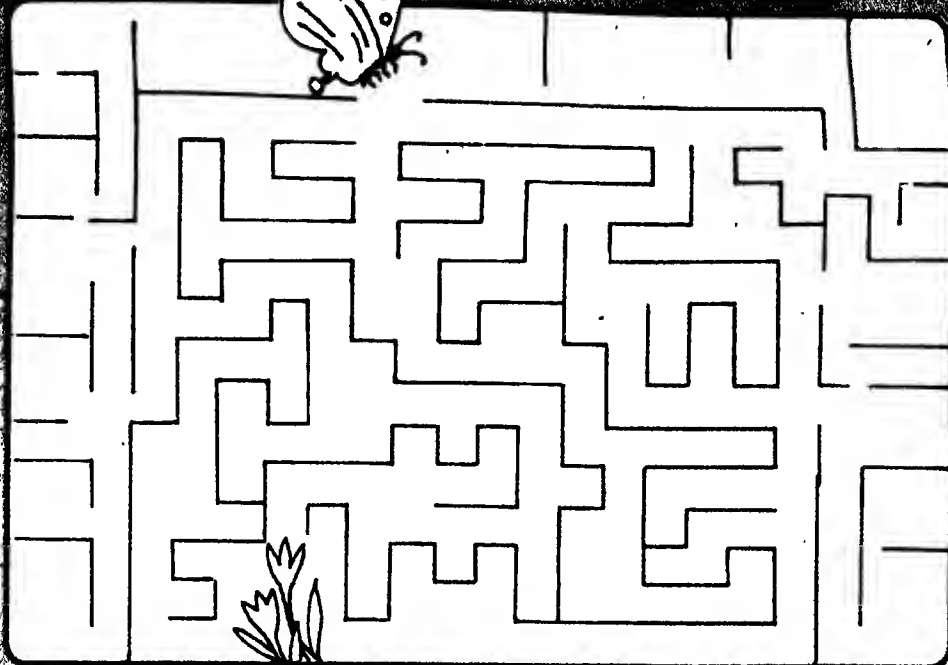
To which birds do these feet belong?



SQUARE BY SQUARE
Copy the picture into the large square.



BUTTERFLY EDITORIAL



WORD PYRAMID

OUR WRITERS

Match these famous Indian writers and their books

1. Rabindranath Tagore
2. Ruskin Bond
3. Arundhati Roy
4. Vikram Seth
5. Anita Desai
6. Salman Rushdie
7. Anurag Mathur
8. R.K. Narayan
9. Nayantara Sehgal
10. Vikram Chandra

- a) Swami and Friends
- b) Love and Longing in Bombay
- c) Gitanjali
- d) Prison and Chocolate Cake
- e) God of Small Things
- f) Island of Trees and Other Stories
- g) A Suitable Boy
- h) A Village by the Sea
- i) The Inscrutable American
- j) Midnight's Children

MAY 1857

Dipavali Debroy
Illustrations : Surendra Suman



physician to Bahadur Shah. He lived within the Red Fort, close to the Diwan-e-Khas. Saif often ran errands for the Imperial physician. At times he found it dull work. What he wanted was to join the army as a *sipahi*. But there was no need of soldiers at the Red Fort, and anyway Saif was not quite old enough.

"Good work," said the Hakim, as he saw Saif approach. "Now I'll be able to prepare the right syrup for the *Zilleh Subhani*."

But just then there was some disturbance at the door of the Diwan-e-Khas. Saif caught sight of a *sipahi* waving his arms about in an agitated way and saying something to his father and the other gatekeepers.

WITH THE herb Hakim Ahsanullah Khan had asked him to collect, 13-year-old Saif ran to the Hakim's house. Saif was the son of a gatekeeper.

The gate 'belonged' to the Red Fort where Bahadur Shah Zafar II, the last of a long line of Mughal rulers, lived. Hakim Ahsanullah was the

'Must be something most exciting,' thought Saif, as he saw a gatekeeper rush into the palace. He soon found out what had happened, when his father came up to the Hakim.

"There has been a mutiny in the army at Meerut," said Saif's father, "and the rebels are on the verge of entering Delhi." Saif's father pointed at the *sipahi* who had come in with the message. "He says the rebel soldiers will no longer serve the Company, but fight for their faith. The Company has used the fat of pigs and cows on cartridges. When the soldiers bite the cartridges, they swallow some of the fat. This goes against their religion. A soldier, Mangal Pandey, has become a hero by protesting against the use of pig and cow fat. Because he rebelled, the British killed him. But the rebels have beaten the Company in Meerut and are marching towards Delhi."

By this time, Saif saw that a guard had come out of the palace with a message from the Emperor.

The Emperor had sent for the Hakim. Saif trundled in along with the Hakim. In the hubbub, no one took any notice of him.

Saif had seen the 72-year-old *Badshah* several times. Frail, white-bearded, with a faraway look in his eyes, Bahadur Shah looked more of

a *fakir* than an Emperor.

"Look," said Bahadur Shah Zafar, "the cavalry is coming via the *Zer-zharoka*." That was the ground immediately under the lattices of the palace. Saif looked in that direction.

He saw about twenty *sawars* or soldiers on horseback, most of them in uniform, but some in Indian clothes.

"Have the gate fastened," suggested the Hakim to Bahadur Shah. He meant the gate through which the palace could be entered from that side, and which led directly under the Musumman Burj Palace, the private residence of the Emperor, the queen and other royal women.

But almost as soon as the gate had been fastened, five or six men on horseback came up to the gate.

"*Dohai Badshah* (Help, O Emperor)!" they called out.

"We pray for assistance in this rightful fight!"

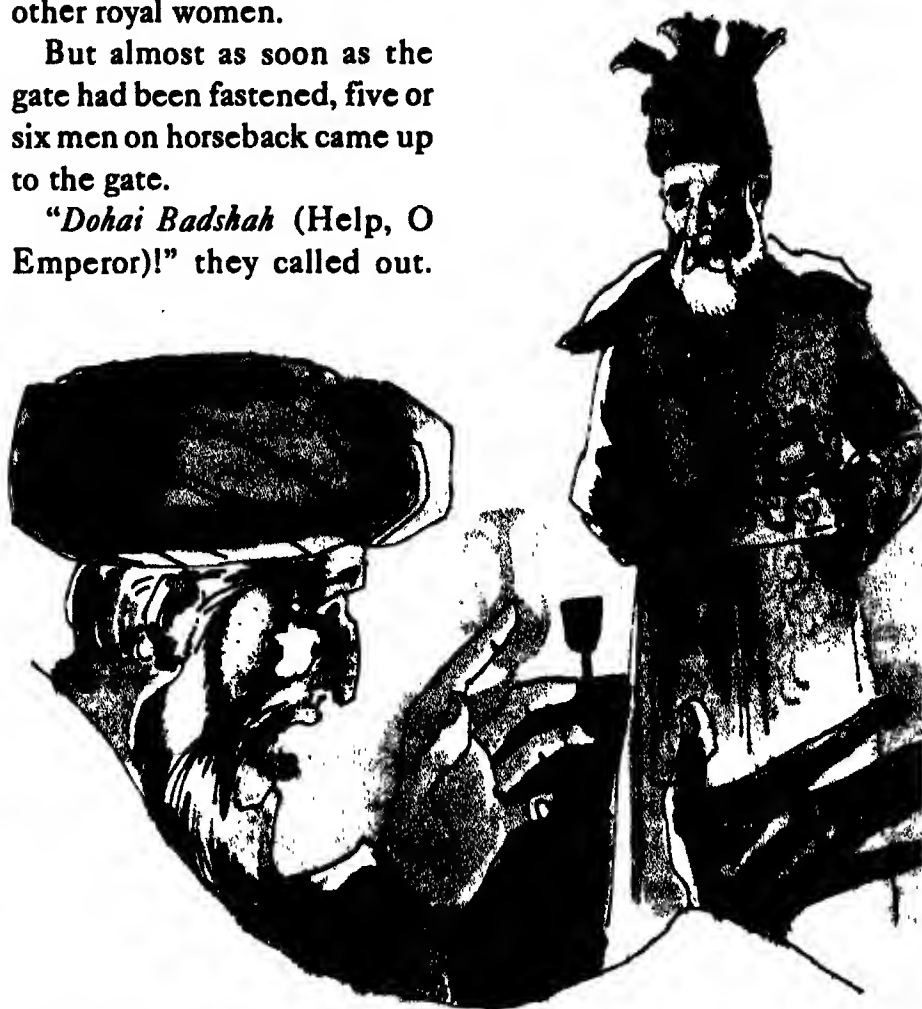
"I am an old man," replied Bahadur Shah Zafar.

But the men cried out again, "We shall lay down our lives at your feet! We shall restore the Mughal Empire to its past glory!"

Saif saw the Emperor close his eyes and sigh.

"I have strong misgivings about these mutineers," the Emperor confided to the Hakim. "Will they have the discipline and the strength to carry out what they say?"

There was silence all around until the Emperor broke it himself.



"I can see with my own eyes that the end of Mughal glory is fast approaching. I can see the writing on the wall. So why should I unnecessarily cause more bloodshed?"

"But, *Zille Subhani*, those men need your support! They have come to you with such hopes. You can't disappoint them!" The words were out even before Saif realized it.

"*Khamosh* (silence)!" cried out the Hakim. But the Emperor did not. In fact, he did not even seem to observe who it was who had spoken. With eyes still closed, he went on, more to himself than to anyone else, "Yes, I know. I am the last of the great House of Taimur. My forefathers have seen far worse days and never lost heart. I too have the same blood flowing in my veins, the blood that would keep me fighting—if I took to it—right to the last drop. But then..."

He leaned forward and spoke to the men again, "I am a pensioner of the Company. I have neither treasure nor army."

"*Huzur!*" the men called back, "we need neither treasure nor army."

"But how can I pay you for your services?"

"We want no payment," came the immediate reply. "All we want—and this we want in great earnest—*Huzur* may kindly give us the

support of your name."

Smiling sadly, the Emperor responded, "Well, then, whatever I possess is at your disposal. Eat and drink out of my provisions. I will take up your cause—our country's liberation—provided you are disciplined and loyal."

A cry of joy rose from the men below.

The Emperor turned to Saif's father and said, "Inform my sons that with them I will go in cavalcade to the Chandni Chowk, and address these soldiers. Let them turn the English out of India and make my coin current again!"

Saif saw the old face all aglow. He felt a strange tingle go down his spine. Without understanding it all fully, he somehow felt that a great beginning was just being made, a new chapter in history was unfolding right before his eyes. He was right too. The long process of the Sepoy Mutiny began in May 1857. But Saif was not to know this.

As the slumbering Red Fort rose to respond to the call of the mutineers, Saif found his own heart beating with excitement. He did something he had never even dreamt he would. He addressed Bahadur Shah Zafar directly, clutching at the hem of his robe, and scattering the herbs he had till then been clutching unconsciously. "I too will fight for you!" he said, eyes



shining. "I too will join the mutineers!"

Bahadur Shah looked down at him, surprised.

"*Zille-Subhani!* He is the son of one of the gatekeepers," the Hakim hastened to explain. "He, I suppose...he just came in with me. He often does little things for me. Today I had asked him to get some herbs I needed to make a syrup for the *Zille-Subhani*."

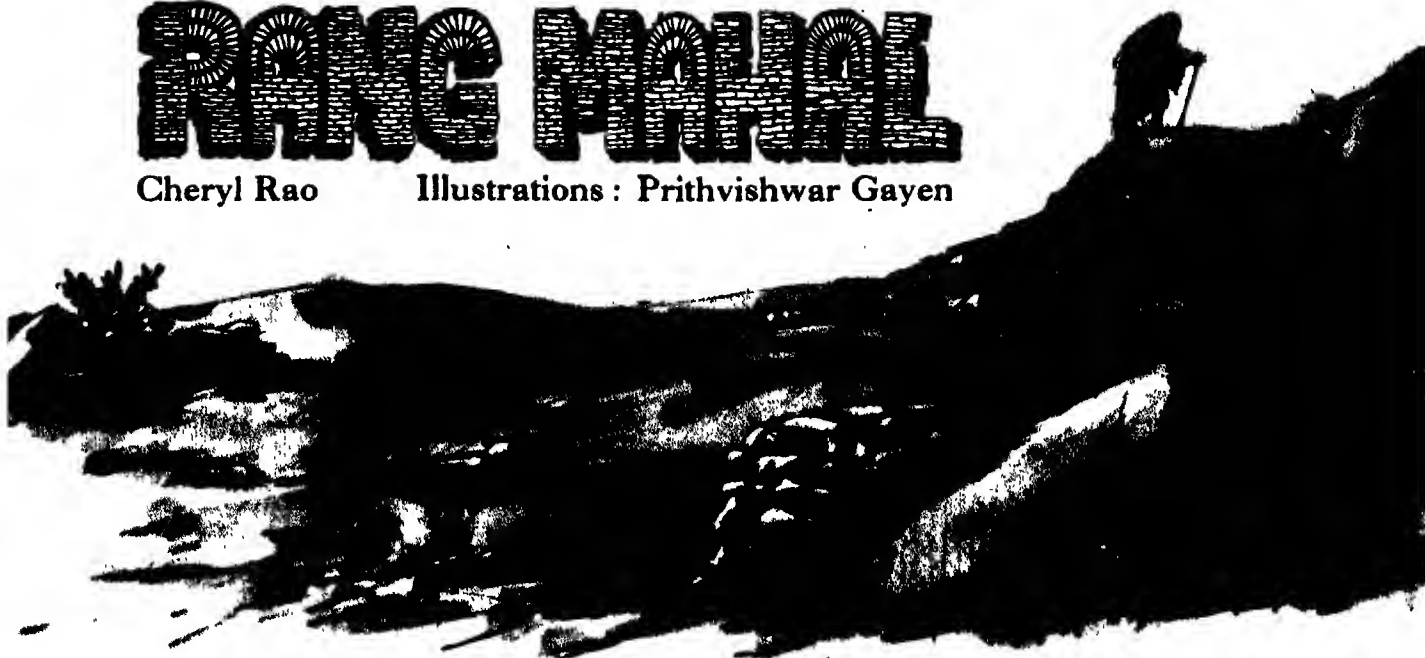
Bahadur Shah bent down and patted Saif's head. "Pick up those herbs," he said in a kindly tone. "Go on collecting herbs. Learn from the good Hakim how to make medicine. Let that be your vocation, child. Some of us must fight. But some of us must be ready with herbs to heal our wounds."

Saif never became a mutineer, but a physician who lived long enough to tell his grandchildren about that morning. About what had happened at the Red Fort. In early May, nearly one-and-half centuries ago.

THE ROBBERY AT RANG MAHAL

Cheryl Rao

Illustrations : Prithvishwar Gayen



Prologue

The noise disturbs me. I have been here for so long that the silence has become a friend. I do not like these unfamiliar machines that raise so much dust and disturb my peace. The shouts of the workers are also bothersome... But whose are those other voices? They are raised in excitement and fun. Happy voices, young voices. I can identify with them. They make me think of Devrath.

I wonder if the friendship of those two voices I hear is as strong as ours was.

The voices near the hillock on which I rest. Somehow, I know that they are heading in the direction of the old well and I raise my voice to call out a warning...

AN ACCIDENT

TUSHAR and Aditya raced across the sand. It had been ploughed, and Tushar's father had warned them not to disturb the neat rows of *chana* that were just sprouting,

because this formed part of the livelihood of the villagers.

"Race you to the other side of the dune," shouted Tushar, heading straight up at a run, but slowing down by the time he was halfway to the top.

"I'll reach there quicker from this side," yelled Aditya, mak-

ing his way around the dune. His feet sank into the sand and he too had to slow down. But at least he was not going three feet forward and two feet backward as Tushar was.

"I'll make it before Tushar does," he crowed to himself. Suddenly, a part of the dune

gave way under him and he tumbled down into darkness. He had no time to call, no time to shout. He hit his head on something hard and knew no more.

Tushar panted across the top of the dune and rolled down the other side. "I've made it! I've made it!" he shouted jubilantly, but there was no answer from his friend—not even an indignant one. That was unlike Aditya, who hated to lose in anything the two of them did.

'Let him sulk,' thought Tushar, refusing to get up from where he lay, trying to catch his breath. 'He'll find his way

around to me.'

But when a full five minutes passed and his friend had not reached him or called out to him, he got up and began to walk around the dune towards the spot where he had seen Aditya last. "Come on, slow-coach," he called, as he walked. "The race is over. Let's go back to Papa or he'll leave us behind when he goes home."

There was still no reply. Tushar looked at the stray bushes that dotted the dune. "Don't hide, Aditya. We can do some more exploring around here instead of wasting time like this. Come on out."

Talking and calling out, Tushar trudged all the way to their starting point, but there was no sign of his friend. "Aditya, Aditya, where are you?" he called.

Suddenly, he noticed an old man kneeling on the sand and peering down into a dark space.

"What is it?" cried Tushar, rushing to his side and falling to his knees in one swift movement. Somehow he knew that this involved Aditya.

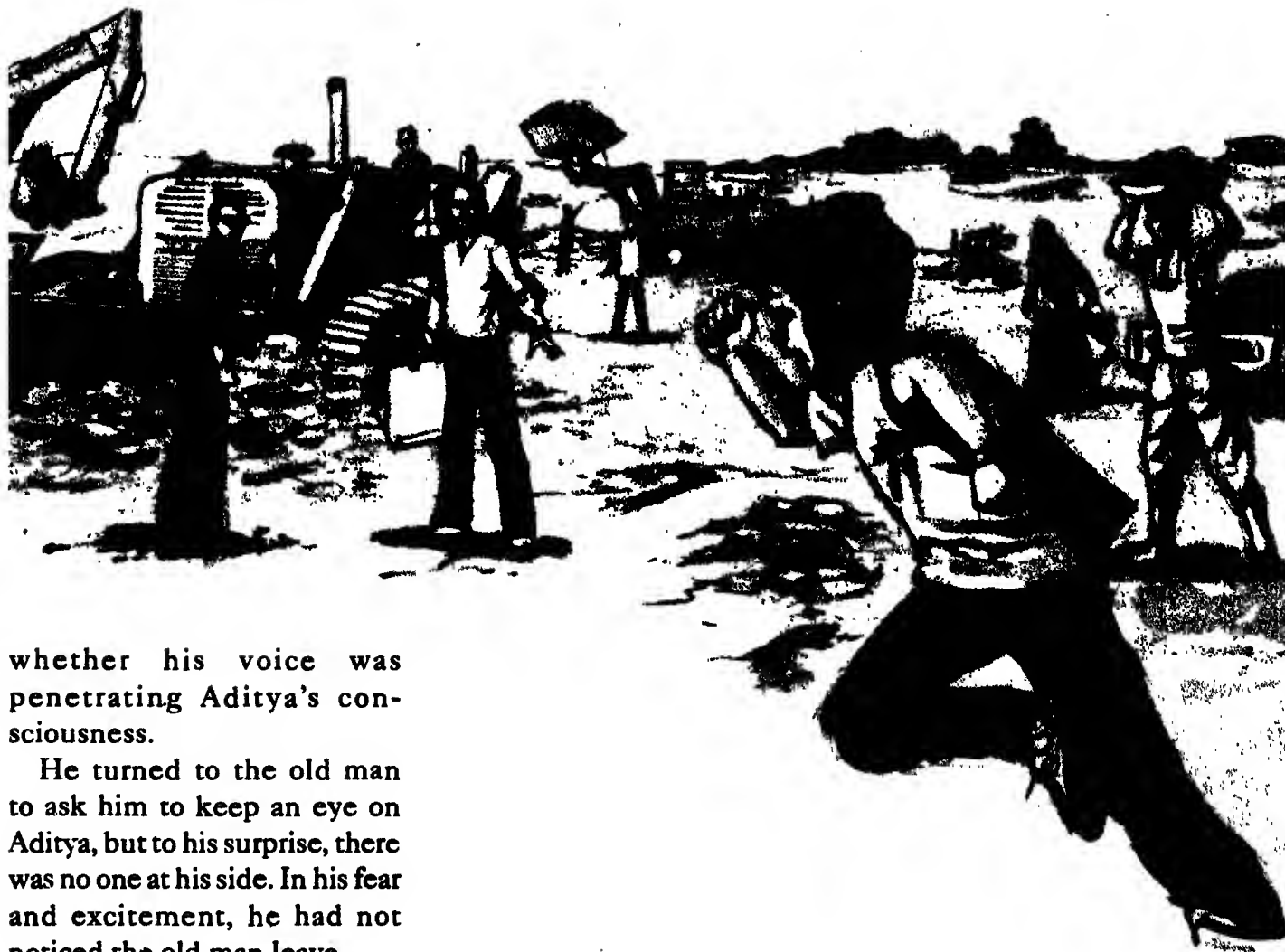
Half covered with bushes growing out of the edges and sand piled against the sides, was a pit. When Tushar looked in, he realized that he could not see the bottom—but he could see Aditya lying about fifteen feet below, on an outcrop. He lay face down at an angle, with his legs at a higher level, almost as though he had taken a dive in and was still suspended in space.

Tushar was panic-stricken. As he leaned forward to get a better view of his friend and to search for a way to get him out, a cascade of sand flowed down and covered a part of Aditya's shoe.

'He'll be buried under the sand if I try to go in,' thought Tushar. 'But how will he climb out? He seems to be unconscious.'

"Hang on, Aditya! Don't move! I'll get help!" Tushar called down, wondering





whether his voice was penetrating Aditya's consciousness.

He turned to the old man to ask him to keep an eye on Aditya, but to his surprise, there was no one at his side. In his fear and excitement, he had not noticed the old man leave.

Praying that Aditya would not move and tumble into the chasm below him, Tushar raced back across the field, yelling for his father. The noise of the bulldozer drowned out his cries and he had to run all the way to the vehicle near which his father stood, before he could be heard.

"Aditya's hurt! He's fallen into a deep hole near that dune!" Tushar pointed in the direction from which he had come. At once, the villagers who were working on the site

crowded around. One of the women seemed to understand what was being spoken between father and son in English, and cried, "Did you hear him? Did you hear the voice? You should never have gone to that place!"

Mr. Navin Sharma turned and shushed her. "Let the child speak!" he ordered, raising a hand in the direction of the bulldozer and giving the driver the signal to stop.

A sudden silence descended

as the huge machine was switched off. Tushar went on to describe what had happened, and even as he spoke, he tugged at his father's hand. "If he moves, he'll fall down to the centre of the earth, Papa. Let's go quickly and get him out of there."

Mr. Sharma did not wait to hear any more. He gave a few crisp instructions, then picked up a length of rope from the back of his jeep and moved behind Tushar. One or two of



the workers followed them a short way across the field, then stopped.

"What's wrong? Come on, we've got to get there fast!" called Mr. Sharma.

"We can't go any further, Sir," one of the men replied. "That dune is forbidden land."

"What do you mean? Whoever owns that place will surely not object to our going there to rescue a boy who's hurt! Come on!"

"We can't. That place is owned by a spirit."

"Oh, be reasonable," scoffed Mr. Sharma. "There's been an accident. Let's get the child out of there and then we'll talk of spirits and ghosts."

But the villagers would not move. They stayed where they were, midway across the field, and Tushar and his

father were forced to go on alone.

"How unhelpful of them, Papa!" cried Tushar.

"They don't mean to be that way, son," replied his father, as he broke into a jog to keep up with his son. "They are frightened of something."

"Well, maybe the old man will help."

"An old man?"

"There was an old man at the side of the pit; that's how I found the place where Aditya had fallen."

"Did he see Aditya falling?"

"He didn't say anything. At least, I don't know if he did. I got such a shock when I saw Aditya lying there that I don't remember if he spoke. And then, when I looked again, he was gone."

"What a strange man,"

commented Mr. Sharma. "Why didn't he stay to help you pull Aditya out?"

"I guess he knew that we could not pull him out without any rope. Besides, he looked old and feeble. We'd still have needed your help."

They were now at the bottom of the dune and Tushar moved quickly to his right. Within moments, father and son were on their knees at the mouth of the pit. Tushar breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that his friend had not moved from the position in which he had seen him last. Then a frightening thought struck him.

"Oh, Papa, do you think Aditya's dead? He has not moved."

"Don't panic, son," replied his father, though a deep fear had settled into his heart at

well. He looked around for a tree or something strong on which to anchor his rope, but there were only bushes and sand on the dune. He thought of going back for his jeep, but he too did not like the look of the darkness below the outcrop on which Aditya lay. He thought rapidly, then spoke to his son.

"Tushar, I think you will have to go down and get your friend," he said. "Come here. I'll tie the rope securely around your chest and I'll leave enough at the end for you to tie around Aditya when you reach him. Then I will pull you up slowly. Once the two of you are securely tied, it does not matter how long it takes to get you up. Maybe some of the workers will come to their senses and help us."

As he spoke, he worked and Tushar did not have a chance to say anything. A part of him was frightened—frightened to descend into the pit and frightened at what had

happened to Aditya. Another part of him was excited at the thought of going in himself, to rescue his friend.

Mr. Sharma tugged on the knots he had made, then showed Tushar how to tie the rope around Aditya so that it would take his weight. "Now go in," he said, and Tushar prepared himself at the edge of the pit.

Mr. Sharma tied the rope around his own waist and anchored himself firmly in the sand, digging his feet in. Slowly, foot by foot, he released the rope and Tushar went down.

"I'm almost there, Papa," called Tushar, his voice sounding strange and hollow.

The play of the rope against the rim of the pit had dislodged a lot of sand. Mr. Sharma could now see that there was a proper brick rim to it. 'It could be an old one, but used well,' he thought, 'so that it was not so old that it would cave in. If I pull hard,



falling down, the children could be injured badly.

"I'm on the same level as Aditya now," Tushar called, and in the same moment Mr. Sharma felt the pressure of the rope ease out. "I'm standing on the ledge now, Papa."

"Get the rope around Aditya, fast! Do it before either of you slips or the sand comes piling over you."

"Okay!"

Tushar bent and touched Aditya's shoulder. He could feel the steady rise and fall of his chest and he knew that his friend was alive. He took the end of the rope and tried to put it around Aditya. Aditya groaned and moved. Tushar was terrified that the small ledge on which they rested would collapse and send them tumbling down into the depths of the pit.

He began to babble. "Don't move, Aditya. Don't shake. I'll just get this rope around you, and then both of us can get out of here. I hope you're not badly hurt. I have to be quick about this so I may be rough."

He managed to get the rope tied and then tugged at the knot a couple of times to make sure it would not give way. He stood to call out to his father to pull them up. As he did so, his left foot slipped over the edge of the ledge and he teetered before falling onto his right knee. His left foot



was still below the ledge, but now his weight was on the other leg and he pulled himself up. He remembered that he had a torch in his pocket and quickly he pulled it out.

"Are you ready?" Mr. Sharma called from the top.

"Just a moment, Papa," he replied.

Tushar switched on the narrow, pencil-like beam and turning around, he peered over the edge of the outcrop

on which he knelt. In the light of his torch, he saw that the pit did not go on forever. It was a mere ten or fifteen feet lower than where he rested. He could see a few sharp stones sticking out and on one of the stones, half-covered with sand, he glimpsed something white and claw-like. He shone his torch back again and looked harder.

Then he screamed and jerked back.

(To be continued)



HAVILDAR OOPI

Pratibha Nath

Illustrations : Ajanta Guhathakurta



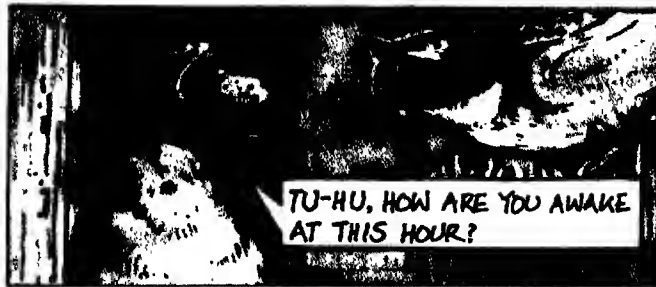
SULTAN WAS AN OLD DOG. HE LIVED IN A KENNEL AT THE BACK OF AN OLD HOUSE.



ONE AFTERNOON



KNOCK!

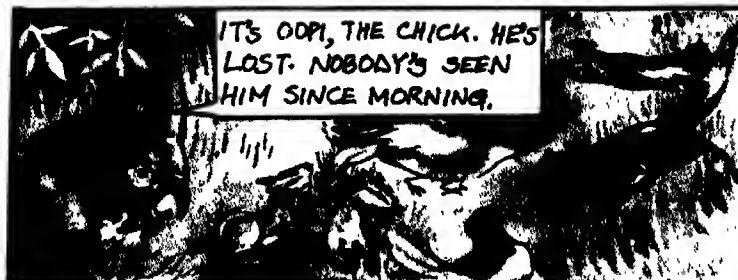


TU-HU, HOW ARE YOU AWAKE
AT THIS HOUR?

THE SQUIRRELS ON MY
TREE ARE MAKING
SUCH A DIN, I
COULDN'T SLEEP.



WHAT'S UP?



IT'S OOP! THE CHICK. HE'S
LOST. NOBODY'S SEEN
HIM SINCE MORNING.



SO?

YOU MUST FIND OOP! YOU WERE IN THE
DOG SQUAD. AND EVEN GOT A MEDAL
FOR CATCHING BANK ROBBERS. CAN'T
YOU FIND A LITTLE LOST CHICK?



ALL RIGHT,
ALL RIGHT, I'LL
LOOK FOR OOP!



SNIFF! HIS FULL NAME IS OOPSY-DAISY BUM BUM. HE WAS BORN LAST WEEK. PLEASE FIND HIM SOON, SULTAN. SNIFF!



CONTROL YOURSELF, MADAM. I'LL DO MY BEST. REST ASSURED.



A LITTLE LATER, IN THE GARDEN SHED

HELLO, SULTAN! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR HERE?

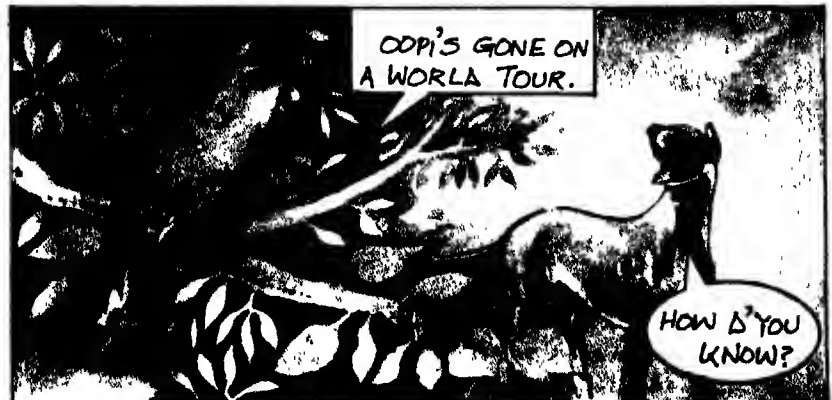


A LITTLE LOST CHICK. SEEN ONE?

YOU'RE LATE. THERE WAS ONE HERE YESTERDAY. WHO ATE SOME CORN AND TOOK AWAY SOME



I'VE ASKED BIRDS, BEES AND ANIMALS. NOBODY'S BEEN ABLE TO HELP MUCH. I'M TIRED. OH, OOP, WHERE'RE YOU?



OOP'S GONE ON A WORLD TOUR.

HOW D'YOU KNOW?



HE SAID SO. HE WAS LOOKING FOR ADVENTURE. HE WALKED OUT OF THAT GATE, WITH A BAG OF GRAIN, TOO.

THEN OOP MUST BE FAR AWAY... I'VE NO TIME TO LOSE.

SOON

AH! A FOOTPRINT
OF A CHICK. FRIEND
ODPI HAS GONE
THIS WAY.

A LITTLE AHEAD, IN THE GRASS BY THE ROADSIDE



CHEEP-CHEEP,
WHERE AM I?



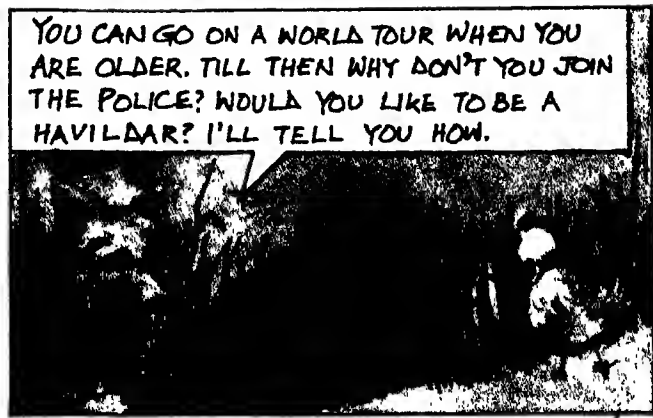
ARE YOU CODY-DAISY BUM BUM?

I AM ODPI.
CHEEP-CHEEP,
WHERE AM I?



NEVER MIND THAT. NOW YOU'RE
GOING HOME WITH ME. CLIMB
UP ON MY HEAD.







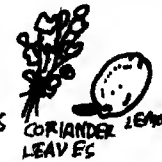
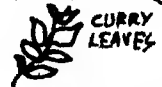
What's Cooking?



The kitchen, far from being something to avoid, can be quite an interesting place to spend a free afternoon. There is joy in putting together a few ingredients and coming up with a mouth-watering dish! Remember to gather all the ingredients together before you launch on the actual cooking. So, this vacation, don your apron and enjoy cooking. Move over, mom and dad! The little chef is at work!

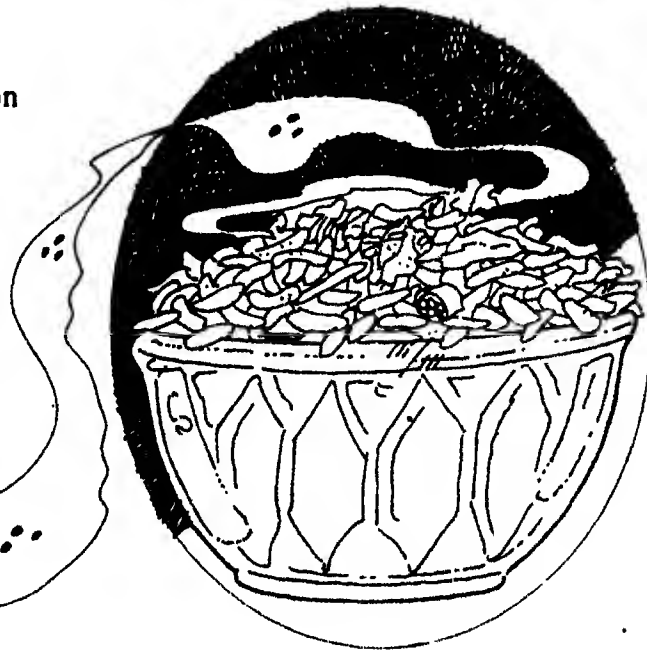
Serves 4

POHA



Ingredients

Flaked rice (<i>chirwa</i>)	2½ cups
Potato	1 large one
Peanuts	2 tablespoons
Oil	2 tablespoons
Mustard seeds	½ teaspoon
Curry leaves	10-15
Turmeric powder	¼ teaspoon
Salt	to taste
Asafoetida powder	a pinch
Green chillies	2 (chopped)
Coriander leaves	a few sprigs
Lemon	½



Method

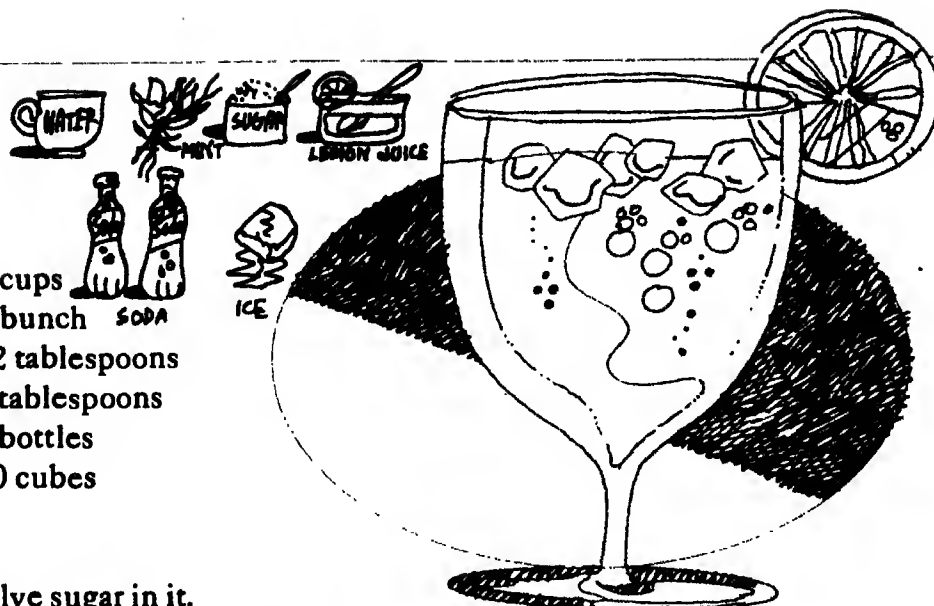
- Put flaked rice in a strainer and keep it under running water for a minute to get soaked. Drain.
- Boil, peel and cut potato into small pieces.
- Roast peanuts.
- Heat oil. In a *karahi* add mustard seeds and curry leaves. Stir. Add turmeric powder.
- Add flaked rice to the above. Cook with occasional stirring till the mass is dry. Add salt, asafoetida powder, roasted peanuts, cut potatoes and green chillies, stirring it as little as possible so that the grains remain separate and unbroken.
- Serve hot, garnished with chopped coriander leaves and a sprinkle of lemon juice.

MINT SODA

Serves 4

Ingredients

Water	3 cups
Mint	1 bunch
Sugar	12 tablespoons
Lemon juice	2 tablespoons
Soda	2 bottles
Ice	10 cubes



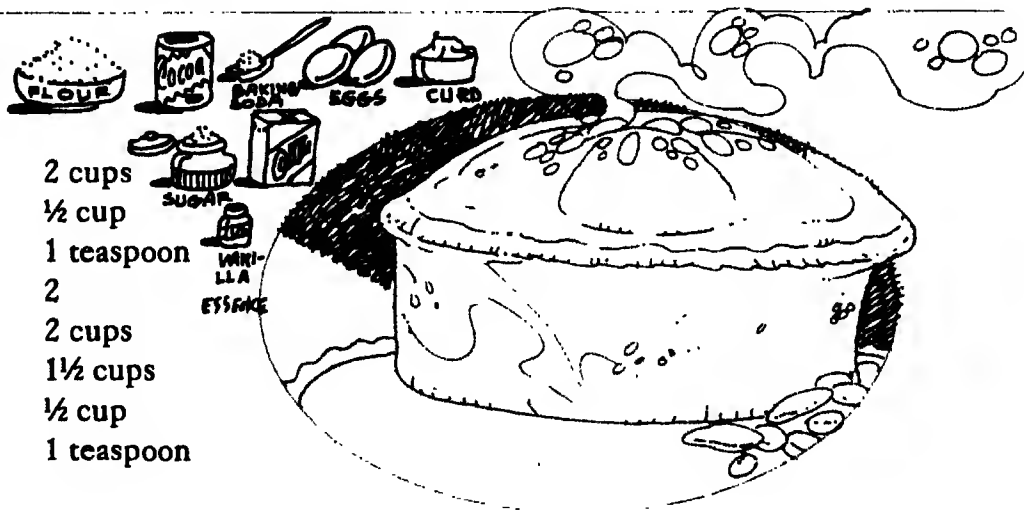
Method

- 1 Boil water and dissolve sugar in it.
- 2 Clean, wash and chop mint along with the stems and put in the boiling water.
- 3 Boil for five minutes.
- 4 When cool, add lemon juice.
- 5 Strain and chill.
- 6 Add crushed ice and soda before serving.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Ingredients

Flour (<i>maida</i>)	2 cups
Cocoa	½ cup
Baking soda	1 teaspoon
Eggs	2
Sugar	2 cups
Curd	1½ cups
Refined oil	½ cup
Vanilla essence	1 teaspoon



Method

- 1 Sieve the flour, cocoa and baking soda well—at least three times over.
- 2 Put the sieved flour into a large pan that contains all the remaining ingredients.
- 3 Mix well. If you have a hand mixer, mix at a slow speed for one-and-a-half minutes, and at a fast speed for three minutes.
- 4 Pour into a greased baking dish and place in a pre-heated oven.
- 5 Bake at 180°–200°C for 45 minutes to one hour till done.





GIRLS

8574
Shraddha Khanduja (14)
F 11/14, Model Town
Delhi 110009, India
Playing basketball, dancing
Any country

8575
Namgyel Choden (14)
Mongar High School
Mongar, Bhutan
Watching movies,
listening to music
Any country

8576
Kinzang Lhamo (14)
Mongar High School
Mongar, Bhutan
Listening to music, reading
Any country

8577
Dichen Dolma (14)
Mongar High School
Mongar, Bhutan
Listening to music,
collecting postcards
Any country

8578
Neha Manohar (13)
19/109, E-Block
B.D.A. Flats (M.I.G.)
Domlur, Stage-II
Bangalore 560071
Karnataka, India
Listening to music, reading
India, U.S.A.

8579
Anju Sharma (10)
Class IV, Bikhari Primary School
Trashigang, Bhutan
Watching films, listening to music
Japan, Nepal

8580
Gauri Chandiwala (13)
114, Daryaganj
New Delhi 110002, India
Swimming, watching T.V.
India, U.S.A.

8581
Nivedita Ghosh (12)
Punakha High School
P.O. Punakha, Bhutan
Watching birds, collecting stamps
Germany

8582
Premir Sada (15)
c/o Mrs. Kamala Pradhan

JDWMRH, Thimpu, Bhutan
Listening to music
Any country

8583
Shreya Aren (7)
L-63, Shastri Nagar
Meerut 250005, U.P., India
Skating, reading
Any country

8584
Tania Kumari
c/o Hav. D.P. Patra
6 TTR (25 TC)
HQ Coy, CHQ SEC
Ponda (Goa) 403401, India
Making friends, dancing
Japan, Switzerland

8585
Priyanka Deori (12)
c/o G.C. Deori
Vijaynagar, P.O. VNR
Dist. Changlang 792055
Arunachal Pradesh, India
Music, dancing
Any country

8586
Surya Deepti (12)
205, Maheshwari Apts.
Maruti Nagar
Yousafguda, Hyderabad
A.P. 500045, India
Dance, painting
U.S.A., Switzerland

8587
Kinley Wangmo (13)
Ugyen Dorji High School
Class VIII-A
P.O. Haa, Bhutan
Reading *Tinkle*,
collecting photographs
Japan

8588
Pema Chhenzon (10)
c/o Divisional Manager
Haa Logging Division
P.O. Haa, Bhutan
Playing with friends, dancing
U.S.A.

8589
Triveni Shukla (14)
P.O. Box 31, Chandmari
Kohima 797001
Nagaland, India
Painting, collecting coins
Any country

8590
Mouli Ghosh (13)
1, Chaitanya Kunj
Sangam Vihar, Sonari
Jamahedpur 831011, Bihar, India
Writing letters, reading
Any country

8591
Bhavna J. Bhaili (16)
P.O. Box 20497
Dar-e-Salaam, Tanzania
Playing badminton, swimming
Any country

8592
V. Vidya Saswathy (15)
4 E, Abirami Apts.
South Sector, 1st Street
New Colony, Adambakkam,
Chennai 600088, India
Reading, collecting stickers
and coins
Any country other than India

8593
Ridhi Kashyap (8)
F-26, Bhagat Singh Market
New Delhi 110001, India
Reading, collecting stamps
Any country

8594
Swati Khanduja (13)
F 11/14, Model Town
Delhi 110009, India
Basketball, dancing
Any country

8595
Himani Vaish (14)
2490 Chhippiwara Kalan
Dharampura, Jama Masjid
Delhi 110006, India
Reading books,
listening to music
Japan, India

8596
Divya Miara (13)
266, Laxmi Nagar
Nagpur 440022,
Maharashtra, India
Painting, making friends
Any country other than India

8597
P. Rajeshwari (15)
14, Lalit
Anushakti Nagar
Mumbai 400094, India
Stamp collecting, listening
to music
Any country

8598
Kumari Mongar (16)
d/o Mr. P.L. Mongar
Agriculture Sector
P.O. Dzongkhag Administration
Trashigang
East Bhutan
Reading and listening to music
Any country

8599
Deena Rai (16)
c/o Mr. I.M. Rai
D.F.E.O. Trashigang
P.O. Trashigang, Bhutan
Making pen-friends, reading
Any country

8600
Shreepriya Dogra (10)
C-803 Laxmi Bai Nagar
New Delhi 110023, India
Dancing, drawing
Any country

8601
Namraya Singh (12)
138/74 Fatchganj, Aminabad
Lucknow 226001, U.P.
Reading, dancing, singing
Any country

PEN-FRIENDS MEMBERSHIP FORM

(FILL IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Name

Age Sex

Address

.....

.....

BOYS

8602
Anoop K. (16)
'Souparnika'
31/2146-B, Kuthapady Road
Thammanam, Kochi 682032
Kerala, India
Stamps, music
Any country

8603
Tarun (15)
41-B, Pocket C,
Mayur Vihar Phase II
Delhi 110091, India
Playing the guitar, swimming
India

8604
Roshan Sheresta (15)
Ugyen Dorjee High School
Haa, Western Bhutan
Collecting scenery photos,
playing basketball
Any country

8605
Prasanna Bhagwan (12)
C-58, Sector 19, Rohini
Delhi 110085, India
Collecting coins and stamps,
sports
Japan, Singapore

8607
Kumar S. Shirodkar (11)
Panchtarni 39
Tarun Bharat Society
Chakala, Andheri (E)
Mumbai 400094, India
Collecting stamps, cycling
and coins
Any country

8608
Vaibhav Gandhi (16)
2/81, Varmanagar
Old Nagardas Road,
Andheri (E), Mumbai 400069
Cricket, music
Any country

8609
Chetan Kumar (16)

C/4, Goragandhi Apts.
Borivli (West), Mumbai 400092
Pen-friends, currency
Any country

8610
Tek Man Gurung (14)
Ugyen Dorji High School
Class VII-A
P.O. Haa, Bhutan
Reading novels, playing cards
U.S.A.

8611
Rishi Kohli (15)
227, Adarsh Nagar
Narbada Road, Opp. I.F.E.C.O.
Jabalpur
Madhya Pradesh 482001, India
Music, table tennis
Any country

8612
Hari Prasad (11)
20/16 Sree Nivas, Layam Road
Tripunithura 682301
Kochi, Kerala, India
Reading, origami
Japan, U.S.A.

8613
Vijay Bhat (16)
c/o Suru Valley Public School
Kargil, Ladakh 194103, India
Cricket, chess
U.S.A., Thailand

8614
Vaibhav Vaish (13)
2490 Chhippiwara Kalan
Dharampura, Jama Masjid
Delhi 110006, India
Table tennis, collecting stamps
U.S.A., Canada

8615
A.N. Manju (14)
Class IX-A
Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya
Hondarabalu
Chamaraja Nagar (N), Mysore
Collection stamp, cricket
Any country

8616
T. Vivekanandan (11)
No. 8, 4th East Main Road
Gandhi Nagar, Vellore
Tamil Nadu 632006, India
Collecting stamps and coins
Canada, Australia

8617
Abhishek Arora (14)
T-V/2 Anukiran Colony
Rewatbhata, RAPP
Via Kota, Rajasthan 323307
Collecting stamps, gardening
Switzerland, U.S.A.

8618
Abhinav J. Bhandari (11)
Mul Housing Complex
Daman Road
Near Kanchanganga Complex
Vapi 396191, Valsad Dist.
Gujarat, India
Collecting stamps
Any country

8619
Peeyush Jain (13)
83/11, D.E.S.U. Colony
Janakpuri
New Delhi 110058, India
Cricket, collecting stamps
Any country

8620
Vinod Dahiya (16)
B-42, Vijay Colony
Bawana, Delhi 110039, India
Making friends, painting
Any country

8621
Sanju Tatan (13)
c/o Principal, V.K.V. Oyan
P.O. Sille, Dist. East Siang
Arunachal Pradesh, India
Reading, joking
Any country

8622
Shahzad Haahmi (14)
Class IX-C (Hostel)
Modern Public School
Delhi Road, Moradabad, U.P.
Playing hockey,
making pen-friends
Any country

8623
Arnab Roy (13)
4, Siddharth Enclave
Mahadeo Singh Road
Ballupur, Dehradun
U.P. 248001, India
Collecting stamps,
classical music
Any country

8624
Shrenik Jain (11)
N-8-B (2nd Floor)
Green Park Extn.
New Delhi 110016, India
Drawing, collecting coins
and stamps
U.S.A., Russia

8625
Kinshuk Das (12)
162 Sondhi Tola, Chowk
Lucknow 226003
U.P., India
Reading, drawing
Any country

8626
K. Hemanth Kumar (15)
Roll No. 3089, Class X-B
Nehru House, Hosur Road
Bangalore Military School
Bangalore, Karnataka, India
Playing cricket, reading
Any country

8627
Kapil Wahi (12)
BD-75 B, Shalimar Bagh
Delhi 110052, India
Cricket, judo
Any country

8628
Yudhajit Nag (12)
Sahyadri School K.F.I.
Post: BIBI (Chas) 410513
Dist. Pune
Maharashtra, India
Collecting stamps and coins,
Any country

8629
Narang Akha (14)
V.K.V. Seijosa
East Kameng Dist.
Seijosa 790103
Arunachal Pradesh, India
Pen-friendship, football
Any country

8630
Subamadeep Mukherji (16)
B-23/A, Shashigarden
Mayur Vihar Phase I
Delhi 110091, India
Playing cricket, football
Any country

8631
K. Senthil Vijay (14)
27 B, Mirchbheem Nivas
Pebrook Cottages,
South Wick Ootacamund
Tamil Nadu, India
Painting, reading
Other than India

Hobbies (ANY TWO)

.....

.....

Countries from which pen-friends wanted (ANY TWO)

.....

.....

The Month That Was...

By Geeta Menon

March 1: The President, K.R. Narayanan, confers 'Bharat Ratna' on M.S. Subbulakshmi, A.P.J. Abdul Kalam, Aruna Asaf Ali, Gulzari Lal Nanda and Satyajit Ray.

The Ninth Five Year Plan aims at generating 54 million jobs and bringing down poverty by the year 2002.

March 2: The Supreme Court clears L.K. Advani and V.C. Shukla in the controversial multi-crore hawala case.

The Chairman of the United Nations Special Commission, Richard Butler, and Iraq's Ambassador to the UN, Nizar Hamdoon, have differing interpretations over the recently signed accord on weapons inspection.

March 3: BJP, allies win 252 seats of the 524 seats in the Lok Sabha, the Congress and its supporters 147, the United Front 95, and Independents and others 43, indicating a hung parliament. BJP wins 6 of 7 Delhi Lok Sabha seats. Congress manages to retain Karol Bagh seat.

N.D. Tiwari, resigns from UP Congress President's post owning moral responsibility for the party's rout in the State.

March 4: UN Secretary General, Kofi Annan, names Indian diplomat, Prakash Shah, as his special representative to Iraq. Keshubai Patel sworn in as Chief Minister of Gujarat.

March 5: A 12-member minis-

try under the leadership of S.C. Jamir sworn in in Kohima.

March 6: UF's uncertainty to join a Congress government at the Centre gives green signal to BJP.

TDP (Telugu Desam Party) supremo, N. Chandrababu Naidu, refuses to take a decision in favour of or against BJP.

Virbhadra Singh sworn in as Chief Minister in Shimla by the Governor, V.S. Rama Devi.

March 7: Jain panel submits final report probing all aspects of Rajiv Gandhi's assassination to the Union Home Ministry.

Atal Behari Vajpayee elected BJP's Parliamentary Party leader.

Vikram Chandra's *Love and Longing in Bombay* wins Best Book Award of the Commonwealth Writers Prize for the Eurasia Region, 1998.

March 8: Indian Airlines announces two all-woman crew flights to mark International Women's Day.

March 9: Sitaram Kesri announces decision to resign as the Congress President.

Three Pakistanis among five held for eight blasts in Delhi and other parts of north India over the last one year.

Omer Farooq, son of J&K Chief Minister, Farooq Abdullah, wins Srinagar parliamentary seat.

Manik Sarkar to be the next Tripura Chief Minister.

March 10: The President asks

Vajpayee for documentary proof of the support he enjoys.

United Parliamentary Forum leader, B.B. Lyngdoh, sworn in as the new Chief Minister of Meghalaya as the 12-day-old Congress government led by S.C. Marak falls.

India defeat Australia by 179 runs to go one up in the three Test series at Chennai. Sachin Tendulkar declared Man of the Match.

March 11: Indonesian President Suharto sworn in for his seventh five-year term.

March 12: J. Jayalalitha imposes conditions which stall BJP's chances to form government. Atal Behari Vajpayee refuses to bow down to pressure from the AIADMK.

West Bengal Governor, K.V. Raghunatha Reddy, prevented from reading out his address in the State Assembly.

Himachal Pradesh Governor recommends President's rule in the State. The Chief Minister, Virbhadra Singh, announces resignation of seven-day-old government in the Vidhan Sabha, without seeking vote of confidence.

March 14: J. Jayalalitha agrees to support BJP-led coalition.

Sonia Gandhi takes over as Congress President after the Congress Working Committee sacks Sitaram Kesri.

Dada Kondke, 'the king of comedy', dies of heart attack.

March 15: A.B. Vajpayee appointed Prime Minister.

March 16: Congress President Sonia Gandhi elected Chairperson of the Congress Parliamentary Party.

Controversial Governor of Uttar Pradesh, Romesh Bhandari, resigns.

March 17: Zhu Rongji, a leading economic reformer, elected the new Prime Minister of China.

Haryana cabinet bids adieu to prohibition policy after 21 months. The State to go wet again from April 1.

Mohammad Shahi Qureshi, Governor of Madhya Pradesh, given additional charge of UP till a new Governor is appointed.

March 19: Atal Behari Vajpayee sworn in as the Prime Minister. A 43-member two-tier ministry also sworn in.

Veteran CPM leader, E.M.S. Namboodiripad, passes away.

India wins the first of the Pepsi Friendship series hockey matches against Pakistan.

March 20: Finance minister, Yashwant Sinha, proposes bringing out a package for export growth to arrest the current economic slow-down.

March 21: India wins the sec-

ond Test match against Australia by an innings and 219 runs at Calcutta, clinching the series too. BJP leader, Jaswant Singh, appointed Deputy Chairman of the Planning Commission.

March 22: The Prime Minister, unfolds a five-point plan of action to make the country's economy stronger and sturdier.

March 23: TDP quits UF objecting to UF's 'unilateral' decision to support a Congress-backed candidate, P. A. Sangma, for the post of Lok Sabha Speaker.

The BJP-led coalition puts up TDP member Ganti Mohan Chandra Balayogi as its candidate for the post of Speaker.

Russian President, Boris Yeltsin, fires his entire government, names Sergei Kirienka as acting Prime Minister.

March 24: Balayogi elected Speaker of Lok Sabha, defeating P.A. Sangma in a voice vote.

105 people killed and over thousand injured as a tornado sweeps through several villages in Bengal and Orissa.

A nine-member BJP-HVC (Himachal Vikas Congress) combine ministry headed by Prem Kumar Dhumal sworn in, ending 12-day-old political stalemate in

Himachal.

March 27: The Supreme Court stays the death sentence of 26 people convicted in the Rajiv Gandhi assassination case.

The National Conference Working Committee decides to abstain from voting in the Lok Sabha on the motion of confidence in the BJP-led government.

March 28: The Atal Behari Vajpayee-led BJP alliance wins trust vote in the Lok Sabha by 274 votes to 261. TDP votes for the government.

Australia wins the third and the final Test played at Bangalore against India.

March 29: India grabs 12 medals—five gold, six silver and one bronze—at the Commonwealth weightlifting championship in Nauru.

March 30: Trinath Mishra appointed Director, CBI.

March 31: Tripura Health Minister, Bimal Sinha, and his brother, Bidyut Sinha, gunned down by National Liberation Front of Tripura militants.

Rupali Repale (16) enters the *Guinness Book of Records* as the youngest person to successfully swim six of the world's seven channels.

Cabinet Ministers

A.B. Vajpayee—*External Affairs, Agriculture*

L.K. Advani—*Home*

Anant Kumar—*Civil Aviation*

Sikander Bakht—*Industry*

S.S. Barnala—*Chemicals and Fertilisers, Food*

George Fernandes—*Defence*

Rama Krishna Hegde—*Commerce*

Satyanarain Jatiya—*Labour*

Ram Jethmalani—*Urban Development*

K. Ramamurthy—*Petroleum and Natural Gas*

P.R. Kumaramangalam—*Power*

M. Thambi Durai—*Law, Justice and Company Affairs*

Nitish Kumar—*Railways*

Naveen Patnaik—*Steel and Mines*

Suresh Prabhakar Prabhu—*Environment and Forests*

Kashi Ram Rana—*Textiles*

R. Muthiah—*Surface Transport*

Yashwant Sinha—*Finance*

Buta Singh—*Communications*

Sushma Swaraj—*Information and Broadcasting*

M.L. Khurana—*Parliamentary Affairs, Tourism*

M. M. Joshi—*Human Resource Development, Science and Technology*

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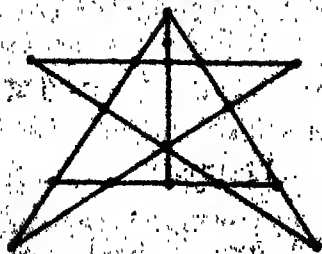


Bingo Special Bumper Prize!

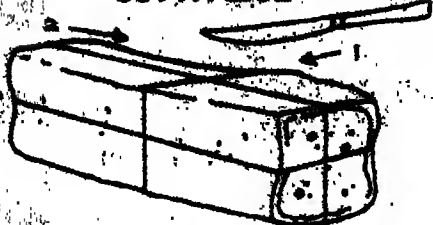
CW is proud to announce the result of the Special Bumper Prize from among all the prize-winners of the Bingo competition held in 1997-1998. The lucky winner is **Akshat Agarwal** of 182, Madhuvan, Delhi 110 092. Akshat wins a super Titan watch! Congratulations! from all of us at CW and all our readers!

Answers to Funtime April 1998

LINE-LIGHT



CUT A PIECE



Answers to Bingo (March 1998)

1. Venus 2. Anemometer 3. African Goliath Beetle (110gms) 4. Swift 5. Wood 6. Dadabhai Naoroji 7. Shantaram 8. Vikram Seth's *A Suitable Boy* 9. Wading 10. 117 days 11. Ladakh 12. Six 13. Hwang-ho 14. Tamil 15. Apple 16. Strawberry leaves 17. Brown 18. Colony, army 19. Caste and 20. Jawaharlal Nehru and Lal Bahadur Shastri.

There were no all-correct answers for Bingo, March 1998.

Answers to A Way with Words (April 1998)

ACROSS 4. Siphoning 5. Exploration 7. Levitate 8. Suspense 11. Ennui 12. Yuletide 16. Morning 17. Germination 21. Equator 22. Ambitious 26. Pedicure 28. Event 29. Anniversary 31. Generous 33. Emissary 35. Normal 36. Mischievous
DOWN 1. Apex 2. Dictionary 3. Ageless 6. Participant 9. Ensign 10. Ecology 13. Demonstrate 14. March 15. Enigma 18. Tether 19. Propeller 20. Sharpen 23. Tangent 24. Spontaneous 25. Reign 27. Divergent 30. Steam 32. Spin 34. And

Names and addresses of your friends who would enjoy reading *Children's World*

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ADDRESS.....

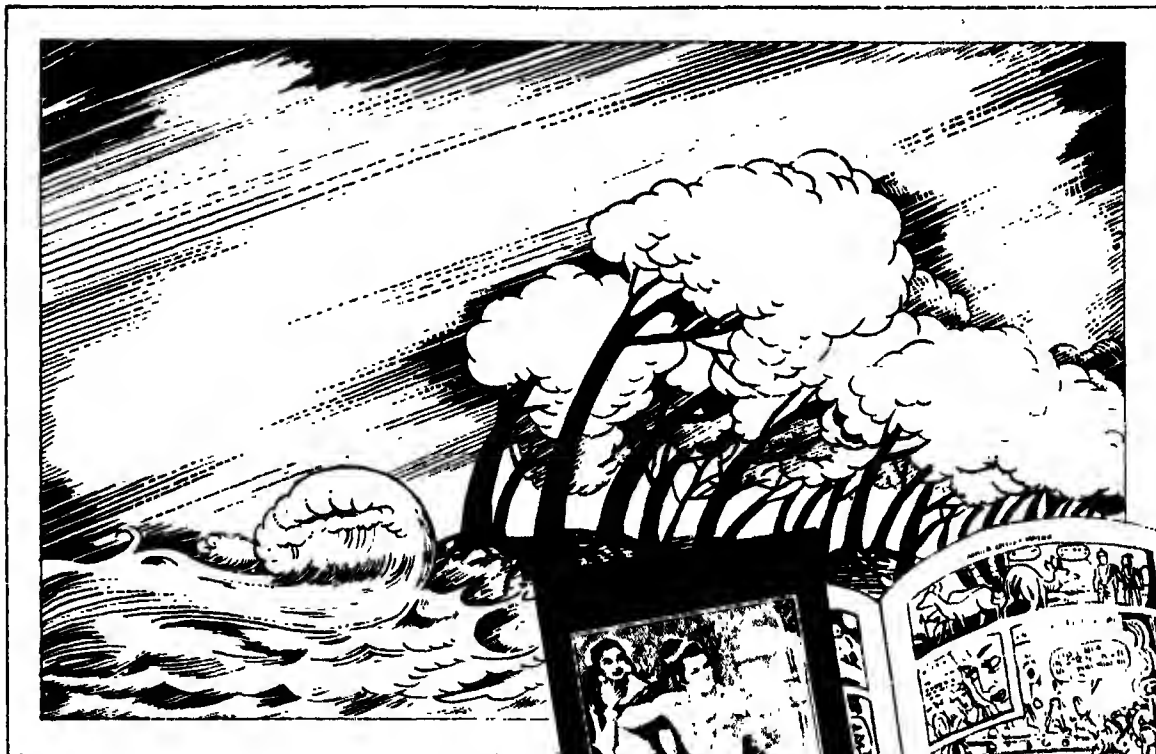
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Winds may blow,
storms may rage
but a tree with
strong roots
can withstand it all.



*Ideal as
gifts!*



AMAR CHITRA KATHA *The route to your roots.*



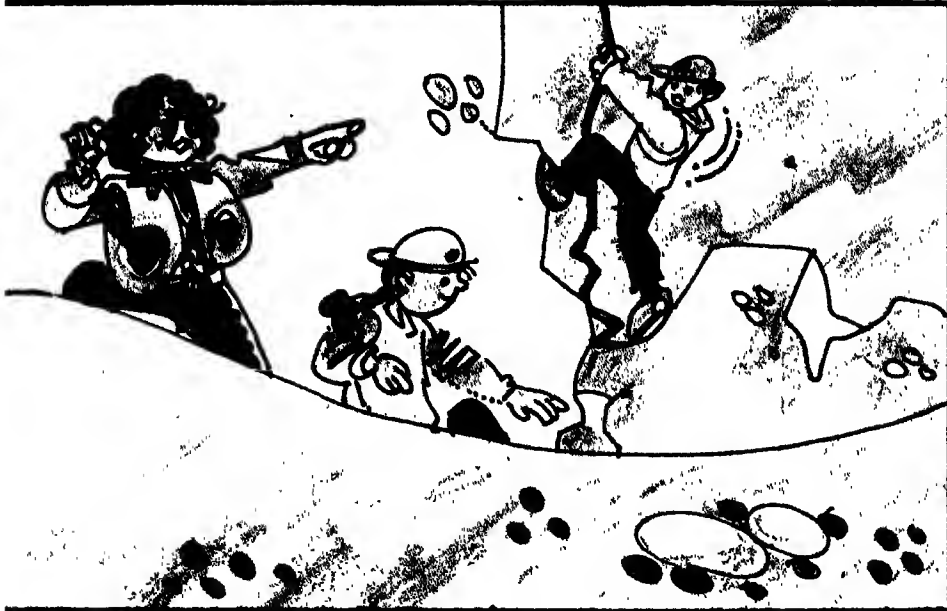
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CW

Summer is...



Newsletter Inside

Environment Speaks



SANCHI

As the Malwa Express passes the small station, one sees a stupa, a stone colossus atop a hill, mighty yet serene.

Sanchi, situated in district Raisen of Madhya Pradesh, is a 68 km drive from Bhopal. It became a Buddhist centre during the reign of the illustrious Mauryan, Asoka (273–236 B.C.) renowned for his transformation from a brutal conqueror to an enlightened monarch abhorring bloodshed.

Following his conversion to Buddhism, Asoka had a stupa constructed on the nearly 90 metre-high local hill, using burnt bricks and mortar. The structure probably enshrined the bodily relics of Gautama, the founder of Buddhism. A monolithic sandstone pillar was also erected. This led to the construction of other Buddhist structures on the hill.

The stupa was damaged during the earlier half of the second century B.C. and underwent a reconstruction during the Sunga period. The edifice was encased in stone. A flight of steps, balustrades, a paved processional path and crowning members were built. Sandstone, either quarried locally or from the nearby hill called Nagauri, was used for the purpose. The reproduction of the wood constructions in these balustrades shows that stone

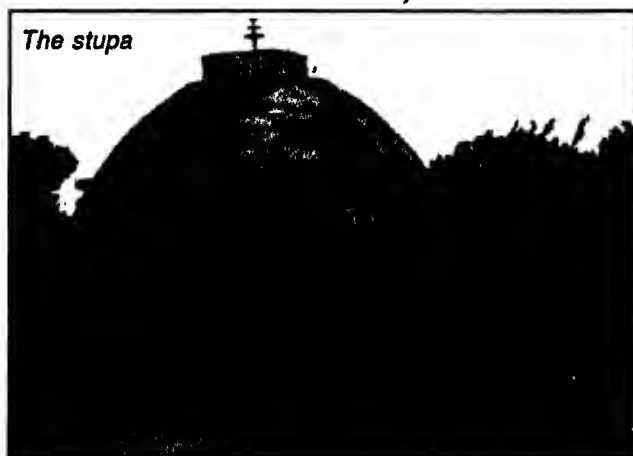
as building material was new to the makers.

Each gateway has two pillars crowned by animals or dwarfs, supporting a superstructure. The height, excluding the crowning elements, is about eight and a half metres. The standard of workmanship is not uniform. But the figures are natural and supple. The symmetry, decorative beauty and rhythm are very impressive.

The subject matter of the carvings includes scenes from the Jatakas and the life of Gautama. Five Jatakas have been identified on the gateways at Sanchi—the Chhaddanta, the Mahakapi, the Vessantara, the Alambasa and the Sama.

The complex also houses other structures such as the remains of a temple adjoining a monastery. Mostly in ruins, they seem to convey, through profound silence, the message of the *kshatriya* prince who showed to the world the path of *ahimsa*.

Abhijit Chandra Chandra



The stupa



A gateway

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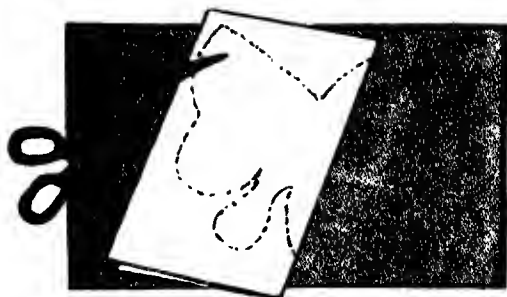


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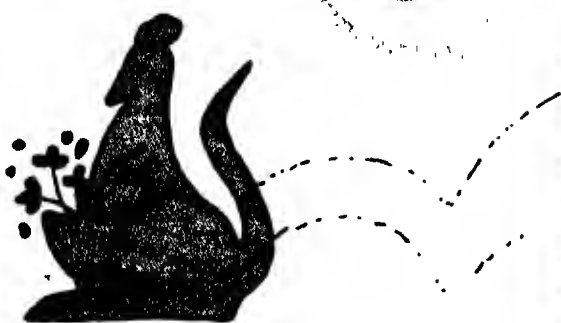


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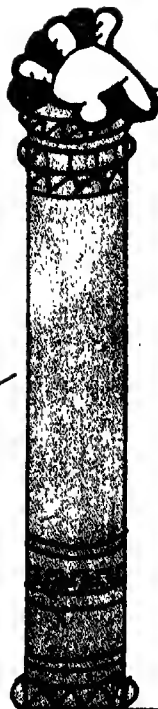


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Dear Readers,

June. Summer is at its zenith in most parts. Down, down south people gather to watch the south-west monsoon roll over the Indian Ocean to keep another date with our land. In the north, we must brave the fierce clime that is not without its own charms. Charms? Isn't it rejuvenating to rise early in the cool mornings and go for walks, stepping barefoot over dew-wet grass? Isn't it restful in the summer holidays, not to rush about madly to get to school? Instead, to have an unhurried breakfast, work up an appetite for lunch and drop off over a book thereafter; to potter around the house, run an errand or two, and count stars, post dinner?

World Environment Day on June 5. Time to take stock—'yes, our world's a little better than what it was last year' or 'no, it's in a far sadder state than it was in the year gone by'. There'll be talks, write-ups and lists galore of 'must-dos'; what will matter is what has actually been done to make the world a liveable place. Which is why this time we've got an action-oriented 'green pages' for you. You could make a summer project out of it. There are prizes to be won, so work on it and reap the benefits.

As we grow up, gender stereotypes are handed down to us. Women are weak. Men are strong. Boys are a useful addition to any family. Not girls. Mothers will tend to kitchen and children. Fathers will take care of 'other' things. Brothers can be bullies. Sisters must pander to their whims. Gender inequality is heavily weighted against the girl child who must constantly prove herself as good as, or better than, her brother. However, the world is slowly thinking differently as education and experience teach us that each of us, boy or girl, is a necessary part of the scheme of things; that one can't exist or is meaningless without the other. We tackle the ever sensitive gender issue, this time, in child rights.

Here's to an 'equal', blazing summer.

Dear Editor,
I wish I could have remained at the magical age of 18. Neither adult nor child. I find I am now 20 years old and I still go through all my CW issues, my hoarded treasures. Yet, age makes negligible difference, doesn't it? If I can remain a child forever in my heart, I'll always read CW.
Soumya Shetty,
Mangalore.

Dear Editor,
When I was subscribing to CW, I was doubtful whether it would be worth spending my pocket money, but now I know that it was a wise decision.
I honestly thank you for such a lovely magazine, so informative, entertaining and interesting.

Mahima Jain,
New Delhi

Dear Editor,
Last February, I visited Delhi only to attend the Book Fair as I am very fond of reading books. When I came to your stall, I was simply amazed. I became a member of CW and got a wonderful diary and a copy of CW free. My visit feels like a dream. I have got my first issue of CW and am waiting for the next one.

Shadan,
Bhagalpur

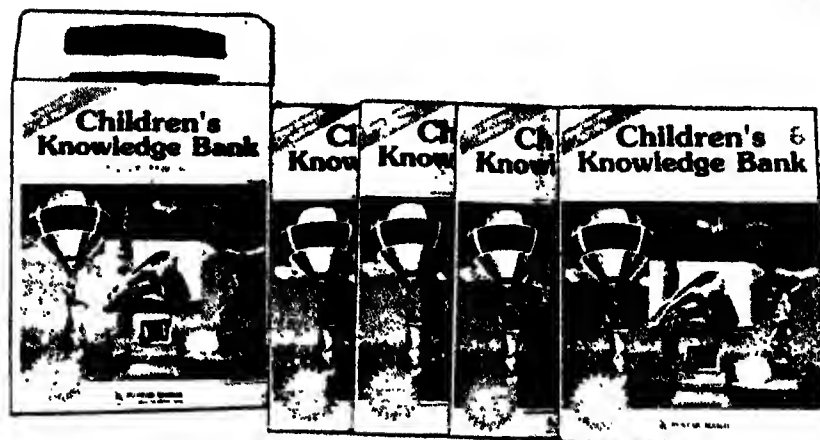
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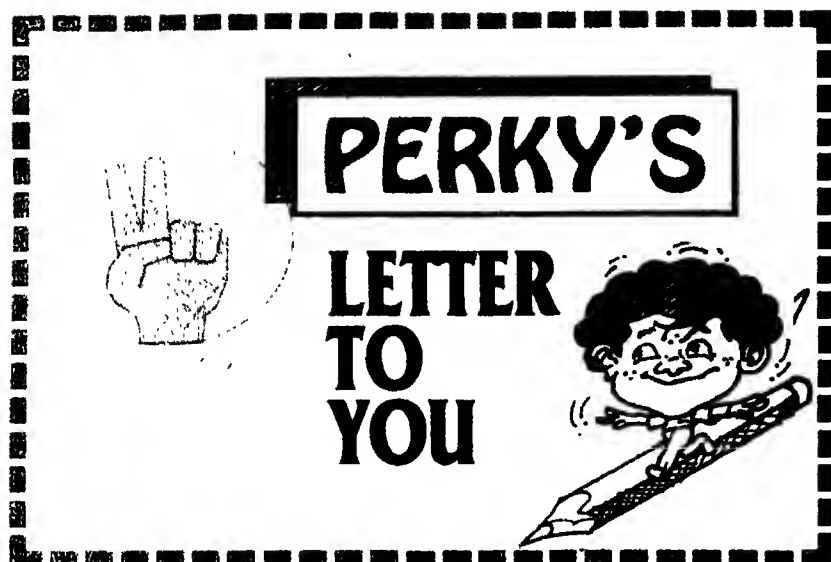


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Dear acrobats and clowns,

I don't know whether balancing a pencil across the bridge of your nose is a mark of genius. In fact, I don't think it is. But Raghu is sure, absolutely sure, that anyone who can balance a pencil across the bridge of his nose is a combination of Einstein, Robinson Crusoe and Tagore.

I was doing some very important work in my room the day Raghu barged in with his stupid theory. The work I was doing is top secret, but I can tell you about it if you won't breathe a word to Raghu. The thing is that I think that anyone who can write with his forehead has to be a genius. Do you know what I mean? What I mean is, if you can write by holding a pen or a pencil in your forehead, then you are a genius. How many people can do that, tell me? Nobody you know, right? See, that's what I mean. So if you can hold a pen or pencil in your forehead and

write, you are a genius.

The problem is, how do you hold a pen or pencil with your forehead. The forehead is such a smooth, stupid thing, even its wrinkles cannot hold a pen or pencil. In fact I was trying very hard to get a deep set of wrinkles on my forehead in order to hold the pencil, when Raghu barged in.



"I have discovered something," he shouted. Raghu never speaks, he only shouts. "I have just found out that if you can hold a pencil across your nose, you are a genius. See! I can do it. Bet you can't."

He put a green stub of a pencil on his nose and tilted his head back but the pencil fell off instantly.

"The pencil is not right," he shouted. "Stop laughing. The pencil is not right, that's all."

"A bad workman..." I started saying.

"Rubbish!" he screamed. "This has nothing to do with that asinine proverb. I am not a workman. And you think a pencil is a tool like a carpenter's saw or a farmer's axe? Ha ha ha! You think a pencil is like a carpenter's saw! Hahahaha!"

He rolled about as if he had cracked a priceless joke! Actually, he only looked like a priceless ass.

"Anyway, I'll get a better pencil and balance it on my nose, then you'll see."

He swiped my pencil off my desk and balanced it on his nose. It fell off too. This time I rolled about laughing.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Hahahaha!" I laughed. "You can't balance anything on your nose. Not even your face!"

And I rolled about laughing louder and louder.

Raghu threw my pencil down and stormed out of the room.

Well, I can't help it if Raghu finds he is not a genius, can I? I mean I know he's not a genius and now he knows it too. I can't do anything about it.

So I went back to fixing the pencil to my forehead and trying to write with it. But try as I did, the pencil kept falling off. I was wondering whether I ought to stick the pencil on my forehead with some Plasticine, when I heard a lot of noises from outside. The noises were, in order of loudness, Raghu's

voice, my brother's voice and another voice which I recognized as Nat's voice. Nat is a boy in my class who has a big nose, sorry Nose and who has lately started wearing glasses. I could hear Nat laughing happily and saying "I am a genius. I am a genius."

I leaned out of my window and saw Nat balancing a pencil on his Nose, actually on the frame of his spectacles. The pencil sat there perfectly without moving. "I am a genius,"

Nat laughed, "I am a genius." Raghu and my brother were shouting loudly and saying spectacles were not allowed.

"Who said?" I shouted back. "All geniuses wear spectacles."

"Who asked you to poke your nose into our business?" Raghu shouted. "I am the one to decide who is a genius and who is not."

I grinned at Nat and pulled my head back into my room. At least now, I would not be disturbed in my work.

But, of course, I was wrong. Just as I found some Plasticine and was sticking it to my forehead, the door burst open and Raghu and my brother marched in wearing dark glasses and balancing pencils on them.

"We are geniuses! We are geniuses!" they shouted, going round and round my room.

I snatched the Plasticine off my forehead and ran out of the room. The life of a genius is a hard one when he has a so-called friend like Raghu and a brother like my brother.

Can you find me a place where I can write with my forehead in peace?

Yours with a question
Perky

PS: I find that chewing gum is better than Plasticine in holding the pencil. I have actually written **PER** with my forehead! Yes, I have. I am almost a genius!





“SO YOU want to be a wild life photographer?”

When we met last week after eight long years, my cousin, Ajoy, flung these words at me, almost like a challenge. I nodded my head. Since I had been a small child, I often turned the pages of the *National Geographic*, wondering at the pictures of strange animals and beautiful lands. When Dad gave me a camera, a Canon, on my fourteenth birthday, I started clicking away. Crows, sparrows, street dogs, pet cats, zoo animals... My secret dream is to see my photographs printed in the *National Geographic*.

“Ever been to a forest?” Ajoy asked me. I shook my head, rather sheepishly.

“I’m leaving next week for one. You can come,” he said.

Ajoy was eight years older to me, a fine young man going round the world on his ‘business’. So my parents did not object to my trip.

Camera hanging from my neck and camping gear in hand, we entered the forest where, according to the tribal villagers we met on our way, Ram, Laxman and Sita had spent their days while on *vanavaas* (exile). Ajoy, of course, sniggered at their words.

“Every forest in every part of the country seems to have hosted Ram and Co.,” he laughed.

But the villagers had said something else too, which Ajoy did not laugh away.

“If you are lucky, you might see Maarich,” an old man told us after a dinner of rice and tiny river fish cooked with egg plant. “He still roams in that

forest—a golden deer with silver spots.”

Ajoy started questioning them at once. Who had seen the deer? Where? When was it last seen? Was it male or female? Was it seen in the day or at night? Did they hear its cry?

Everybody, it turned out, knew someone who had seen the deer, but no one had seen it himself. “Like seeing a ghost,” I joked, but Ajoy frowned at me. I wondered why he was so interested in Maarich if he did not care at all for Ram.

I understood only after we entered the forest and Ajoy had taken out his gun. “Of course, I don’t believe in their old wives’ tales,” he said. “But there just might be chital deer in this forest. Both males and females have a shiny golden

coat, with spots on it."

Ajoy's eyes were glowing, his fingers bending and unbending on the trigger. I grew uneasy. "You're not going to shoot the deer, are you? It's against the law, you know."

"What law?" snorted Ajoy. "Law forbids anyone to cut down trees, too. If those tribals followed the law, they would be dead. What other fuel do they have except wood?"

"But, animals..."

Ajoy laughed. "When a wild boar comes charging, try quoting the law to it." He then turned away. "My God," he said, "the skin of a chital! Can you imagine how much it would fetch?"

I started feeling a little scared. I thought, here I am, all alone with a man who has a gun and wild ideas in his head. Better not start a quarrel.

Soon after, Ajoy shot the first animal—a rabbit—and I felt almost sick. Later, as he killed more animals, I started getting used to the sight. I could not watch when Ajoy skinned them, flung away the skin and thrust a stick through the bodies to roast them over a fire. I did not complain because I shared the meat.

My only joy were the pictures I took. Birds of a thousand colours, beautiful butterflies, sweet squirrels, rabbits—it seemed the forest abounded with them! I even took a snap of a snake with a

golden head, its forked tongue peering out. Then I 'captured' a mother boar walking with its young.

But no deer. Ajoy and I went deeper and deeper into the forest. He examined all the animal tracks, their spoor, the nibbled leaves. "It is such a small animal," I argued, "even if it exists, how can we ever find it in this huge forest?"

"Don't be silly," Ajoy scolded me. "Deer always live in herds, never alone." And he simply refused to listen to my hints that the tribals could be wrong.

Trudging behind him as he walked mile after mile in the forest, sometimes wading through mud, sometimes stumbling on rocks, I often wondered, 'There are so many





beautiful animals on earth. What does it matter if one animal, one mystery of nature, remains unknown?"

After five futile days of search, my cousin agreed that we should turn back. My school would open soon, and Ajoy would have to make arrangements for his flight to Nigeria.

Next morning, as we were eating breakfast, we saw the golden deer.

Ajoy saw it first. He was pouring coffee in my cup and suddenly his hand shook, spilling hot coffee. I looked up to see his eyes fixed on something in the forest. I followed his gaze and the cup dropped from my hands.

'How can one describe a dream come alive? The deer we saw was beautiful beyond words. It was golden—but not the heavy metallic gold of jew-

ellery. It was like frozen sunshine—every pore of its body exuding a luminous light. The brilliant silver spots on its back shone and sparkled. With big, black eyes, it gazed at us from about four feet away. Then, with a little leap and a flash of its white flanks, it disappeared into the forest.

After a minute of stunned silence, Ajoy took up his gun and I followed him willingly with my camera. I knew I had to get pictures of that deer. I simply had to.

Ten hours later, after a back-breaking day of searching for the deer, we camped for the night. Staring at the fading light caught on the topmost leaves of the *sirish* trees, I thought there must be something about the golden deer which makes one crazy to get it. Sita wanted it as a pet, Ajoy wants it for its skin, I want its

pictures.

"Was that a chital?" I asked Ajoy.

He shook his head. Slowly, as if he were muttering to himself, he said, "India has five species of deer. The sambar and the chital are the most common. This deer is neither."

"It must be one of the other species, then."

"There is the blackbuck, with its chocolate black pelage," continued Ajoy, ignoring me. "Clearly, this is not it. Pure white blackbucks are also found in Saurashtra. But then we have not seen a silver deer, have we? As for the hog deer, it looks similar to the chital but is squat and round. Our deer is slim, graceful. That leaves the bow antlered deer of Manipur, which are an endangered species. Only about fifty of them are found

in the wild. No question of one finding its way to the middle of India."

"Then, what is this?"

Ajoy slowly chewed on a grass stalk. "Maybe a new species," he said. "Maybe a genetic fault, probably in a chital, passed down through generations. What is curious, however, is that it lives alone. Almost no species of deer are known to do that."

For two days, we chased the golden deer. On the afternoon of the second day, we find it by the side of a small, clear lake at the foot of some rocks, grazing alone. At the sight of us, it leaped into the water and started swimming to the other side.

Ajoy raised his gun but lowered it again. Neither of us knew how to swim—shot in midwater, the deer would sink. The rock on the other side had several caves and the

deer disappeared into one of them. We made a *machan*—a wooden raised platform—on this side and waited for it. The deer could not possibly leave the cave without us seeing it.

"How long shall we wait?" I asked Ajoy.

"The chital cannot do without at least one drink a day," he replied. "The deer is bound to come out soon."

It did not come out at all in the first day. At night, I slept while Ajoy kept guard. In the daytime he slept and I

watched with the binoculars. No sign of the deer. As the hard afternoon heat started softening, both of us sat up, equally tense. The deer had had no water since yesterday. Would it not come out for a drink?

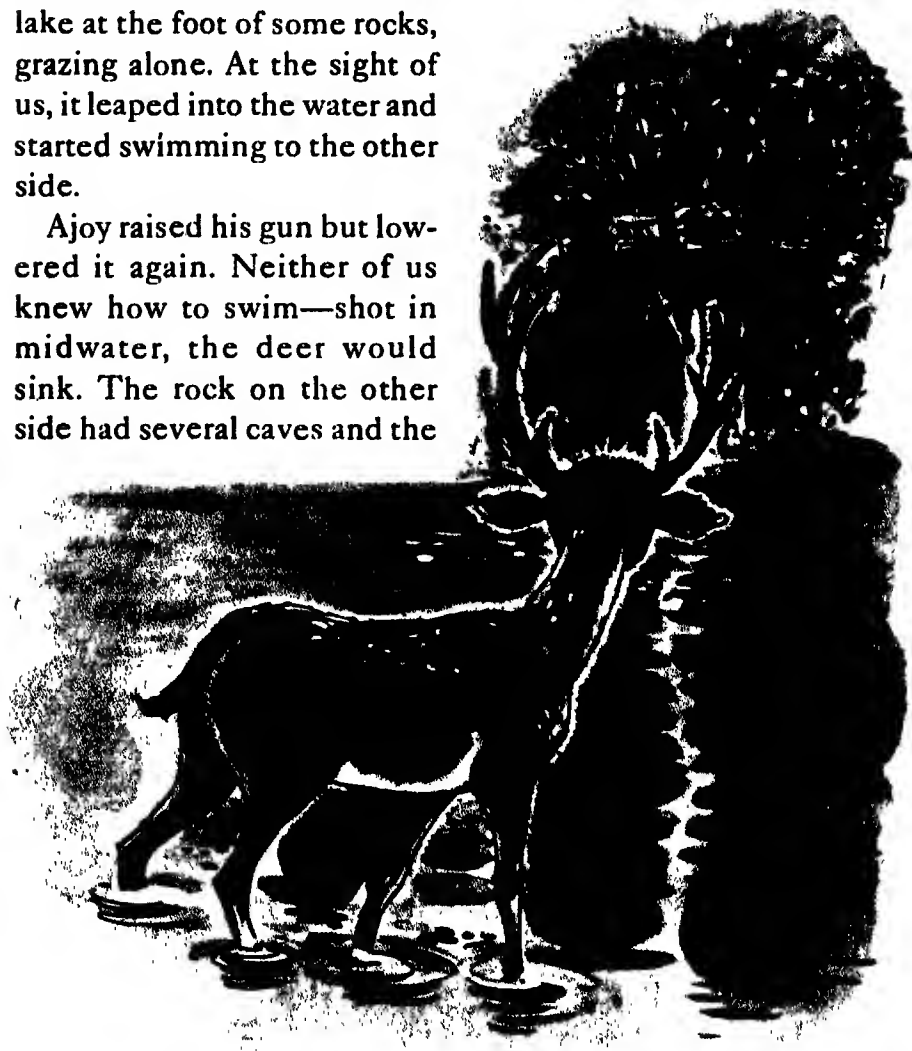
The sky was glowing, orangish red; the setting sun lit up the clouds in fantastic, unreal shades of pink, purple and gold. In that glorious light, we saw the deer coming out of the cave. It walked to the lake and splashed into the water, not pausing to drink. Again Ajoy had to grit his teeth and hold back his bullets. He must wait till it got to the bank.

Then the deer did a strange thing. It climbed on to the bank this side and steadily, fearlessly, like a man who knows what he is doing, walked towards us. It stopped right in front of our *machan* and looked up at us, its huge black eyes staring at us.

Ajoy fired a single shot.

When I opened my eyes, he was not beside me. He was standing beside the deer, gun in hand. "Shoot!" he shouted, his voice hoarse. "Shoot!"

At first I was lost. Was the deer still alive? But I didn't have a gun with me! Then I realised he meant the camera. So I took his picture in front of the lake, one booted leg on the back of the golden deer, holding the gun in his other hand.



We had no other business in the forest. After spending the night by the lake, we planned to make our way directly to the village.

In the morning, we decided to have a heavy breakfast before starting—our first proper food after many days. I was cooking the last of the rice and *dal* we had brought with us over a slow fire when, from the corner of my eyes, I saw Ajoy getting out his large skinning knife. I turned away. I stirred the pot listlessly, not hungry any more. I was as happy as Ajoy to have ‘bagged’ the golden deer. Now, my heart was suddenly heavy. “Will those who buy its skin ever know how beautiful that animal was?” I asked myself.

Ajoy spread out the skin on the grass and asked me to take a snap. I did.

I thought I could not bear to look at the skinned carcass of the beautiful deer. But I did stare at it and Ajoy, when I saw he was tying its legs with a rope.

“What are you doing?”

“Ha, ha, we’ll have a feast,” laughed Ajoy. “Do you know how wonderful venison tastes? Ideally it should be put in a hole dug in the ground to soften up a bit. But this deer looks young, its meat should not be too tough...”

Even as he talked, he made an arch like structure out of branches and tent poles. Soon

the carcass was hanging by its legs, head down, and Ajoy was trying to light a fire beneath it.

“No!” I screamed. “No!”

My anger at Ajoy, his mindless cruelty, his greed, his ruthlessness now boiled over. How could one eat the most beautiful animal on earth?

Grabbing Ajoy’s skinning knife, I ran to the deer, the dead deer. Ajoy stared, his mouth open. He did not try to stop me. I started cutting the ropes...

The carcass fell to the ground. It rolled over its side. It stood up.

Then it walked, calmly, unhurriedly, to where its skin was lying. With a flick of its horns, it threw the skin over its body. The skin fell neatly, fitting every curve, clinging to the body. The golden deer stood there, splendid in the morning sun, its black eyes boring into ours.

How long did it stand there? Long enough for Ajoy to take up the rifle and shoot. Long enough to stab it with a knife. But neither my cousin nor I could lift a finger. We could not move when it turned its back on us; when it walked slowly towards the trees; when it disappeared behind them.

We packed. We started walking. We walked all day without a word. It was nearly dark when Ajoy spoke. “The photos,” he croaked, suddenly

clutching my shoulders. “We still have the photos.”

When the photos were developed, Ajoy swore. In one of them, he was looking comical, gun in one hand, one leg up in the air. Nothing under his foot. And the picture I had taken of the skin shows a beautiful, perfect spider’s web laid out on the grass, its thin threads shining with hundreds of pearly dew drops sparkling in the morning sun.

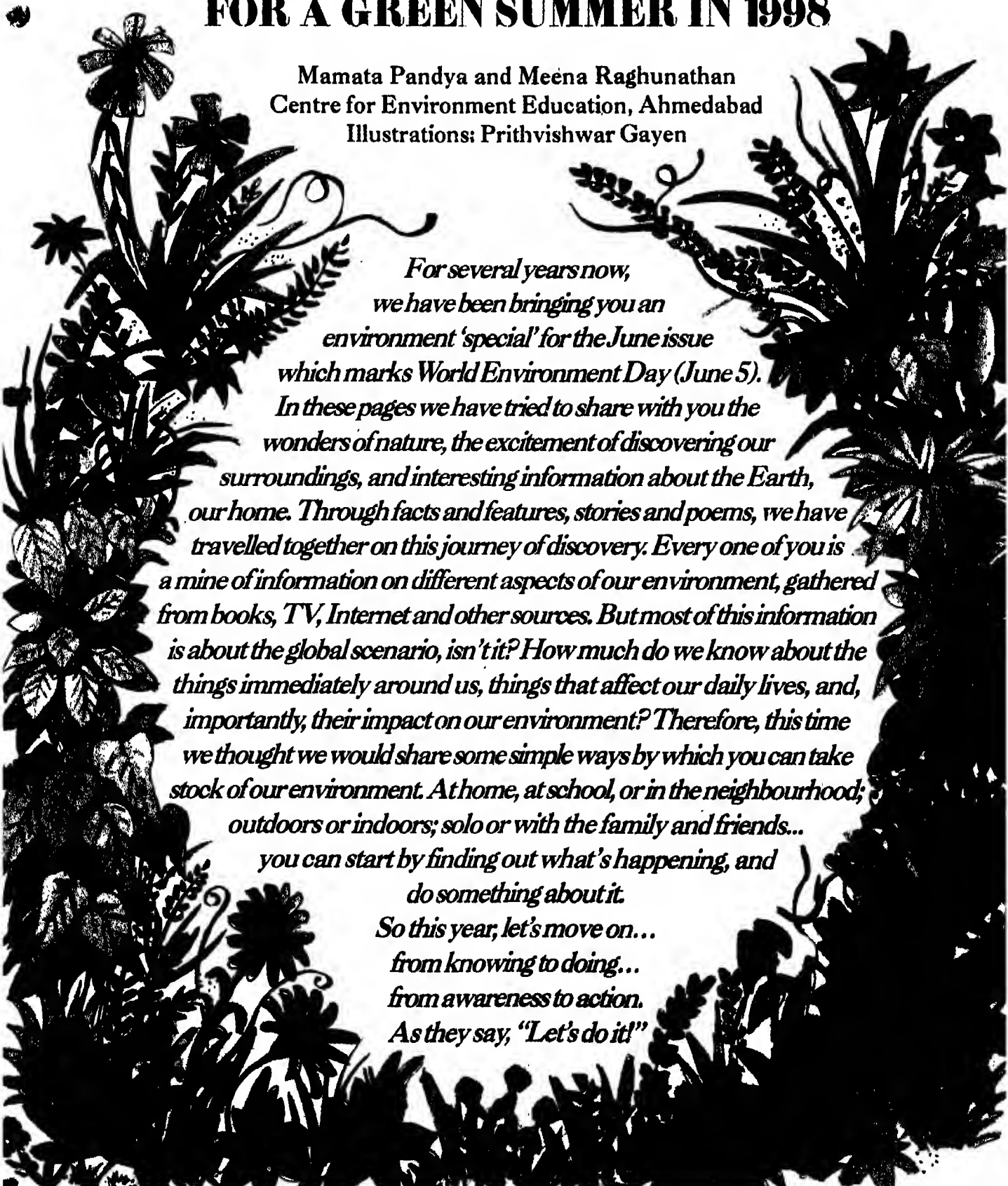
I sent in that picture for a photo contest on Nature. I won the first prize.



LET'S DO IT!

FOR A GREEN SUMMER IN 1998

Mamata Pandya and Meena Raghunathan
Centre for Environment Education, Ahmedabad
Illustrations: Prithvishwar Gayen



*For several years now,
we have been bringing you an
environment 'special' for the June issue
which marks World Environment Day (June 5).
In these pages we have tried to share with you the
wonders of nature, the excitement of discovering our
surroundings, and interesting information about the Earth,
our home. Through facts and features, stories and poems, we have
travelled together on this journey of discovery. Every one of you is
a mine of information on different aspects of our environment, gathered
from books, TV, Internet and other sources. But most of this information
is about the global scenario, isn't it? How much do we know about the
things immediately around us, things that affect our daily lives, and,
importantly, their impact on our environment? Therefore, this time
we thought we would share some simple ways by which you can take
stock of our environment. At home, at school, or in the neighbourhood;
outdoors or indoors; solo or with the family and friends...
you can start by finding out what's happening, and
do something about it.
So this year, let's move on...
from knowing to doing...
from awareness to action.
As they say, "Let's do it!"*



Let's begin at home...

Can you guess how much garbage you and your family generate in a day, a week, a month? What rubbish! you think. Well, that's just it. Why not find out exactly what this rubbish is, where it comes from, and what we do with it.

The Survey Sheet 1, on page 19, could help you to record and compile data on garbage generated by different households; you could fill it for your own family and also a sample of your neighbour's household.

Fill the chart at the end of each day. First, remember to set a unit of measurement for each item. For example, glass, cans, and so on, may be counted by the number of items; paper by the number of pieces or sheets; kitchen waste

(vegetable peels, egg shells, tea leaves left-over food etc.) may need to be weighed or measured in a standard measure, e.g. a cup or a pan.

Why not ask all your friends in the neighbourhood to carry out similar surveys for their own homes? Put all the data together. Such information will help you understand the 'garbage' characteristics of your neighbourhood. It will help you with the next survey as well as to work out a suitable action plan.

Review your findings. To start with, analyse what was thrown away and how much of it was there? How much of what was thrown away could have been reused or recycled? How

Act Now!

If you have a little space in your garden, you could make a compost pit. Dig a one metre deep pit. Line it with dried leaves and grass. Put in waste material—tea leaves, vegetable peels, left over food, egg shells, etc. Cover with dried leaves. Water once a week to keep moist. Turn the contents of the pit every fifteen days. The compost will be ready in 3-4 months. Voila! You have rich manure for use in your garden!

much was the result of wastefulness; could it have been reduced?

Neighbourhood Survey Sheet

From home to neighbourhood...

Having discovered all the rubbish your household generates, think about what happens to it. Well, you'd say, you throw it away. That's probably into the dustbin in the kitchen. And then...well, someone throws the contents of the dustbin away...And then? "Why", you'd say, "it's out of my house, how do I know what happens next?"

Here's a chance to play garbage detective and



Play garbage detective and monitor the waste generated in your neighbourhood.

find out just where this place called 'away' is that garbage is supposed to disappear to? Once you start investigating you may discover that most of it is far from having magically vanished 'away'. It's probably piling up on the roadside, filling up empty lots, and being not only an eyesore, but a health hazard for everyone in your neighbourhood.

You can fill Survey Sheet 2, on page 19, by observing, recording what you see, and by asking other people.

Taking Action

Having discovered the problem and its possible causes, you need now to think what others in the neighbourhood and you can do about this. To begin with, you could create awareness about garbage and convince everyone to adopt the 3Rs—Reduce, Reuse, Recycle—to minimize what gets thrown 'away'.

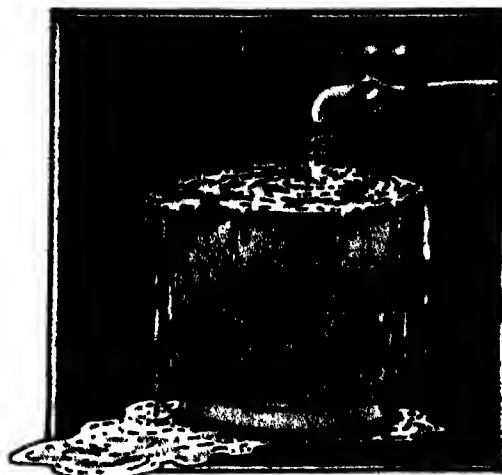
Then, you and your friends could start a campaign to encourage every household to separate dry waste (paper, plastic, tin, cans and so on) and wet waste (kitchen left overs, peels...)

What about starting a compost pit in the garden or in a common area if you live in a block of flats, to turn wet waste into rich manure?

If you live in an area where the municipal authorities are supposed to clear the garbage, you

could keep *Ensure that the municipal authorities clear the garbage,* a record of how regularly this is done. If it is not done as it should, you could bring it to the notice of the concerned authorities.

Remember, you will need to plan out how any of this can be done, and also follow-up to make sure that the efforts continue.



It is summer time, and water is scarce.

Only when the taps start to wheeze and run dry do we stop to consider how much our life depends on water. And even so, we may not realize how much we ourselves actually use, or perhaps misuse.

It has been estimated that one person's daily requirement of water for bathing, cleaning, drinking, washing and cooking may be upto 70 litres. But not every one in our country gets this quantity. And even what people get may not be the required quality—for instance, the water may not be fit to drink without treatment. So each one of us must ensure that we don't waste water—there's only a limited quantity of water going around.

How do you and your family score on this count? Here is a way of finding out. Fill out the Survey Sheet 3, on page 20, for

one day and add up the findings.

If you use two mugs of water for washing hands, then you would be using approximately 2×425 ml of water. In this way, you could determine the amount of water used by your family for each activity, and also the total amount

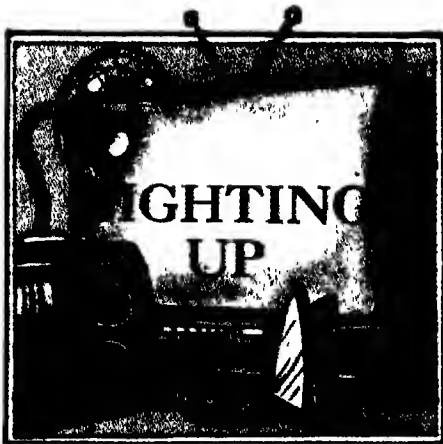


of water used in your home in a single day.

You might want to make this a family activity. Let every member give you their own estimated use at the end of a day.

Taking Action

Think of three ways by which your family can save water. For example, repairing or properly closing one leaking or dripping tap could save up to three buckets of water in 24 hours. Or by filling a bucket before you start bathing instead of keeping the water running and letting the bucket overflow. Try this for a day and check out the total again. Could you reduce the amount of water used. By how much?



Electricity is another convenience that we take for granted, until there is a power failure and you miss your favourite TV show. We are becoming more and more dependent on electrical gadgets of all sorts for daily chores as well as for entertainment. Most of us do not realize that the increasing use of electricity has a price, not only in terms of paying bills, but also the impact it has on the environment.

Here is a way to understand your electricity usage, to cut down on electricity bills, and in your own way, help the environment. Complete Survey Sheet 4, on page 20, and answer the questions that follow it.

Once you have the data about electrical appliances and their use in your home, you could use the energy consumption chart provided here to calculate what it adds up to.



Do not keep the tap running while you brush your teeth.

Here is how to do it.

A 1000 Watts electrical appliance consumes one unit of power every hour. Assume that the per unit cost of electricity in your town is Rs. 2.30.

If a fan of 60 Watts runs for 24 hours in your house, how much would it cost to run?

The fan would consume one unit in 16 hours and 40 minutes i.e. 1000 minutes.

If it ran for 24 hours (1440 minutes) the fan would consume

$$\frac{1 \text{ Unit} \times 1440 \text{ Minute}}{1000 \text{ Minutes}} = 1.44 \text{ Units}$$

One unit costs Rs. 2.30. Therefore 1.44 units cost Rs. 3.31.

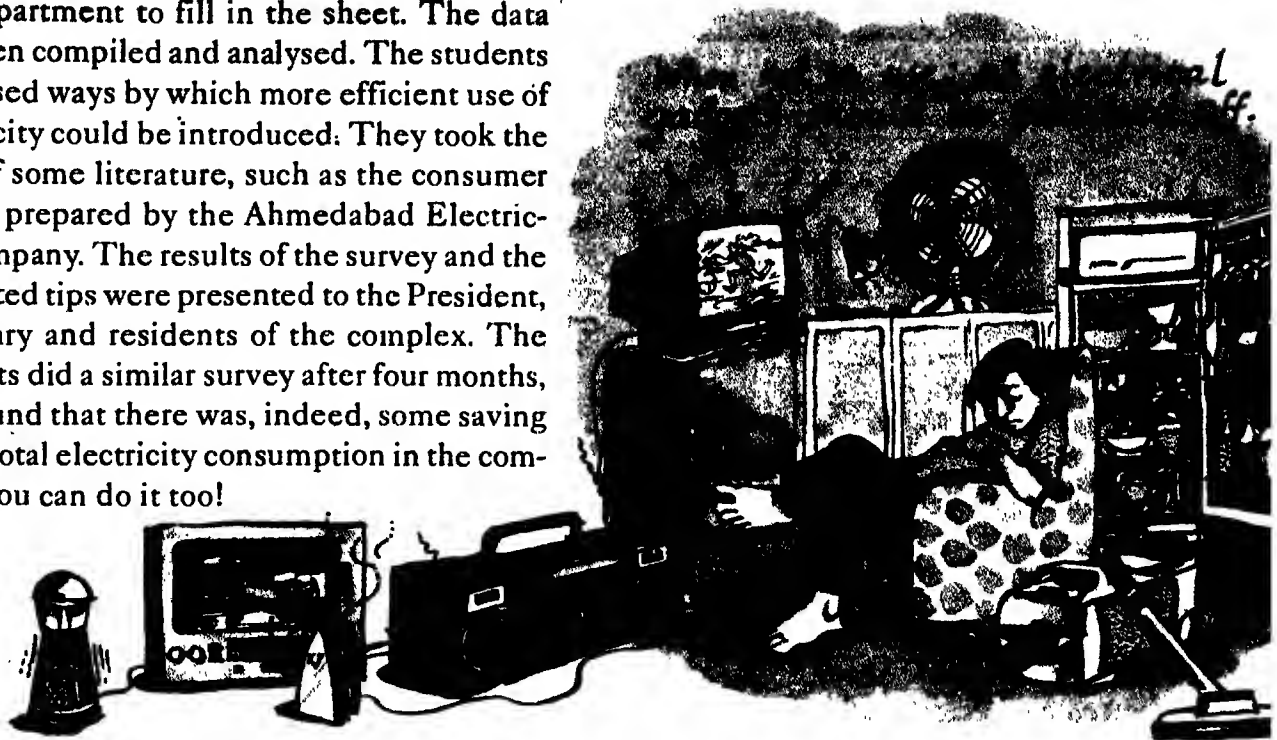


Calculate your electricity consumption to cut down on your electricity bills.

Taking Action

A group of students in Ahmednagar decided to take up a 'Save Electricity' campaign in a large apartment complex. They provided residents with information about the electricity consumption of different appliances (see chart on page 17), along with a survey sheet like the

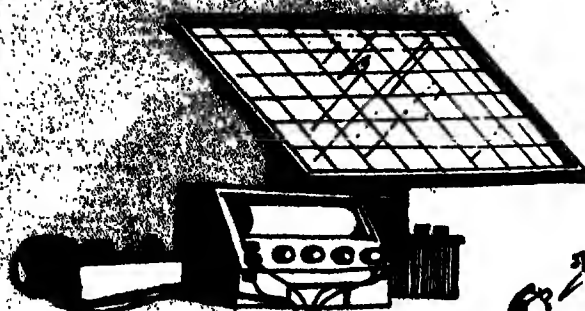
one on page 20. They requested residents of each apartment to fill in the sheet. The data was then compiled and analysed. The students discussed ways by which more efficient use of electricity could be introduced. They took the help of some literature, such as the consumer guides prepared by the Ahmedabad Electricity Company. The results of the survey and the suggested tips were presented to the President, Secretary and residents of the complex. The students did a similar survey after four months, and found that there was, indeed, some saving in the total electricity consumption in the complex. You can do it too!



Energy consumption of some home appliances

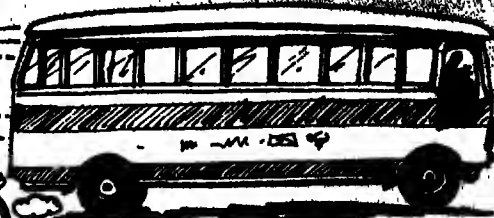
Appliances	Energy used in watts	Time in which one unit of electricity is consumed (in hours)	Appliances	Energy used in watts	Time in which one unit of electricity is consumed (in hours)
1. Night lamp (100 watt)	100	10	5. Air conditioner	1000	10
2. Refrigerator (150 watt)	150	15	6. Electric fan	100	10
3. Electric kettle (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	7. Electric iron	1000	10
4. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	8. Electric mixer	1000	10
5. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	9. Electric juicer	1000	10
6. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	10. Electric vacuum cleaner	1000	10
7. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	11. Electric sewing machine	1000	10
8. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	12. Electric drill	1000	10
9. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	13. Electric saw	1000	10
10. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	14. Electric hammer	1000	10
11. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	15. Electric pump	1000	10
12. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	16. Electric motor	1000	10
13. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	17. Electric generator	1000	10
14. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	18. Electric transformer	1000	10
15. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	19. Electric switch	1000	10
16. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	20. Electric plug	1000	10
17. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	21. Electric socket	1000	10
18. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	22. Electric fuse	1000	10
19. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	23. Electric circuit breaker	1000	10
20. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	24. Electric relay	1000	10
21. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	25. Electric diode	1000	10
22. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	26. Electric transistor	1000	10
23. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	27. Electric resistor	1000	10
24. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	28. Electric capacitor	1000	10
25. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	29. Electric inductor	1000	10
26. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	30. Electric transformer	1000	10
27. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	31. Electric switch	1000	10
28. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	32. Electric plug	1000	10
29. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	33. Electric socket	1000	10
30. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	34. Electric fuse	1000	10
31. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	35. Electric circuit breaker	1000	10
32. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	36. Electric relay	1000	10
33. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	37. Electric diode	1000	10
34. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	38. Electric transistor	1000	10
35. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	39. Electric resistor	1000	10
36. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	40. Electric capacitor	1000	10
37. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	41. Electric inductor	1000	10
38. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	42. Electric transformer	1000	10
39. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	43. Electric switch	1000	10
40. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	44. Electric plug	1000	10
41. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	45. Electric socket	1000	10
42. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	46. Electric fuse	1000	10
43. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	47. Electric circuit breaker	1000	10
44. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	48. Electric relay	1000	10
45. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	49. Electric diode	1000	10
46. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	50. Electric transistor	1000	10
47. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	51. Electric resistor	1000	10
48. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	52. Electric capacitor	1000	10
49. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	53. Electric inductor	1000	10
50. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	54. Electric transformer	1000	10
51. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	55. Electric switch	1000	10
52. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	56. Electric plug	1000	10
53. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	57. Electric socket	1000	10
54. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	58. Electric fuse	1000	10
55. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	59. Electric circuit breaker	1000	10
56. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	60. Electric relay	1000	10
57. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	61. Electric diode	1000	10
58. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	62. Electric transistor	1000	10
59. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	63. Electric resistor	1000	10
60. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	64. Electric capacitor	1000	10
61. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	65. Electric inductor	1000	10
62. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	66. Electric transformer	1000	10
63. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	67. Electric switch	1000	10
64. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	68. Electric plug	1000	10
65. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	69. Electric socket	1000	10
66. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	70. Electric fuse	1000	10
67. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	71. Electric circuit breaker	1000	10
68. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	72. Electric relay	1000	10
69. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	73. Electric diode	1000	10
70. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	74. Electric transistor	1000	10
71. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	75. Electric resistor	1000	10
72. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	76. Electric capacitor	1000	10
73. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	77. Electric inductor	1000	10
74. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	78. Electric transformer	1000	10
75. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	79. Electric switch	1000	10
76. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	80. Electric plug	1000	10
77. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	81. Electric socket	1000	10
78. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	82. Electric fuse	1000	10
79. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	83. Electric circuit breaker	1000	10
80. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	84. Electric relay	1000	10
81. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	85. Electric diode	1000	10
82. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	86. Electric transistor	1000	10
83. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	87. Electric resistor	1000	10
84. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	88. Electric capacitor	1000	10
85. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	89. Electric inductor	1000	10
86. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	90. Electric transformer	1000	10
87. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	91. Electric switch	1000	10
88. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	92. Electric plug	1000	10
89. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	93. Electric socket	1000	10
90. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	94. Electric fuse	1000	10
91. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	95. Electric circuit breaker	1000	10
92. Electric geyser (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	96. Electric relay	1000	10
93. Electric fan (100 watt)	100	10	97. Electric diode	1000	10
94. Electric heater (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	98. Electric transistor	1000	10
95. Electric pressure cooker (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	99. Electric resistor	1000	10
96. Electric water purifier (1500 watt)	1500	1.5	100. Electric capacitor	1000	10

Act Now!



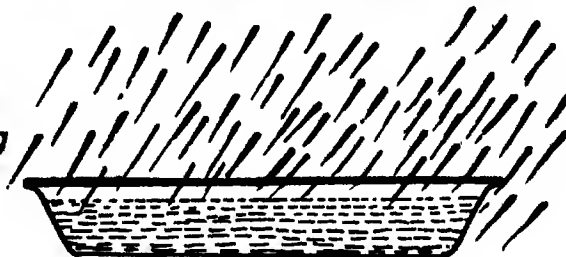
Install a solar water heater. In some parts of the country, it can be used for at least eight months, and you can save up to Rs. 1000 per year in electricity bills.

Use public transport whenever possible. Walk or cycle short distances, and the bonus is you'll be in better shape.



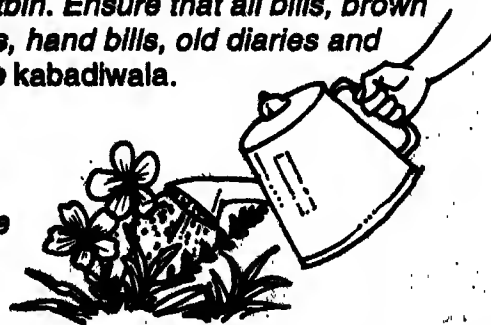
Water stored in a matka/surahi covered with a thin, wet cloth cools faster and better. Use water already cooled in the matka/ surahi for refrigeration. You'll spend less electricity to cool the water.

Rain-water is pure. Collect it. Apart from uses like washing and bathing, it comes in handy for watering delicate plants. Brass vessels washed with rain-water stay sparkling bright for a long time.



Every scrap of paper in the house can be sold. Single sheets of paper often end up in the dustbin. Ensure that all bills, brown paper covers, used envelopes, hand bills, old diaries and calendars find their way to the kabadiwala.

Water the garden early in the morning or late in the evening. This reduces water loss in plants due to evaporation.



Complete at least three of the questionnaires given on these pages. Don't forget to add up totals. For each of the questionnaires, write a paragraph on what you did to improve the situation. Maybe you persuaded your family to use cloth bags when out shopping to avoid bringing home unnecessary plastic bags. Maybe you are ensuring that your garden is watered only in the evening so that losses from evaporation are cut down. Maybe you took some other action to save water and electricity or reduce unnecessary waste. The first fifty complete entries will get a booklet giving you further tips on how you can make a difference to the environment. The five best entries will get a surprise Green Gift from Centre for Environment Education! Send in your entries to CW, Nehru House, 4 Bahadur Shah Zafar Marg, New Delhi-110002 by July 15, 1998.

Good luck with your summer venture!

Mon

Tue

Wed

Thu

Fri

Sat

Sun

1. Your address: (name of your colony/society/block etc.)

.....

.....

2. Do the residents dispose of garbage themselves, or do they employ someone to do the job?

.....

3. Is there a Municipal Corporation dustbin in your Society/colony?

.....

4. Does the Municipal Corporation collect garbage from these areas?

.....

5. If so, how often? If not, who is responsible for collecting garbage?

.....

6. Is there accumulation of garbage in and around your neighbourhood?

.....

7. What do you think is the reason for garbage accumulation?

.....

8. What are the problems relating to this issue (a) according to you (b) according to a cross-section of other people?

.....

.....

.....

1. Name and full address:

2. Type of house (flat, bungalow, row house)

3. No. of persons in the house

4. Source of water

5. Time during which water is supplied by Municipal Corporation

6. Storage facilities (mention the type and capacity)

Estimate of amount of water used in one day

<i>Activity</i>	<i>How much water is used by</i>				
	<i>Mother</i>	<i>Father</i>	<i>Brother/Sister</i>	<i>Self</i>	<i>others</i>
Cleaning teeth					
Sanitation					
Bathing					
Drinking					
Total					

Estimate how much water is used for

Cooking	
Cleaning (floors, vessels etc.)	
Washing (including clothes)	
Watering plants, gardening etc.	
In water coolers, etc.	
Any other	
Total	

<i>Appliance</i>	<i>Number of appliances</i>	<i>Approx. Working hrs./ month</i>	<i>Total consumption per month</i>
1. Incandescent bulb			
a. 40 W			
b. 60 W			
c. 100 W			
2. Fluorescent tubelight			
a. 20 W			
b. 40 W			
3. Mosquito repellent			
4. Fans			
5. Refrigerators			
a. 165 litres			
b. Others			
6. Mixer/blender/juicer			
7. Hot plate			
8. Iron			
9. Instant geysers			
10. Immersion water heater			
11. Television			
12. Radio			
13. Video			
14. Stereo System			
15. Washing machine			
16. Others			
..			
<i>Answer the following questions</i>			
1. i) The total units of electricity consumed during the last month at your home was			
ii) The electricity bill for the past month in your home was			
2. How many times in a week have you found the lights, fans and other electrical appliances on when nobody was present in the room? Did you switch these off?			
3. Do you have energy efficient lamps (CFL) at your home? Yes/No :			
4. Does your family use any gadgets such as a solar water heater or a solar cooker?			

A Wor(l)d for the Girl

Mudita Luthra

Dear people of the world,

We are here to jerk you into reality. There may be a few fortunate girls who have all that they could ever ask for. They may not have experienced gender inequality; but look around, and you'll see it everywhere. This is an effort to let all deprived girls know that there is hope.

Women are the strength of a nation; without giving women respect and their rightful place in society, no country can call itself 'developed'. We are as dear, as important and as gifted as our male counterparts. Therefore, we need to be conscious of our rights. We need to know that when we are hungry, we can ask for food; we have to study, so we must go to school; we can play when we feel like playing; we cannot

be forced into domestic work; we can restrain the hand that dares to hit us; we are not a burden on our families; we have a right to decide who we will marry and when. And we need to carry this awareness into our adulthood.

As sisters, wives and mothers, we must make a conscious effort not to carry forward a bias against girls. Very often, mothers are responsible for discriminating between sons and daughters. Can we, then, expect men to pay heed to



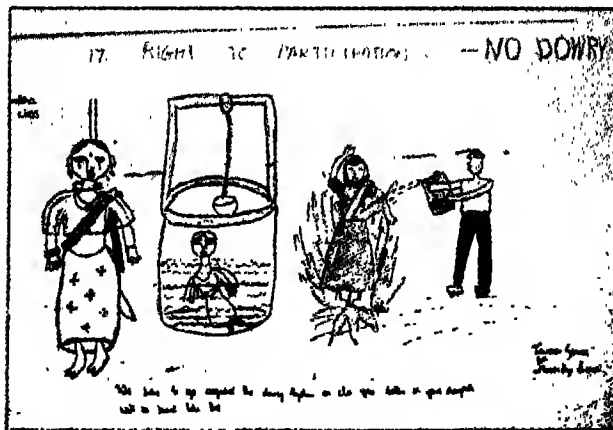
our cry for equality?

Such discrimination is not limited to India. It is a common phenomenon even in the West. Every society has evolved its own ways of ill-treating us. In advanced countries, this may be masked, but male dominance and female subjugation are realities.

Our story begins even before we are born. Our mothers conceive us. There is joy in the family and everyone awaits our arrival. One day



our mothers go for a check-up and the report shows a healthy, developing, female foetus. There is sadness and remorse in the families. There are discussions and opinions, tears and sighs. No one wants us. We are not allowed to grow any more. We are killed in the womb.



They call it female foeticide. Legally, it is not a crime.

Some girls are born, but there is no happiness, no celebration. In homes where there isn't enough for everyone to eat, we are usually the



(Photographs and drawings: Courtesy UNICEF)

last to be fed. Whether we are to starve or not depends on the appetite of the male members of the family. We are not sent to school because we are expected to work at home—fill water, help in cooking, collect firewood, clean, wash and take care of younger siblings. A four-year-old girl carrying a ten-month-old baby in her arms is a common sight. While our frail, young bodies take the weight of the little one, our eyes yearn to see the world beyond the four walls of our houses. Be it food, clothing, education, time, attention or opportunities, as girls we are often deprived.

In the affluent families, the same bias exists. Only, it is manifested in different ways. We, who come from such families, may not want in terms of material needs, but emotionally and socially, we may. In many cases, we are given

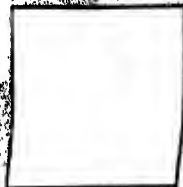


only the minimum, basic education. We are married at a very young age, without any regard to our desires or opinions.

We have a long way to go before every girl child feels a sense of confidence and self esteem. But confident we will become. Just as we will realize our worth and strength. Our births will, one day, light up the faces and lives of our parents.

*We are
the missing*

YOU NEED



PAPER



PENCIL



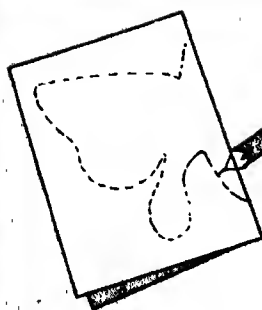
SCISSORS



PLASTICINE



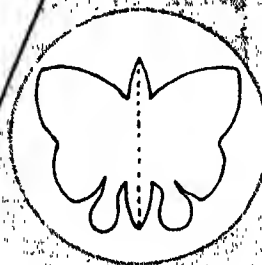
SKETCH
PENS



1. Fold the piece of paper in half. Trace the pattern of a half butterfly.



2. Cut out the pattern. Unfold the paper to see the whole butterfly.



3. Colour the butterfly with sketch pens. Put a small piece of Plasticine on the butterfly's tail.

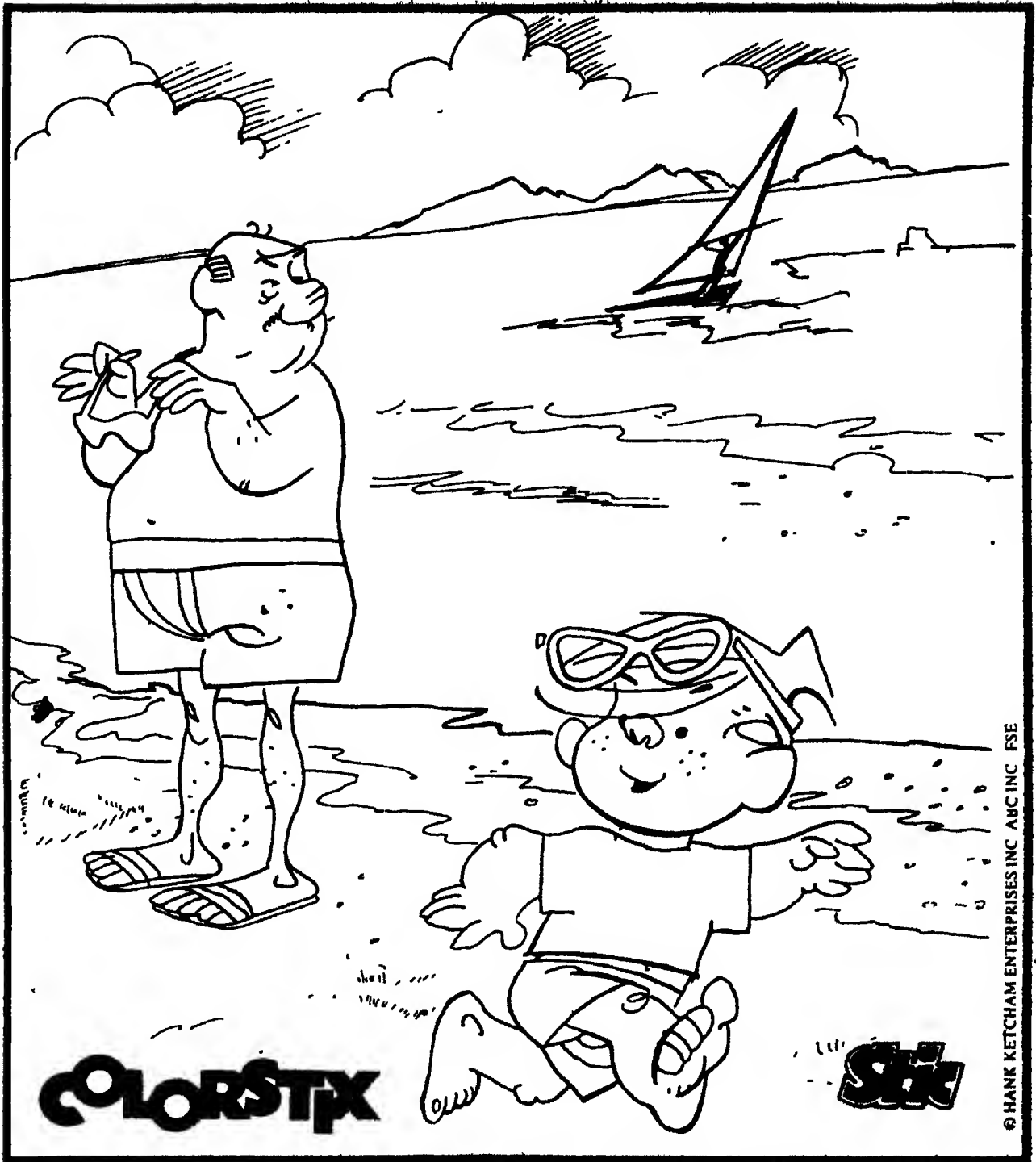


4. Bend the edge of one wing forwards, and the other wing backwards. Your butterfly is ready to fly.



STC

COLOR CONTEST

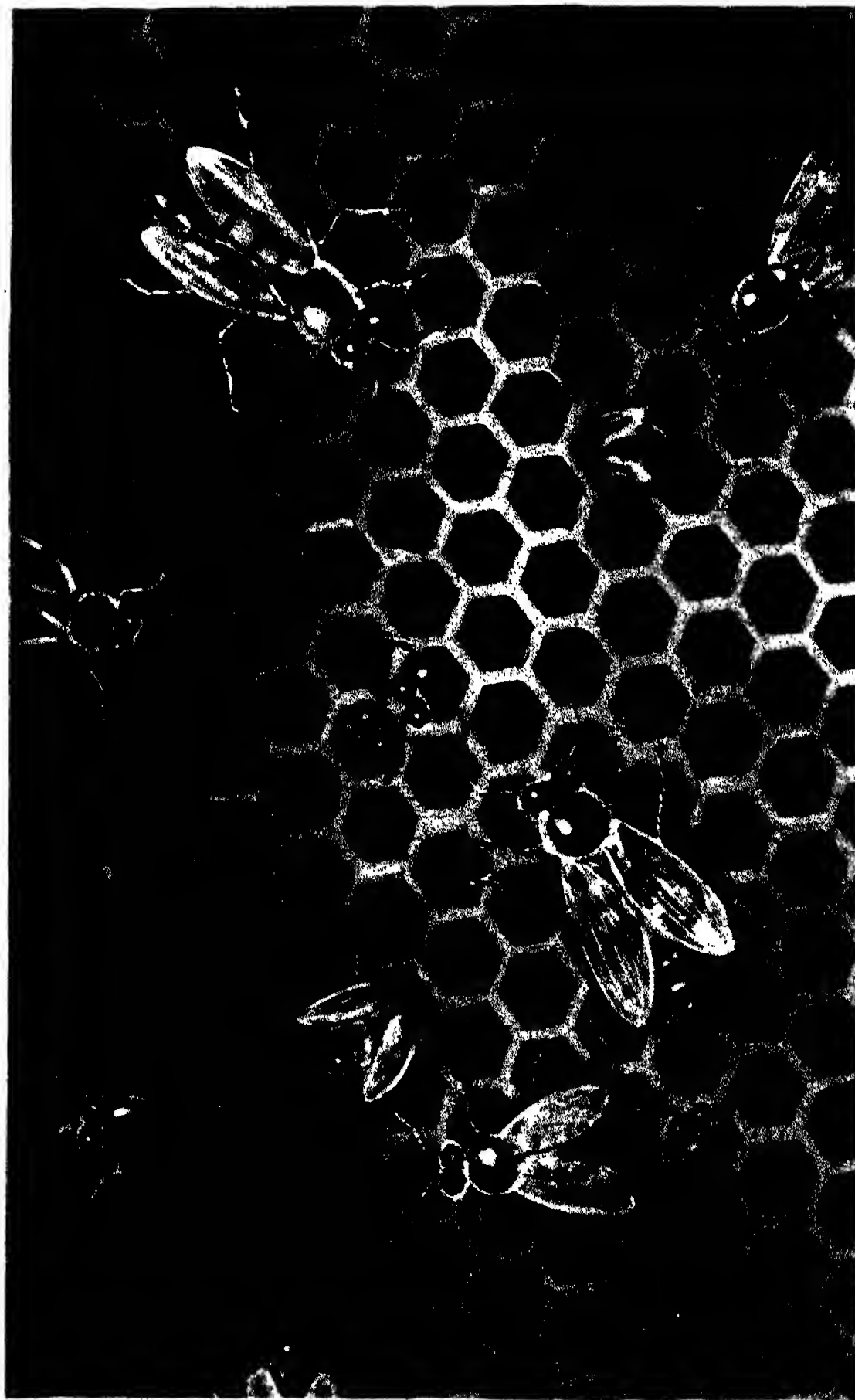


Color this picture and send to:

Panda Club of India, First Serve Entertainment

H-28 Green Park Extension (I Floor Rear), New Delhi-110 016

The first three winning entries will receive Cash and gift Hampers from **STIC**



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PANDA CLUB OF INDIA

Newsletter Vol. 2 No. 5

Dear friends,

The worst of summer is over and I have braced myself to descend to the plains from higher altitudes. I must say that the foothills of the Himalayas in the north-east of India are a really picturesque sight—evergreen, hilly terrains with quaint, little thatched houses clustered in groups. The fresh air was overwhelming, as were the friendly and smart young people I met there. It will remain a memorable sojourn of my life.

*However, I would like to express my deep concern over the mindless felling of trees and the marauding of natural beauty. So much global warming due to this and other causes is all the more reason for us to make a conscious effort to prevent such grievous damage to our environment. But where the elders have often failed, the young people of this earth have taken on themselves the task to rectify these evils. In my travels, I came across a number of voluntary organizations and also a few schools which took up planting trees as one of their main projects. The young minds not only imbibed healthy and positive values, but their zest was an eye-opener to the adults who somehow are lost in the mad and hectic lifestyle of today. Let us all, my Panda Club friends and **your** friends, take a pledge to plant a sapling TODAY—a sapling that will grow into a large tree one day, and all because **you** planted it. Soon there'll be trees and more trees all around; the earth will begin to get less hot and the generations to come will enjoy a beautiful, green revolution. After you have planted a sapling, write to me at the address given in this CW Newsletter. When I receive lots of letters saying that soooo...many of you have planted trees, I will be the happiest Panda in the wide, wide world!*

Love always,



Pollution!

Pollution! the most common word to be heard
So many speeches, so many poems
So many talks and so many thoughts
But will it ever be controlled?

Ear-shattering noise hits my years
O! it is called sound pollution
Great sages say music soothes the heart
But this loud one makes us mad.

They say, rain is God's blessing to nature;
To nurture new plants and shrubs,
But what is acid rain, I ask
Is it not pollution, treacherous indeed?

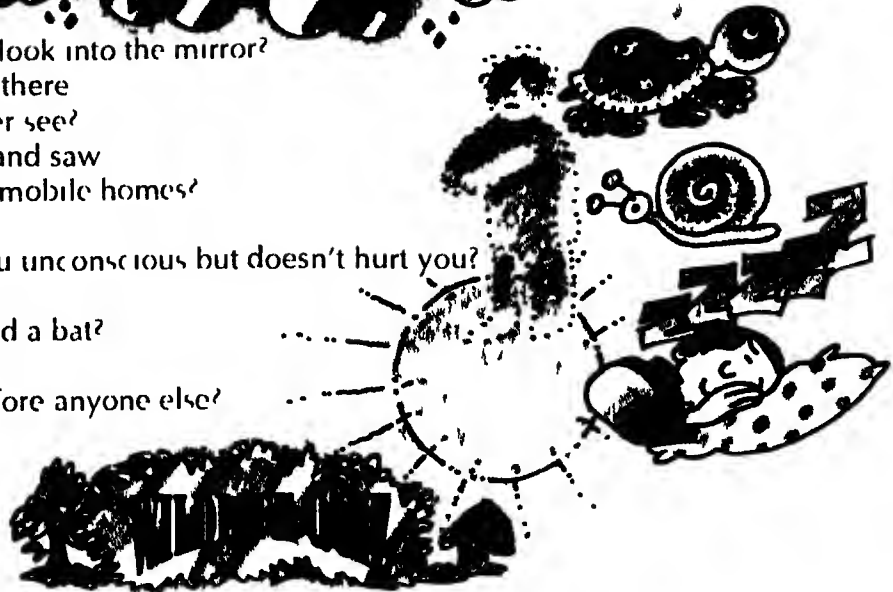


Joe George (14)
The Indian High School, Dubai

FSE



- ❶ Why did the invisible man look into the mirror?
To see whether he was still there
- ❷ How did the blind carpenter see?
He picked up his hammer and saw
- ❸ Who were the first to have mobile homes?
The turtle and the snail.
- ❹ What kind of fall makes you unconscious but doesn't hurt you?
Falling asleep
- ❺ What is the best way to hold a bat?
By its wings
- ❻ Who settled in the west before anyone else?
The sun



- ❶ Which National Park in India is famous as the wintering ground for the Siberian Crane?
a) Dudhwa, U P b) Kanha, M P c) Keoladeo, Rajasthan d) Bandhargarh, M P
- ❷ Name the bird whose incidental shooting created circumstances for Salim Ali to become a world famous ornithologist?
a) House Sparrow b) Scrub Sparrow c) Tree Sparrow d) Yellow-throated Sparrow
- ❸ Which animal shams dead when attacked by wild dogs?
a) Striped hyena b) Cheetal c) Tiger d) Hog deer
- ❹ What is the colour of Crocodile eggs?
a) Blue b) White c) Grey d) Violet
- ❺ Where is the Red Panda found in India?
a) Andhra Pradesh b) Rajasthan c) Sikkim d) Kerala
- ❻ To which family does the Lynx belong
a) Deer b) Bird c) Antelope d) Cat



(P 9) (P 5) (P 1) (P 2) (P 3) (P 4) (P 6) (P 7) (P 8) (P 10) (P 11) (P 12) (P 13) (P 14) (P 15) (P 16) (P 17) (P 18) (P 19) (P 20) (P 21) (P 22) (P 23) (P 24) (P 25) (P 26) (P 27) (P 28) (P 29) (P 30) (P 31) (P 32) (P 33) (P 34) (P 35) (P 36) (P 37) (P 38) (P 39) (P 40) (P 41) (P 42) (P 43) (P 44) (P 45) (P 46) (P 47) (P 48) (P 49) (P 50) (P 51) (P 52) (P 53) (P 54) (P 55) (P 56) (P 57) (P 58) (P 59) (P 60) (P 61) (P 62) (P 63) (P 64) (P 65) (P 66) (P 67) (P 68) (P 69) (P 70) (P 71) (P 72) (P 73) (P 74) (P 75) (P 76) (P 77) (P 78) (P 79) (P 80) (P 81) (P 82) (P 83) (P 84) (P 85) (P 86) (P 87) (P 88) (P 89) (P 90) (P 91) (P 92) (P 93) (P 94) (P 95) (P 96) (P 97) (P 98) (P 99) (P 100)

Panda Club Painting Competition

Draw and colour your favourite character from any of the Panda Club shows you see on DD Metro. Send in your entries fast. The best of them will win prizes from STIC.





Monday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—**FLASH GORDON** : On a vital mission to save planet Earth from 'Ming the Merciless', Flash Gordon makes a rocket journey to the planet Mongo. Join the adventures of Flash Gordon.



Tuesday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—**RIMBA'S ISLAND** : Six lively, lovable, colourful costumed animal characters who dwell deep in the idyllic rain forest, share their joys and learn from one another catchy songs and simple stories—(dubbed in Hindi)



Thursday 5.00 P.M. on DD II—**SUPERHUMAN SAMURAI SYBER SQUAD** : Sam Collins, a video game champion and leader of a teenage garage band, fights an alien warlord 'Kilokahn' who has infected the digital world with monster "megaviruses."



Panda Club is trade mark of ABC Cable and International Broadcast Inc. in India.

PANDA CLUB MEMBERSHIP RULES

To be a **PANDA CLUB** member you must be between 6 and 16 years of age. The member must sign his/her card to activate member privileges. The Card is good for one year from date of issue. The Card entitles **ONLY** the card-holding members to the following benefits.

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PANDA CLUB OF INDIA MEMBERSHIP
FIRST SERVE ENTERTAINMENT INDIA PVT LTD.
H-26 Green Park Extension
(1 Floor Rear)
New Delhi-110016

No 5/33 13th Avenue
Harrington Road
Chennai-600031



Thursday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—**PHANTOM** : The legendary Lord of the jungle—Phantom, is incredible. Phantom uses the secrets taught by the natives of the deep woods to fight and conquer crime.



Saturday 6.00 P.M. on DD II—**DENNIS THE MENACE** : Irrepressible Dennis and his unwilling best friend, the grumpy Mr. Wilson will enthrall you with their hilarious antics and send you into splits.



Saturday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—**DEFENDERS OF THE EARTH** : Led by the Phantom, Flash Gordon and Mandrake the Magician challenge 'Ming' in a series of great adventures. They use powerful computers and space age technology to combat and overpower him.

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APPLICATION SHOULD INCLUDE A PASSPORT SIZE PHOTO.**

→ **A** NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
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OFFICIAL MEMBERSHIP CARD

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ADDRESS _____
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DATE OF ISSUE _____ MEMBERSHIP NUMBER _____

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(in less than 40 words)

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* All outstation cheques must include Rs. 10 towards bank charges

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CHILDREN'S WORLD
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PANDA CLUB

- 1 Draw the picture and colour it.
- 2 Cut out the blank Panda Club Membership Card (A and B). Paste your stamp size (2.5x2.5 cm) colour photograph on B.
- 3 Complete the CW Subscription Form and send it with the Money Order/Demand Draft/Cheque payable to *Children's World*.
- 4 Put all the above in an envelope addressed to:
'Panda Club of India',
H-28, Green Park Extension
(I Floor Rear)
New Delhi-110016.

CUT AND KEEP

**FIRST SERVE ENTERTAINMENT (FSE) INDIA PVT. LTD.
YOUR CALENDAR OF PANDA CLUB SHOWS**

CHANNEL	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
DOORNOODHAN NETRO		FLASH GORDON 5:00 PM	SHIRAZI ISLAND 5:30 PM		SUPERHERO BAMBI & STEVE @QUAD 2:00 PM		SUPERHERO @QUAD 2:00 PM
					PANZER 5:30 PM		SPINNING THE COIN 2:00 PM

A WOLF IN THE VEARN

SCRIPT: GEETA MENON

ILLUSTRATIONS: Beeja

ONCE A WOLF WAS EATING
SOME MEAT.

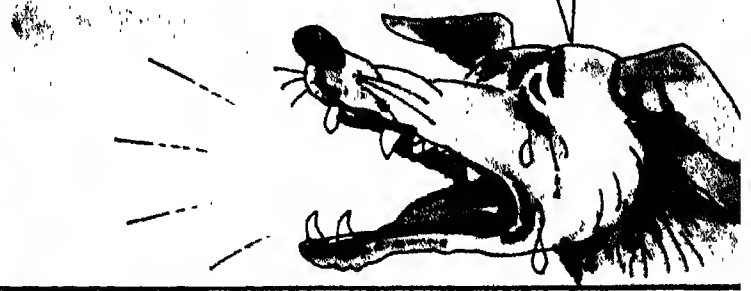
WHEN...

AH! A BONE IS STUCK
IN MY THROAT!



MUCH LATER

HOW MY THROAT HURTS! I CANNOT
SWALLOW ANYTHING. I'M SO HUNGRY.
I CANNOT SURVIVE ON WATER.



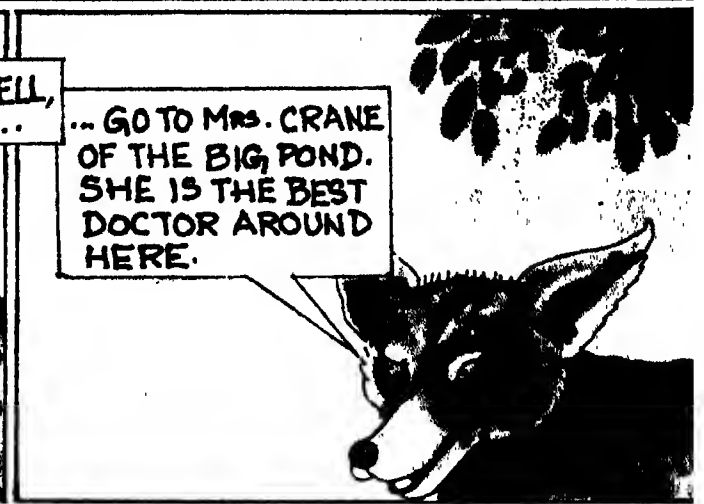
NOBODY HELPS HIM. AT LAST
HE ASKS A FOX.

DEAR FOX, HELP
ME. I'M IN PAIN.



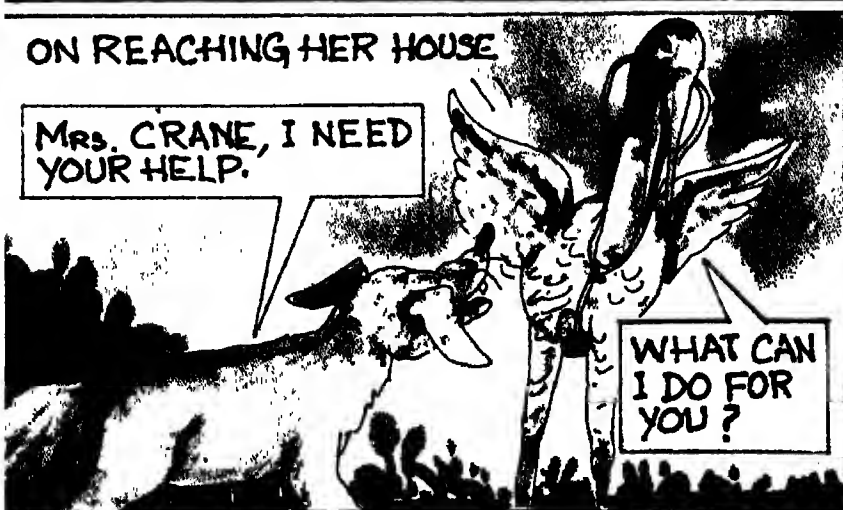
I'M NOT WELL,
MR. WOLF...

... GO TO MRS. CRANE
OF THE BIG POND.
SHE IS THE BEST
DOCTOR AROUND
HERE.



ON REACHING HER HOUSE

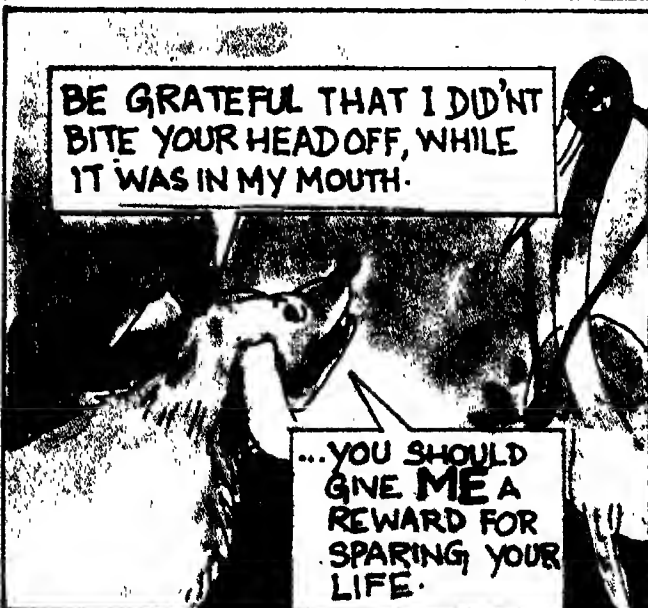
MRS. CRANE, I NEED
YOUR HELP.



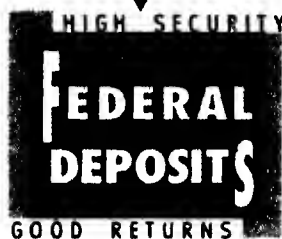
WHAT CAN
I DO FOR
YOU?

I'M TOLD YOU'RE CLEVER.
IF YOU REMOVE THE BONE
FROM MY THROAT, I'LL
GIVE YOU A REWARD.





For your
loved ones !



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FUNTIME

CAMPING OUT

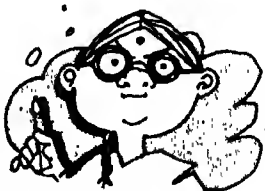
Spot eight mistakes in the given picture



MISFIT

Choose the odd one out

Professor
Teacher
Reader
Librarian
Lecturer



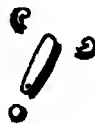
Paediatrician
Ecologist
Dentist
Cardiologist
Surgeon



Neem
Eucalyptus
Basil
Peepul
Cinchona



Flute
Guitar
Sitar
Sarod
Violin



Lincoln
Gandhi
Lenin
Mandela
Tolstoy



Pelican
Penguin
Albatross
Dolphin
Sea-gull



X'QUSE ME

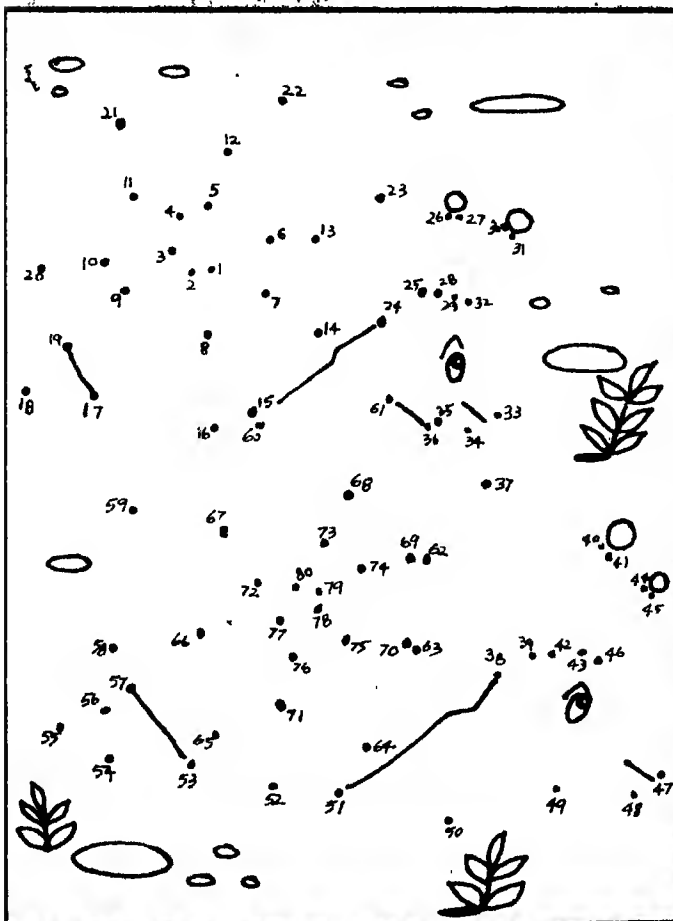
Cross out all the Xs and the Qs to find a riddle and its answer hidden below.

QXXXWQQXXHXQAXQXTXQXQQCXQXQAQXQX
 UXXXSQQQEXXQDXQXXTQXQHXXQXEXXQQRX
 XQXQXIQXQOXQXTXXQQQQIXXQQXNXQXTXQ
 QXHQQXEXQXXPXXQOXXQQXSXXXXTQQXQQ
 OQXQFXQFXXQIQQXCXQQEXQAQXQXQSQQX
 XXTXXQXAQXQXQXMXXQPQXQEXXQDXXEQQ

-----?

DOTTY DOTS

Join the dots and colour



This is a circle
 always packing up and
 moving away
 Don't touch

Number Word

Fill the empty squares with a sign like + x - ÷ to get the given answer. In the last box write down the first letter of the figure for which you will get a word e.g.

11 6 5 = 10

13 9 5 = 7

5 2 9 = 1

11 9 3 = 5

18 2 7 = 2

The Principled Patriarch

Thangamani

Illustrations : Surendra Suman



His admirers called him the Grand Old Man of India. A pioneer of many concepts, Dadabhai had a string of 'firsts' to his credit: he was the first Indian professor, the first to found several organizations for the social, intellectual and political upliftment of the people of India, the first Indian M.P. in the British Parliament, the first Indian to sit on a Royal Commission and above all, the first Indian to claim self government for his countrymen.

A man of principles and idealism, he was considered the Father of Indian Economics.

The death anniversary of Dadabhai Naoroji falls on June 30.

THERE WAS excitement in the Elephinstone institution. Dadabhai Naoroji was giving up his job as Professor of mathematics and joining a business firm, Cama & Co., that was opening a branch in London—the first Indian company to do so. Reactions were varied. After all, he was the first Indian to become a

Professor.

“What a fall!” exclaimed the principal, Mr. Harkness, when he heard the news.

Dadabhai smiled. In fact, he was completely unfazed by the reactions of his colleagues. He had made up his mind after a great deal of thought. Contrary to what others thought, it was not for monetary benefit that he had taken

the step, but with a far-reaching perspective. He planned to educate the British public about the plight of India under the British, and to get their help in improving the lot of the Indians back home. Moreover, having been associated with the academic world for long, he wanted to offer students going to England for higher studies a haven.

Any student, who knocked on his door in London, was made welcome, no matter to which province or religion he belonged. Even Mahatma Gandhi took a letter of introduction to the Grand Old Man of India, when he went to pursue higher studies in England. "I have always been a hero-worshipper. And so Dadabhai became a real 'Dada' (grandfather) to me," wrote Gandhiji about Dadabhai.

Dadabhai sailed to England in 1855 as one of the partners of Cama & Co., the other two being Muncherji Hormusji Cama and Khurshedji Rustomji Cama. The three were to take every decision by consensus.

Dadabhai found it difficult to act like a businessman with profit being the only motive. Reconciling his principles with business was difficult for him. This brought him into conflict with Muncherji Cama. There was constant wrangling between the two because of Dadabhai's refusal to do anything unethical. Khurshedji Cama, however, shared Dadabhai's idealism.

"We can't run a business if you keep interfering in the affairs," said Muncherji, angrily during one such argument.

"But how can you expect me to act against my conscience, Muncherji?" countered Dadabhai.

An angry Muncherji wrote

to the head office in Bombay. "You've given me a philosopher for a colleague, who doesn't hesitate to sacrifice the interests of the company in pursuit of his quixotic principles of commercial morality."

The head office admonished Dadabhai, who didn't change his way of thinking. He was most concerned about the interests of the clients Cama & Co. he was representing in London. He wouldn't let them be short-changed under any condition.

Once, the company had undertaken to purchase some reels of yarn on behalf of a Bombay company. Dadabhai looked at the consignment doubtfully.

"I think the reels are not of the specified length," said Dadabhai, finally.

"I don't see how it matters," said Muncherji impatiently.

Dadabhai didn't reply, but gathered up the bundles and went to his room. Sitting late into the night, he unravelled the bundles and measured each one of them laboriously. The reels had to be 100 yards each, but some measured as less as 80 yards.

He confronted Muncherji the next morning with the evidence. "We have to reject this consignment," he told the latter, who was indignant.

"Why, pray?" Muncherji asked.

"Because the reels measure less than the stipulated length," replied Dadabhai patiently.

"That's not our fault or concern. Such things are normal in business dealings," said Muncherji, trying to convince Dadabhai. "If our clients so wish, they can always claim damages later."

"Perhaps you are right



about business transactions. But how do I go along with your decision and dispatch the consignment? After all, I have discovered the shortage. What do you say we do, Khurshedji?" he asked the other partner.

"I agree with Dadabhai," said Khurshedji.

"Well, we'll have to see what the head office says, won't we?" said Muncherji irritably.

Prompt and curt came the wired reply from Bombay. "Don't make a fuss over the shortage; despatch the material immediately."

Dadabhai had to remain quiet after that, as it was not unusual for him to be overruled in that fashion. But his resolve to leave the firm became stronger. He was on contract with Cama & Co. and his sense of duty wouldn't let him quit before the expiry of his term.

Compromising with business ethics was not the only reason why he was disturbed about his association with the firm. Among other items, the firm also dealt with opium and alcohol. Dadabhai firmly believed that these were respon-

sible for the ruin of countless families.

"I wish to forego the commission on the profits accruing from the sale of opium and liquor," he wrote to the head of Cama & Co.

"Did you not receive your salary as Professor, from a government whose revenue comes from the traffic of these very items?" was the sarcastic reply. But this didn't make Dadabhai change his mind.

After leaving Cama & Co. he returned to India. In 1859, he established his own firm, Dadabhai Naoroji & Co. in London. It was a great success, proving to his detractors that good business can go hand in hand with honesty and ethics.

The outbreak of the American Civil War was a boon to his firm, which made good profit. This also resulted in a boom in the cotton trade. But when the war ended, there was a slump in the trade and many firms went bankrupt. Several of them owed Dadabhai large sums of money, which had to be written off. He rescued many friends for whom he had stood guarantee, by paying off their debts. This ruined him financially, but he honoured his commitments. The creditors themselves were impressed by his honesty and offered to give him loans to revive his own business. Such was the effect of his integrity and sincerity.



THE ROBBERY AT RANG MAHAL

Cheryl Rao

Illustrations : Prithvishwar Gayen



Tushar Sharma, with his friend Aditya, accompanies his father to a construction site in a remote village. While trying to climb a sand dune, the friends take different routes. Aditya falls down a deep pit. Tushar notices an old man kneeling on the sand and peering into the pit. He runs towards him and looks in. Aditya is lying immobile on a ledge. The old man vanishes. Tushar rushes and informs his father of the mishap. The villagers refuse to help. The dune is forbidden land. Mr. Sharma lowers Tushar by a rope to the ledge. Tushar ties Aditya to the rope too. He screams when he sees something white and claw-like, half-covered in the sand...

Part II The Voice

“WHAT IS IT?” called Mr. Sharma. “What is taking you so long? Is Aditya okay?”

“Papa,” came back Tushar’s excited voice, “I can see something that looks like bones!”

“There are bound to be bones of some animals and birds,” replied Mr. Sharma impatiently. “Don’t waste

time. Try and lift Aditya and take some of his weight. I will start pulling you out.”

“But, Papa, these look like the bones of a human being’s hand.”

“We’ll think about them later, Tushar. Right now, I

need to get the two of you out of there and see how badly Aditya is hurt."

Tushar put his left hand under his friend to support his chest, and slowly, he felt himself being pulled up. As they rose, he brought Aditya's body around so that his head rested on his shoulder and he could hold his back as if he was hugging him.

Aditya opened his eyes and raised his head. "Wha-what?" he murmured. Then feeling himself hanging in the air, he put his arms around Tushar's neck and held tight. Before they could exchange any words, they were at the lip of the pit and then on soft sand.

Navin Sharma knelt beside

them, sweating and panting with the effort of pulling them up. Aditya's eyes were open now and he tried to sit up. He took a deep breath and flinched. "Ouch," he said, touching his chest.

"What is it? Is your chest hurting?" asked Tushar. "Look at your face. It's all scratched and bruised."

"You're lucky that the ledge on which you fell was padded with a good amount of sand. Your injuries could have been a lot nastier. Can you stand?" asked Mr. Sharma.

Aditya raised himself and with an effort, managed to stand upright. But they could make out from his face that he was in pain.

"Stay here, son. I'll get the jeep," said Tushar's father and he strode off across the sand.

Tushar suddenly noticed that his brand new watch was missing. He jumped up and ran to the edge of the pit and looked in. It was not on the ledge where Aditya had fallen. Maybe it was buried in the sand—or maybe it had fallen right down when he slipped.

Aditya looked at him with a half-dazed expression. "What is it?"

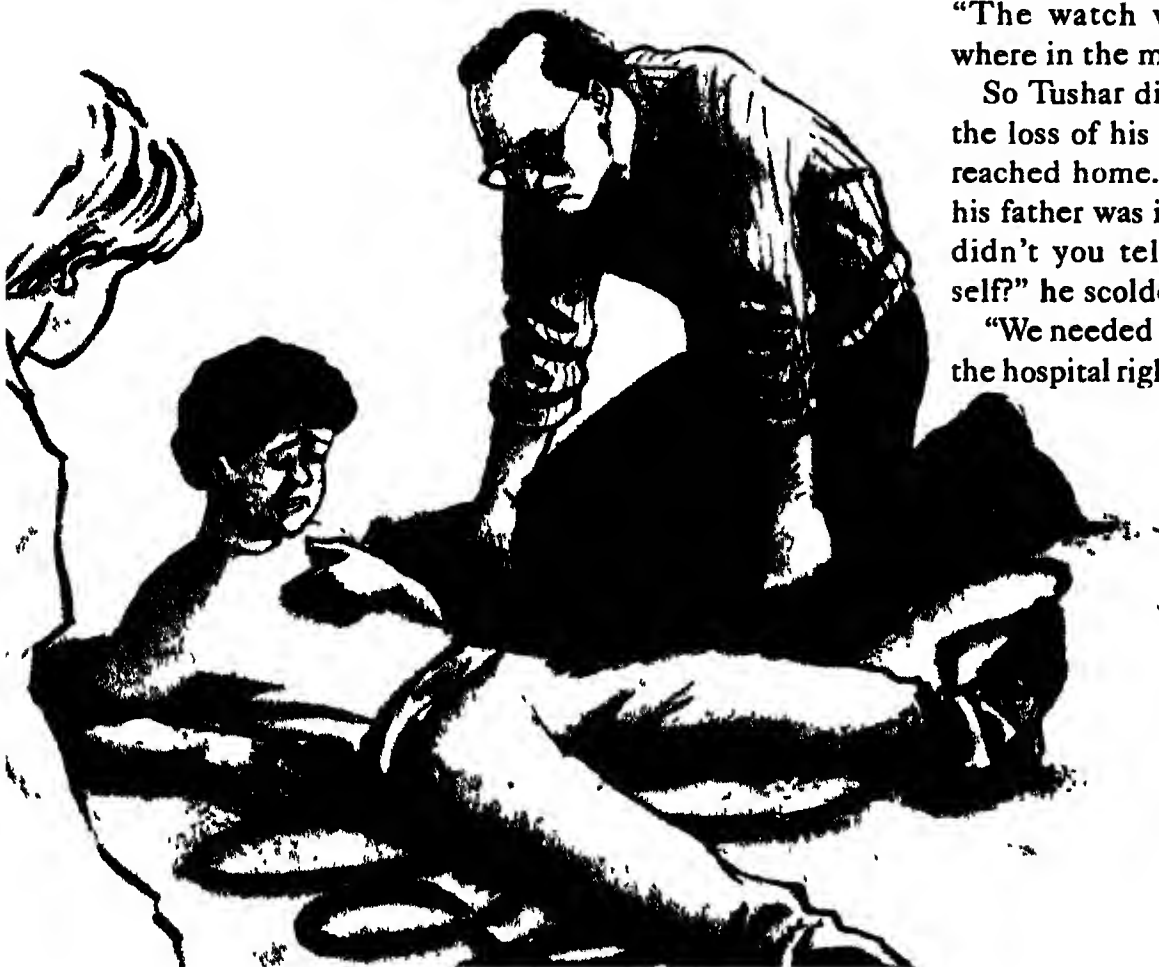
"My watch has fallen in. It is new. I must get it out."

"Tell your Dad as soon as he returns."

"No, not now. I can come later. You need to see a doctor soon," said Tushar, looking at Aditya's pain-filled eyes. "The watch won't go anywhere in the meanwhile."

So Tushar did not mention the loss of his watch until he reached home. When he did, his father was irritated. "Why didn't you tell me there it-self?" he scolded.

"We needed to get Aditya to the hospital right away, Papa—



that cracked rib of his must have been very painful."

"Yes, son, you are right. You can come with me when I go to Rang Mahal tomorrow, but make sure we have someone to help us. The villagers seem to be scared of that area and they are not going to give you any help."

"I'll wait for Aditya to get well. Is that okay, Papa?"

"That will take weeks!"

"But nothing will happen to my watch in that time, Papa. It must have fallen in the sand because I did not hear it land."

Although he spoke with confidence, Tushar had a sinking feeling in his stomach every time he thought of going back into the well to retrieve his watch. He knew he could not do it alone. He needed Aditya with him. They would dare each other and would pretend not to be afraid and with a lot of fake bravado, they would manage to get in and out of that horrible, dark place.

A picture of that skeletal hand rose before him. Who had fallen into that pit? His father insisted that it was an old well—so who had fallen into the well and not been able to come out? Had it really been a well? Had there been water in it? Did the skeleton belong to someone who had drowned in it? How awful to think of an entire village drinking the water of a well in



which someone had drowned! Had the person been pushed or was it an accident? Tushar's stomach churned at these thoughts.

He waited patiently for Aditya's bone to heal. He went to Aditya's house daily to play with him and keep him amused while his friend rested and recovered from his fall.

At first, Aditya did not believe him when Tushar told him about the hand he had seen at the bottom of the well.

"How could it be just a hand?" asked Aditya.

"Well, maybe the rest of the skeleton is covered with sand..."

"Are you sure that it was a hand, Tushar? It could have been some stones or something growing in a peculiar way!"

"Credit me with some sense, Aditya! I know the bones of a hand when I see them."

"It could be a monkey's hand."

"Ah! That I had not thought of! Okay, suppose it's a dead monkey. What was a monkey doing in a well? I haven't seen any monkeys in Rang Mahal. It's a desert village. Where are the trees for the monkeys to live in?"

"Why don't you go to Rang Mahal with your Dad one of these days, Tushar? You can find out more about the place before we go into the well to retrieve your watch," suggested Aditya.

"Hey, that reminds me, did I tell you that none of the villagers came to help pull you out of the well? My Dad and I had to do it alone."

"I know you came in and tied the rope around me and your Dad pulled us both out, but I thought there were other people around to help, as well," said Aditya.

"No, there wasn't. They

said that it was forbidden land, and they refused to go anywhere near the dune. Only that old man seemed unafraid."

"Which old man?"

"Oh!" said Tushar, "I keep forgetting that you were unconscious through it all. I imagine that you know everything that happened, just the way I do."

Tushar proceeded to tell him what had taken place on the day of the accident. When he finished, Aditya's eyes were shining. "How brave of you! You are a hero! You saved my life."

Tushar went red and looked away uncomfortably. How could he tell his friend that he had been terrified all along that Aditya was dead, that he himself would fall, and his bones would join 'the Hand' at the bottom of the well.

He changed the topic. "So should I go tomorrow with Papa? You won't mind? I'll have to spend the whole day there and I won't be able to come and see you."

"I'll mind. Of course, I'll mind. I'll be missing out on the mystery of 'the Hand'. But you do the spade work and I'll do the thinking. I am better at that anyway!"

"You are not," replied



Tushar indignantly. "You've never ranked ahead of me in class yet!"

"What do you mean? Eight is greater than three isn't it? That makes me ahead of you!"

"Ha, ha," mocked Tushar. "I've a good mind not to tell you anything after I return!"

"As long as you have a mind, you will tell me, because you have to share your experiences with someone," murmured Aditya complacently.

Tushar raised his fist. "I'm counting, pal. As soon as you're okay, we're going to settle all these arguments like this." He swung his fist close to Aditya's face, but Aditya did not flinch. He just grinned at his friend, making him mad-

der than ever—but in a nice, warm way that spoke of their long and happy friendship!

*

Tushar's second visit to Rang Mahal was, in its own way, as exciting as the first. While his father checked out the progress of the construction work adjacent to the village, Tushar roamed around freely.

He came to a barbed wire fence and followed it until he entered a gate. There was no sentry at the gate and he had no clue as to why the land had been fenced in. Was it private property? Then he saw a sign board, crooked, with its paint peeling, announcing that the site was protected under the National Monuments Act.

What was it, he wondered.

There were bits of pottery strewn all around as though the village potter had brought all his mistakes there and smashed them. "What a lot of junk to protect!" thought Tushar.

Suddenly, a boy of about sixteen came up to him. Tushar smiled at him and asked what the site was meant to be. The boy began a fantastic tale of an old city that had existed hundreds of years ago, full of wealth and grandeur.

"What happened to it?" asked Tushar impatiently, reluctant to believe that this scrap-heap was once a great place. "There's nothing here now but a mound of old pots."

"Nobody knows how the city lost its importance; I can only tell you that these mounds are only a small part of the great city. Whenever we dig for water, or sometimes, even when we are ploughing the fields around here, we find some evidence of the past."

"What do you mean?"

"My uncle once found an old pot with coins in it."

"Where are they? Can you show them to me?"

"No. He gave them to the government. Or at least, when they heard about the discovery, they came and took the coins away."

"Were they gold?" asked Tushar excitedly.

"I don't know—but they must have been. Why else

would government officials visit a tiny place like this?"

"What else has been found?" Tushar was eager to know, no longer finding the boy's story far-fetched.

"Oh, when Shanti Singh was digging a well that side," the boy waved vaguely with his hand somewhere in the direction of the dune where Aditya had fallen, "he came upon slabs of stone and steps going down into the earth."

"Steps in the ground?" asked Tushar incredulously. "Where could they lead?"

"The wise ones say that the city was covered by the desert and what has been found could be a house or a street—any place that has stairs."

"Why can't the archaeologists come and uncover the old city?" questioned Tushar indignantly.

"They did come—many, many years ago, when my grandfather was young. They have already taken away so many things from here. Maybe they don't need to uncover the whole city to learn anything more about it. Or maybe they are also scared of the voice."

The boy's tone changed as he said the last two words. It became low and reverent.

"The voice?"

"Yes. They were working their machines at the dune, but somehow, they could not uncover anything there. Every night, the work of the day



would be undone. There was no progress at all. Finally, they got fed up with what they thought was some village prankster's idea of fun, and they decided to work the machines day and night."

"What happened?" asked Tushar excitedly. "Did they find what they were looking for?"

"No. On that first night, there was thunder and lightning—but no rain. And they heard a voice telling them to stop their machines and never to try digging up the dune."

"And they listened to that?"

"Yes. They had no choice. The driver of the machine got off and ran away. Everyone who was working on that site was terrified. A glow came from midway up the dune..."

"You mean there was a fire?" prompted Tushar.

"No. There was no fire. It

was just a glow, like a dim searchlight. It seemed dim, but it could be seen right across the village. And every year after that, on Diwali night, we can see the light."

"How old were you when this happened?" asked Tushar.

"Oh, I was not even born. This was thirty or forty years ago. Maybe less. Maybe more."

"Is there anyone in the village now who saw all this happen the very first time?"

"I don't know. No one talks about it. Everyone is afraid. I picked up the story by hearing bits and pieces over the years."

"What about the old man at the dune? Won't he know about it?"

"You're mistaken. There is no old man who would go anywhere near that dune. There is no young man either—or

woman or child."

"But he was there. My friend fell into the old well last week, and I saw an old man at the dune. He is the one who brought my attention to the well."

"Did he say who he was?" It was now the village boy's turn to question Tushar.

"He didn't say anything. He was just there—looking into the well. When I looked inside, I saw my friend lying there and I forgot everything else. By the time I remembered his existence, he had disappeared!"

"You saw the ghost!" said the boy in a hushed tone. "You saw 'the voice'," he whispered, finding it difficult to get the words out.

Then, without another word, he turned and ran away, as if Tushar himself was a ghost.

(To be continued)





Cool thoughts on a summer day!

...walking barefoot on dew-soaked grass

...soul-soothing showers

...an ice cream cone

...the

...he

...peace at

...ice cream cone

...sta

...no p

...head

...watermelons,

...leisure

...sleeping

...mint chutney

...of parched earth

...and stories at bedtime

...cotton sheets to lie on

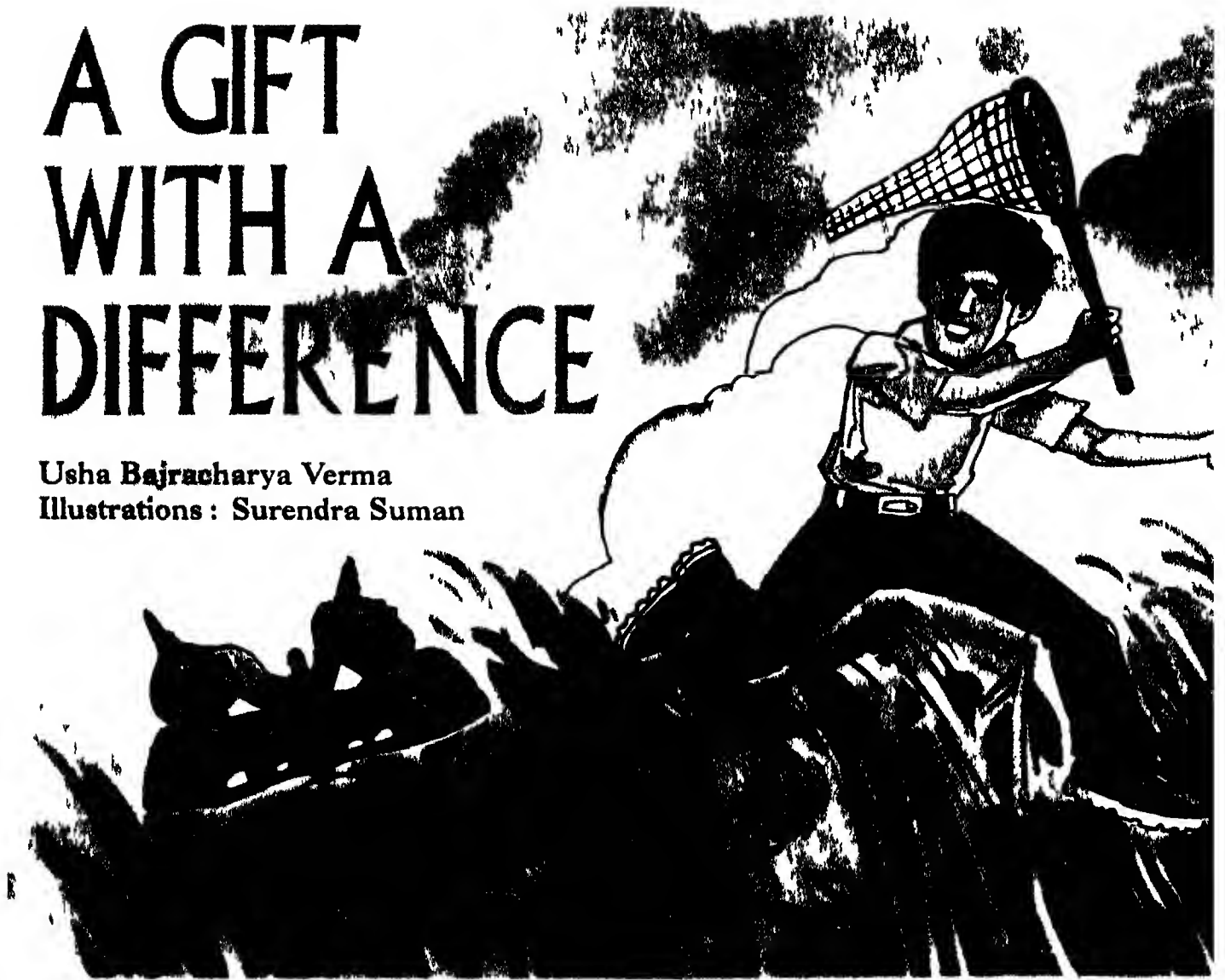
...a walk on the beach

...waiting for rains...oh, for a cloud

A GIFT WITH A DIFFERENCE

Usha Bajracharya Verma

Illustrations : Surendra Suman



“WE HAVE got ‘Show and tell’ tomorrow!” said Robi.

“What’ll you take to school?” asked his Ma. “Why not go to the garden and collect some dry leaves?”

“Naaw,” disagreed Robi. “Everybody’s likely to do just that. I want to do something new. Sonal wins every year. I want to win too.” Picking up his net, he went out.

Ma took so much care of her beautiful garden. Flowers

bloomed and the air was sweet with their scent. Peering under the bushes, Robi saw caterpillars, snails, earthworms and dragonflies. Suddenly, his attention was caught by a stately Monarch butterfly.

“A perfect idea!” he thought. “I’ll catch that butterfly for ‘Show and tell’.” With a flick of the net he caught the helpless creature. Of course, it died, and Robi pasted it in his book.

In class, the children had all sorts of things to show and talk

about. Sonal, Robi’s friend who walked to school with him, had an unusual bonsai plant. “How lovely!” exclaimed the teacher. “What about you, Robi?”

“I’ve a butterfly,” replied Robi. But when his teacher saw the dead butterfly pasted in the book, she was displeased.

“He’s killed the poor, little creature!” wailed Sonal and burst into tears.

“Robi,” said the teacher, gently, “it’s mean to kill helpless animals and insects. Next

month, I hope you'll bring something better for 'Show and tell'."

When Sonal accompanied Robi home, he said, "You silly girl! Crying for nothing and making a big deal out of such a little thing! I don't want to walk home with you!"

"Neither do I!" retorted Sonal. "You're a heartless boy!" For an entire week neither Sonal nor Robi talked to each other.

One afternoon, Robi returned home with viral fever. He felt miserable and had to stay in bed. Within a few days,

he became bored. 'What a pity!' he thought, 'to be down and out like this.' From the bedroom window he saw pretty butterflies hovering about the flower beds. 'Ma'am was right about the butterfly, and Sonal had a good reason to be upset,' he admitted to himself.

Mother came in and said, "Sonal's left something for you."

Curious and surprised, Robi opened the packet. Inside he found a strange wooden dish and a note that read, 'Dear Robi, I hope you get well soon.

This is a gift with a difference. It's a bird-feeding dish. Put some grains in it and soon you'll have them visit you. I hope, too, that you'll learn something new. Your friend, Sonal.'

'How kind of Sonal,' thought Robi. 'I must try it out.' He asked his mother for some seeds and papaya to put on the dish.

Tired, he fell asleep but was soon awoken by the sound of birds chirping and pecking at the grains. A squirrel also bounded down from a tree to nibble happily at the fruit.

For another week Robi had





to stay home from school. Thanks to the unusual dish, he wasn't lonely any more. "How much pleasure I've got from this dish," he sighed.

One Friday evening, the door bell rang and Robi got a big surprise. Miss Chand and his schoolmates walked into his room. "And how's our invalid?" asked Miss Chand. "Sonal tells us that you have a feeding dish and lots of winged friends. Can we come and meet them too?"

"Why, most certainly!" exclaimed Robi. "Thanks, Sonal, for teaching me that there is more joy in helping than harming."

"I'm glad you appreciate my gift so much," replied Sonal, smiling. "Now, where are your friends?"

"Sit down all of you," instructed Robi, "and keep quiet. Soon my friends are bound to stop by." The children sat still. They nearly clapped out aloud when the

squirrel jumped on to the dish.

"Shhhhh!" warned Robi. "There's more!" And sure enough a parrot descended to peck at the sunflower seeds. Next a mynah visited!

Miss Chand and his classmates were delighted with the turn of events. "You're bound to win the prize for the next 'Show and tell' class," said Robi's teacher.

Robi smiled. There's so much beauty in nature, if only one has the eyes to see it.



Scharada Bail

Illustration : Beejee

IN THE last few years, we have sat glued to TV sets watching programmes that bring the world's environment vividly before us. Diving underwater, or exploring the Amazonian rain forest, the camera shows us millions of life forms that the earth possesses. When we further learn how almost every one of these forms is under attack, a worry about our future is natural. Will we still have so many species of animals, birds, and insects twenty years from today, we wonder. The loss of forests and wildlife both frightens and saddens us.

But while worrying about the global environment, many of us may be missing opportunities to get the best out of the environment we live in. Concern for the environment means a deep respect for all forms of life. Here is my experience with some familiar characters around us.

In the stretch of road outside the block of flats where I live, a dog usually lies sleeping. He has a black head and back, and long black tail, but the underside of his face and

body, and his long legs, are a bright yellow-brown.

We have a dog of our own, and for several years, whenever we walked or drove past this dog on the road, he was



always asleep. He would open his brown eyes and look at us sometimes, without raising his head from his paws.

Then, one day, when my children and I spoke a few kind words to him and offered him a slice of bread, he came to life. He jumped and pranced, his long tail hitting against our legs as he wagged it. He pointed his head towards his back, curving his body into a 'C', as if urging us, 'pat me, pat me'. When we slowly reached out and patted his head, he went wild, his tail gathering speed, and a long growl of happiness emanating from deep in his throat scaring several onlookers.

Since that time Karuppaiah or 'K' as we call him, has been very much a part of our lives. When we come home late at night, the lights of our car pick him out, loping along the road on a midnight run. He still sleeps a lot during the day, but a kind word or sound is enough to bring about his joyful prancing.

After a fight with our dog one day, when she became jealous of his attempts to come close to us, K keeps his distance. He prefers wheat products to rice, and sometimes rejects 'idlis' altogether! But more than the food he gets from us, it seems it's the affection he wants—the pats on the head, and the races with the children. Then his body

curves into a 'C' and he goes 'Grr-r-r' in fierce appreciation.

There are a million dogs with equally interesting personalities, everywhere on our streets. But they are usually ignored, or regarded with suspicion. It is true that a strange animal must be approached

with caution. Never rush towards a dog or attempt to pat it till you know it for some days. But the fear that all dogs on the roads have rabies and must be put down, is an exaggerated and unkind one.

Dogs have been domesticated in India since our most primitive ancestors first



roamed the sub-continent. While we sigh over Labradors and Cocker Spaniels and other foreign pedigreed dogs, perhaps a lot of us are totally unaware of the valuable breeds of Indian dogs.

The Himalayan region in North India has the brave Bhotia, the dog you may have encountered in Ruskin Bond's *Panther Moon*. The elegant Rampur Hound can be seen in Moghul miniatures and is found near Rampur, in U.P. The Mudhol Hound comes from Maharashtra, and Tamil Nadu has several hunting species like the Rajapalayam and Kanni dogs. Another breed, called the Kombai, used to accompany the Nayaks of Madurai into war.

Look again at the dog on the road. Does he have the chest of a Kombai, the forehead of a Banjara Hound and the legs of a Rajapalayam? Or is she a small, dainty, fox-like creature? Either way, you can share your scraps of food and affection with it. After all, if it has a big heart and a deep bark like K's, that dog on the road is a prince among dogs!

Two wooden cots lay dismantled in the loft in our house. Alone at home one day, I heard the loud sound of something falling. I reached the bedroom from where the sound had come. A large iron screw from one of the cots lay

on the floor. I looked up, and froze with surprise.

Four pairs of eyes were staring back at me from among the wooden slats of the cots. Four baby squirrels had been born in a nest in the loft, and were now big enough to chase each other and play in the loft, dropping the screw in the process!

As soon as I moved, the baby squirrels hid themselves among the wooden pieces. I

was quite excited. I climbed a chair and stood on tiptoe for a closer peek, but was not able to spot them. I left a few peanuts for them at the edge of the loft.

That very afternoon, as I lay on the bed, a slight movement made me look up again. The mother squirrel was carrying away one of the babies in her mouth. As I watched, she went out through the open window. She returned three more times



till she had removed the last one.

This experience taught me that a squirrel's nest is changed as soon as the parent squirrel detects the slightest disturbance in its environment. Should a pair of squirrels nest in your air-conditioner, or electric meter box, remember this. Just move the mass of fluff and grass gently, and the squirrel will soon come and take away her babies. Then you can reclaim your property. But, sometimes, an angry squirrel who has been evacuated, will express her feelings loudly, chirping outside your window all afternoon!

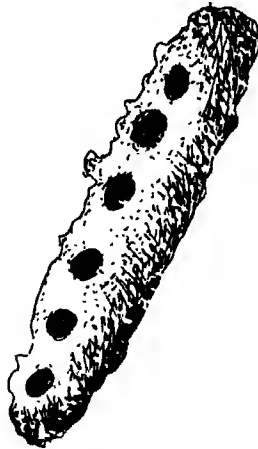
Our balcony has a grille made up of big and small rectangles. One section of these has become a colony of spiders' webs. All day long the webs shine and flutter in the breeze. They are empty.

By evening a dot can be seen in the centre of each web. This is the architect-occupant come home after a day at work. Even the smallest spider has the defence mechanism made famous by Spiderman comics. Whenever it is in danger of getting caught, it shoots out a glutinous strand of web from its body, and scurries away along this escape route.

When I am wheeling out my scooter downstairs, I some-

times look up and see the silken homes of the spiders. In spite of the breeze moving them, they are surprisingly strong. This homely mesh of webs captures several flies, fruit insects, small moths and weevils. Since I am not too attached to the prey, I leave the predators alone.

However, the most fascinating house built within our house, so far, belongs to a little orange-brown wasp. This insect was seen buzzing around and inspecting differ-



ent sites around our home, before she settled on a humid spot on the bathroom wall.

Here she began building round, clay bed chambers with grains of red mud that she secreted in her mouth. Each day she built one room, with a neat exit hole in it. When we peeped in, a white egg could be seen through the hole. The next morning, she would seal the exit, and build another identical room above the last one. The symmetry of this vertical wasp home was re-

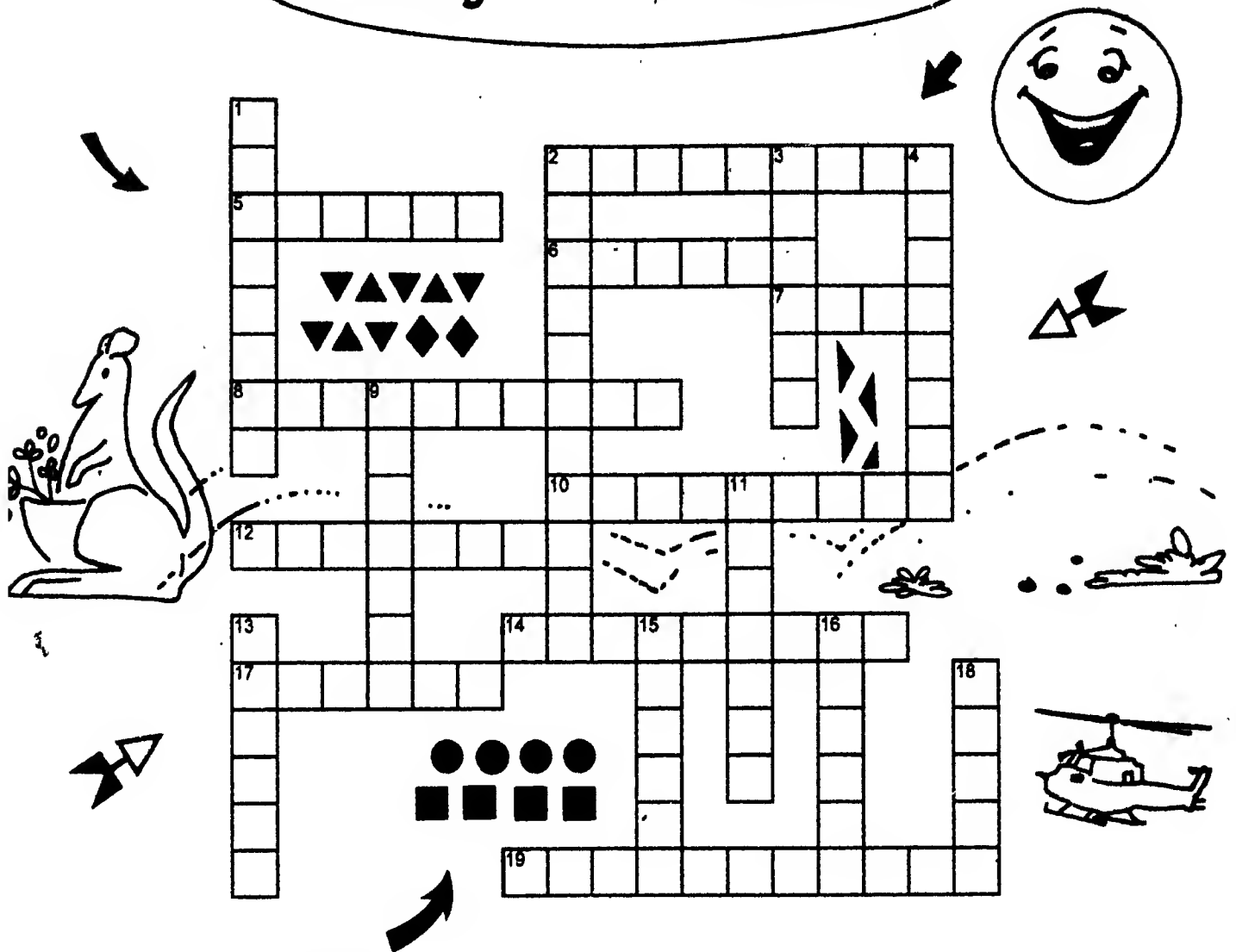
markable. She built six such rooms before she disappeared. For a few days, the chambers remained sealed, and nothing happened.

Then, one day, a hole appeared in the bottom-most chamber which had been built first. Thereafter, every day, in the order that they had been built, the red mud chambers were pierced from inside by the baby wasps, who flew shakily out of the window as soon as they emerged from their mud home. A neat, vertical row of identical holes showed how the babies had made their way out. Two of them were spotted by us in the act of leaving.

Such wasps' homes are seasonal. You may have noticed a spread-out structure of red mud on a wall at home or in school. But the precise, 'skyscraper' construction of our wasp's home made my children and me quite proud.

Not everyone welcomes these intrusions into their living space. House-proud people, zealous cleaners and 'dusters' are formidable foes of the tiny creatures that attempt to share our homes. But observing the habits of these small animals can be as fascinating as learning about hornbill nests on TV. In fact, treating the people and animals we find around us with gentleness and care brings its own rewards.

A Way with Words



Across

2. A kangaroo is a _____ (9)
5. Crown (6)
6. A sea animal with a protective shell (6)
7. Ruffian (9)
8. Zest, eagerness (10)
10. A person who looks after something in the absence of its owner (9)
12. Evil, cruel (8)
14. Remove (9)
17. Delay (6)
19. Menacing (11)

Down

1. Recorded ancestry (8)
2. A society ruled by women, and with descent through the female line (11)
3. Nice to look at (6)
4. The sound made when happy (8)
9. Landing place for helicopters (7)
11. Age between thirteen and nineteen (7)
13. Adept (6)
15. Adult, sensible, ripe (6)
16. A successful businessman (6)
18. Throw, hurl (5)

Answers to A Way With Words, May 1998

ACROSS 1. Curator 4. Suburb 7. Siren 8. Nocturnal 10. Desert 13. Illegal 15. Scarlet
16. Mercury 17. Evil **DOWN** 1. Christmas 2. Archer 3. Reconnaissance 5. Braille 6. Attitude
9. Reins 11. Tranquil 12. Flavour 14. Stale



The Month That Was...

By Geeta Menon

April 1: India wins the inaugural tie of the Pepsi triangular one-day series against Zimbabwe in Kochi. Sachin Tendulkar adjudged Man-of-the-Match.

April 2: The Prime Minister rules out dismissal of DMK government in Tamil Nadu. BJP MLA, Purnima Sethi, becomes the first woman minister in the Delhi government.

BJP General Secretary, Pramod Mahajan, appointed Political Advisor to the Prime Minister.

April 3: Chandrababu Naidu rules out TDP's joining the BJP-led government at the centre, promising only 'issue-based' support to them.

April 6: Pakistan successfully test-fires Ghauri, a medium-range missile, with a range of 1,500 kilometres and capable of carrying a nuclear warhead.

April 7: Eminent lawyer, Soli Sorabjee, appointed Attorney-General of India.

Corruption charges framed against Union Surface Transport Minister, Sedapatti R. Muthiah, by a special court in Chennai.

Purnima Sethi appointed Food and Supplies and Social Welfare Minister.

April 8: S.R. Muthiah resigns. C. Srinivasan of AIADMK to replace him.

Test-firing of Gauri missile by Pakistan poses no threat to the country's security, says the Prime Minister.

April 9: 24 Indians among 150 Haj pilgrims killed in a stampede on a crowded bridge in Mecca.

April 10: Nepalese Prime Minister, Surya Bahadur Thapa, resigns from office after six months in power.

April 11: US Open champion, Patrick Rafter, defeats Leander Paes in the semi-finals of the Gold Flake Open tennis tournament in Chennai.

April 12: The Father of the green revolution, C. Subramaniam awarded Bharat Ratna. Lakshmi Sehgal, Nani Palkhiwala, Usha H. Mehta receive Padma Vibhushan. The President presents Padma Bhushan to 18 others.

Paes and Bhupathi retain doubles title while Peter Rafter wins Gold Flake Open tennis tournament defeating Mikael Tillstrom 6-3, 6-4.

G.P. Koirala is the new Prime Minister of Nepal.

April 13: In an effort to

achieve an export growth of 20 per cent, 340 items, mostly consumer goods, freed from import licensing.

Governors of some states, K.P. Singh of Gujarat, A. Mukherjee of Mizoram, Tejinder Khanna, Lt-governor of Delhi, and I.K. Gupta, Lt-governor of Andaman and Nicobar Islands, submit their resignations.

April 14: Kushabhau Thakre is the new BJP President.

Fifty lakh take holy dip in Hardwar on the last day of the Mahakumbh.

India loses the final of the Pepsi triangular series against Australia in New Delhi. Ajay Jadeja is the Man-of-the-Series.

April 15: AIADMK General Secretary, J. Jayalalitha, demands the removal of charge sheeted ministers.

Central team headed by Ashok Kumar, Special Secretary, Home Ministry, looks into the law and order situation in Tamil Nadu and gives clean chit to DMK government.

Shyamol Dutta appointed new IB chief.

April 17: India beat Kiwis in the opening match of the three-nation Coca Cola Cup tournament at Sharjah.

April 18: J. Jayalalitha

April 17: Governors appointed

Suraj Bhan	: <i>Uttar Pradesh</i>
Bhai Mahavir	: <i>Madhya Pradesh</i>
Anandam Padmanabhan	: <i>Mizoram</i>
Anshuman Sing	: <i>Gujarat</i>
Rajani Rai	: <i>Pondicherry</i>
A.R. Kidwai	: <i>West Bengal</i>
P.C. Alexander (term extended)	: <i>Maharashtra</i>
J.F.R. Jacob (Lt-governor)	: <i>Goa</i>
Vijai Kumar Kapoor (Lt-governor)	: <i>Delhi</i>

demands that Communications Minister, Buta Singh, be removed or that S.R. Muthiah be restored.

Port Blair to become the site for a full fledged command headquarters of the Navy.

April 20: Thirteen people gunned down by militants in Udampur village in Jammu. The Prime Minister sacks Buta Singh from the Union cabinet. Ram Jethmalani and Ramakrishna Hegde asked to comment on references against them in Jayalalitha's letter to the Prime Minister.

April 21: Income-tax officials raid more than 65 houses all over the country in a bid to seize property of politicians allegedly involved in the fodder and bitumen scams.

April 23: The Narasimhan panel advises merger of strong public sector banks to acquire global size, and closure of unviable weak banks.

April 24: Sachin Tendulkar's 134 in 131 balls helps India win the final against Australia in the Coca Cola Cup three-nation cricket tournament at

Sharjah. Sachin adjudged Man-of-the-Series.

Twenty-four people killed and 32 injured when 15 wagons of a goods train ram into the stationary Manmad-Kachiguda Express in Beed, Maharashtra. The Russian Parliament confirms Sergei Kiriyenka as the new Prime Minister in the final vote.

April 25: New pay-scales announced for nearly 12,000 teachers of 16 Central universities.

President K.R. Narayanan leaves for an 11-day visit to the U.S.A, Peru and Brazil.

J. Jayalalitha agrees to attend the coordination panel meeting.

April 26: Power tariff at Centre and State levels to be fixed by statutory panels. An ordinance on regulatory bodies issued by the President.

April 27: Chinese Chief of General Staff, General Fu Quanyou meets Prime Minister A.B. Vajpayee.

Former test player and ex-chairman of the Indian Cricket Selection Committee, Ramakant Desai, passes away.

April 28: Nine coaches of the Howrah-Danapur Express derailed near Fatuha in Bihar killing eleven people and leaving many injured.

The Prime Minister announces the steps his government will take in three months to kickstart the economy. The agenda includes a housing policy in 60 days.

Tibetan spiritual leader, Dalai Lama, visits Tibetans on strike in New Delhi.

April 29: RBI announces a cut in bank rates by one per cent, a new treasury bill, and structural changes in the term deposits as part of the monetary and credit policy for the first half of 1998-99.

'World Statesman Award, 1998' conferred on President K.R. Narayanan in New York.

April 30: The Prime Minister asks Sukh Ram, Power and Public Works Minister of Himachal Pradesh, to quit following Presidential sanction for his prosecution in a corruption case.

The Union budget for the year 1998-99 to be presented in Parliament on June 1.

Anna Hazare selected for the 1998 CARE International Humanitarian Award for his extraordinary efforts to the ideal of sustainable development.

A.B. Subbaiah, goalkeeper, retires from international hockey soon after he comes to know of his omission from the team for the Utrecht World Cup.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

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YOUR PAGES 1998

Every November CW dedicates its pages to articles by children.

Every November these pages come alive with your thoughts, feelings, experiences and opinions, told in poems, stories, interviews, jokes, riddles and much else that you create.

This November, your work too can find an honoured place in these pages...Your Pages.

So curl up in a comfortable corner, put your pen to paper and let your creative spirit flow. You could win the following prizes:

First Prize : Rs. 500

Second Prize : Rs. 300

Third Prize : Rs. 200

'Highly Commended' Prizes (3) : Rs. 100 each
Important

Each entry must carry a declaration that it is an **original and unpublished work** of the author.

It must be signed by the author and counter-signed by his/her teacher/parent.

Entries without this declaration will not be considered.

Each entry must also carry your name, age, address and the name of your school.

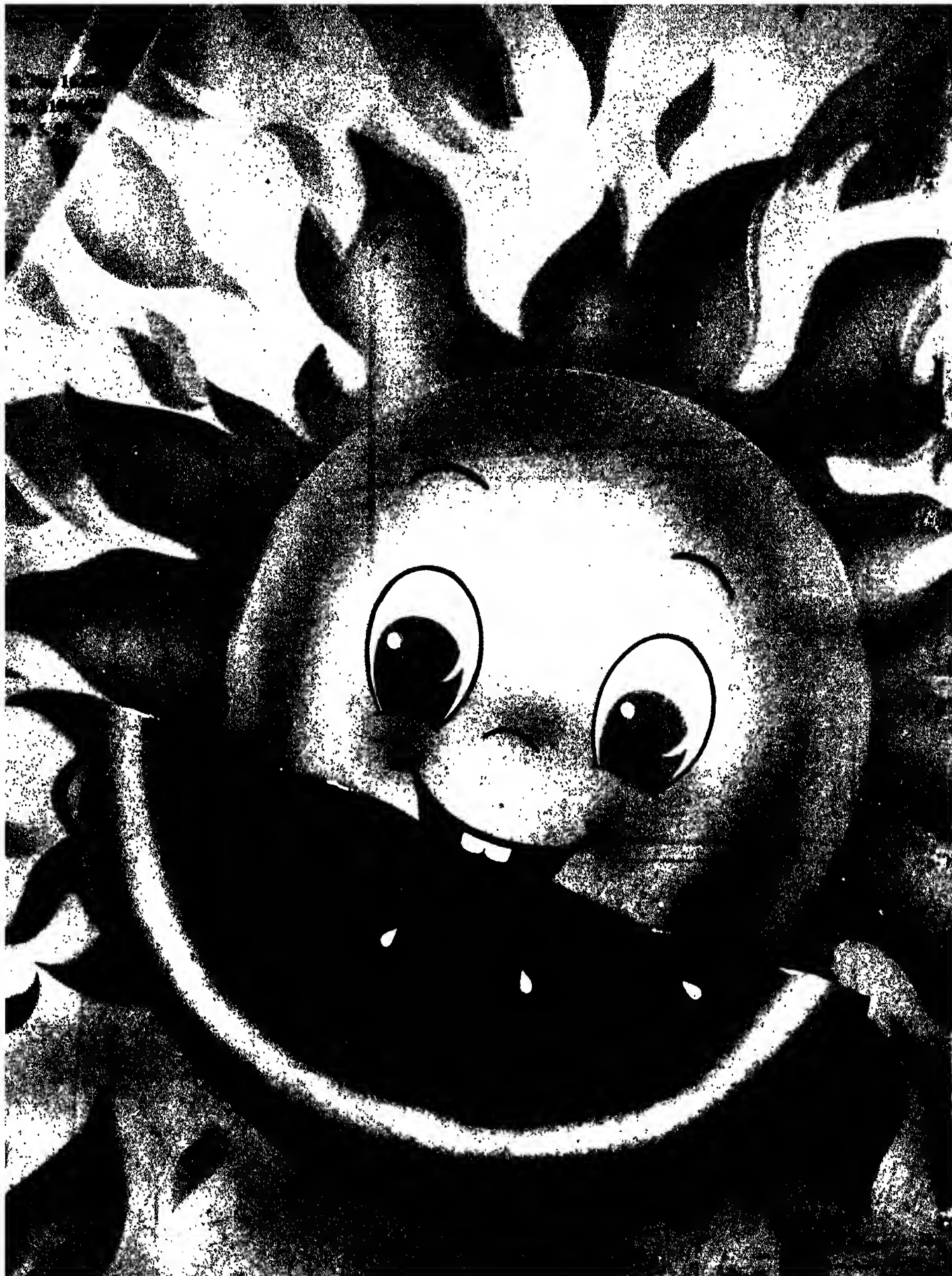
Number of entries: Unlimited

SEND YOUR ENTRIES TO
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Editor, Children's World
Nehru House

4, Bahadur Shah Zafar Marg
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Fax: 91-3721090

Last date for receiving entries: July 31, 1998



CW



Newsletter inside



And Flutters the Tricolour...

Another Independence Day—the same speeches, the flag-hoisting ceremony...As the flag unfurls and flutters in the wind to the strains of the National Anthem, I slip into the past...

August 15, 1947, Parliament House: A 31-gun salute. The National Flag, the tricolour, is hoisted for the first time in Independent India. Simultaneously, the Union Jack is lowered.

We are free! The tricolour, flying high against the sky, is proof of our new-found freedom.

The flag is so much a part of our lives that it seems to have been around since time immemorial. How many of us know that just a century back, we had no National Flag!

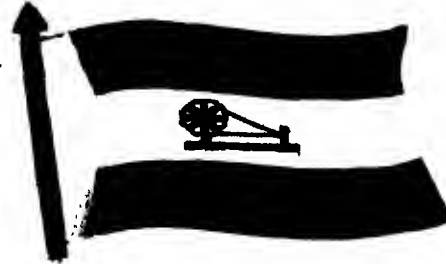


April 1921: The Swaraj Flag, the *tiranga*, is born—the symbol of the Indian dream, a dream of freedom and unity.

The flag has three horizontal bands—white (representing minorities), green (for Muslims) and red (for Hindus). In the centre of the flag is a blue *charkha*, covering all the bands. It soon becomes a rallying point for the nationalists.

August 1931: The flag is modified; it will now have three horizontal bands of saffron, white and green. The colours are without any communal significance. Saffron represents courage and sacrifice, white peace and truth, and green stands for faith and chivalry. The blue *charkha*, placed at the centre of the white band represents the hope of the masses.

August 30, 1931: Flag Day! The National Flag is hoisted all over India!

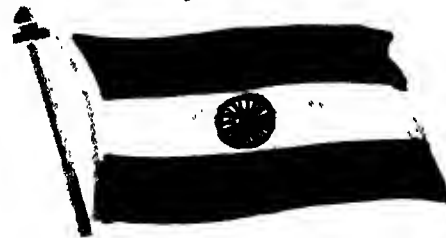


July 22, 1947: The Constituent Assembly adopts the Swaraj Flag, with further modifications, as the National Flag of Independent India. A replica of the wheel or Asoka's Sarnath Pillar replaces the *charkha*. The wheel, in dark blue, represents motion as also *dharma*.

Half a century has passed by, and our flag has gone places...climbed the Everest, reached the Poles, sailed around the world and even flown into space! It was, and is, the symbol of the indomitable Indian spirit.

Pandit Nehru's words ring true, "I remember how we looked up to this flag not only with pride and enthusiasm but with tingling in our veins and also how when we were sometimes down and out, the sight of this flag gave us courage to go on."

It was so during the freedom struggle, and it is the same today.



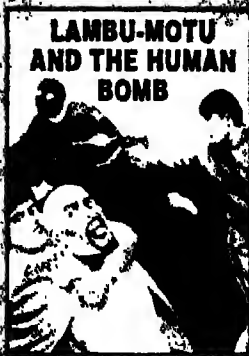
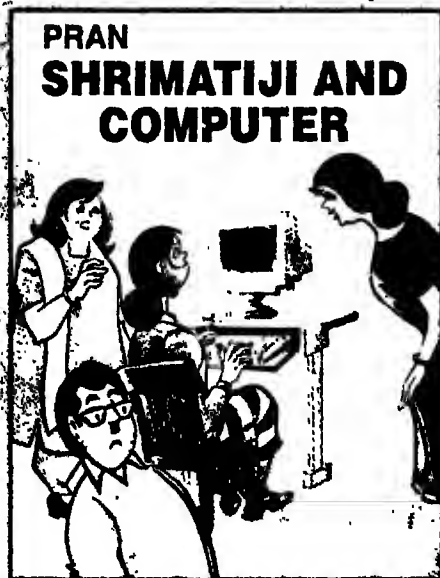
Our endeavour now must be to protect this hard-earned freedom and grow; the tricolour remains our inspiration—uniting us, giving us courage, urging us to go on...to reach for the sky...to fly with the wind...

Pallavi T



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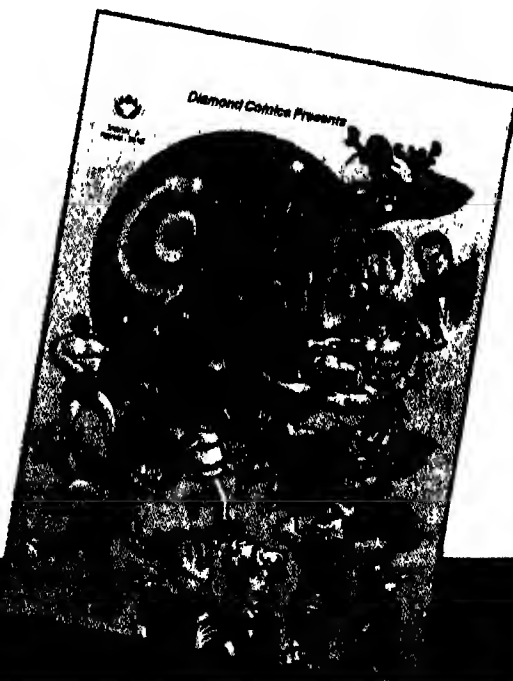
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CW



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Dear Readers,

The fiftieth year of Indian independence, celebrated with much hype and fanfare, is over. It has been a year not unlike the others except, perhaps, for the nuclear tests. While the debate continues on whether we should have conducted the tests at all, let us think, on this Independence Day, of a few things that make us proud to be the citizens of India—its vastness and variety, its rich traditions and aeons-old culture, the regard and respect for the old, the warmth of a 'namaskar', 'Jana Gana Mana...', progress in all fields of human endeavour, secularism... At the same time, doesn't it pain us to see fanaticism, the blind aping of alien lifestyles, deforestation, destruction of existing amenities to protest about lack of facilities, mismanagement of resources, ill-treatment of animals, lack of civic sense...? Maybe the next fifty years will see us cross these bridges too. You, the future citizens, will be responsible for the India of tomorrow. Make sure it is the India of your dreams.

You have the power to influence the decisions of your elders. You demonstrated this last Diwali when you did not buy fire crackers to protest against the employment of child labour in the fireworks factories. Once again an appeal is being put out, this time against the use of the common polybags. They can be seen littered on the roads; in garbage dumps, being chewed by cattle; festooned on trees and shrubs; even in remote parts of the countryside (seen when travelling by train or bus). Inside, we build up a case against these non-environment-friendly products and suggest alternatives.

A reminder: the last date for 'Your Pages' is July 31. So hurry with your contributions.

With salutations to our motherland and a hope that we never lose our Indianness wherever we are.

Bhawana

Dear Editor,
It is through my school that I got to know CW. I find it very interesting. I guess I am one of the few readers who read the stories in the magazine many times.

Shreya
24 Parganas, W. Bengal

Dear Editor,
I have been reading CW for the last five years. The new-look CW is attractive and the big font makes for quick reading.

T. Manish Kamlesh
Chennai

Dear Editor,
I am a regular reader of CW. I find CW very interesting and knowledgeable. Each article in CW has an importance of its own. It is a treasury of information, fun and frolic. I like 'Perky's Letter to You'.

Chinha Raheja
Gujarat

Dear Editor,
I am an avid and regular reader of CW. The magazine is really informative and educative. The stories, articles and poems have always been exciting and enriching.

Ragini Sethi
(Address unknown)

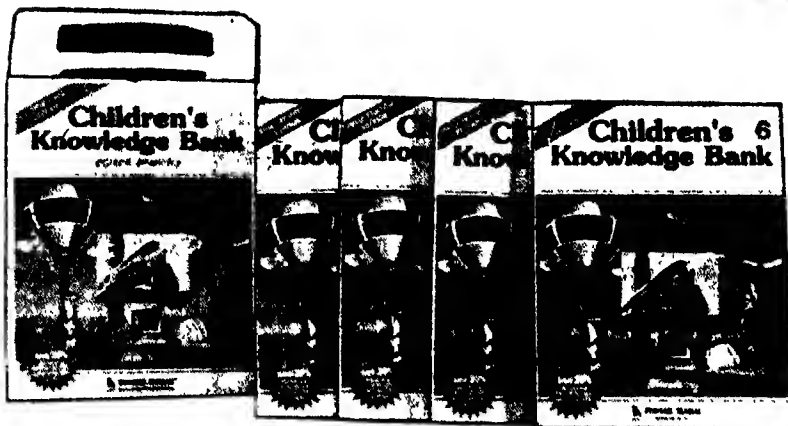
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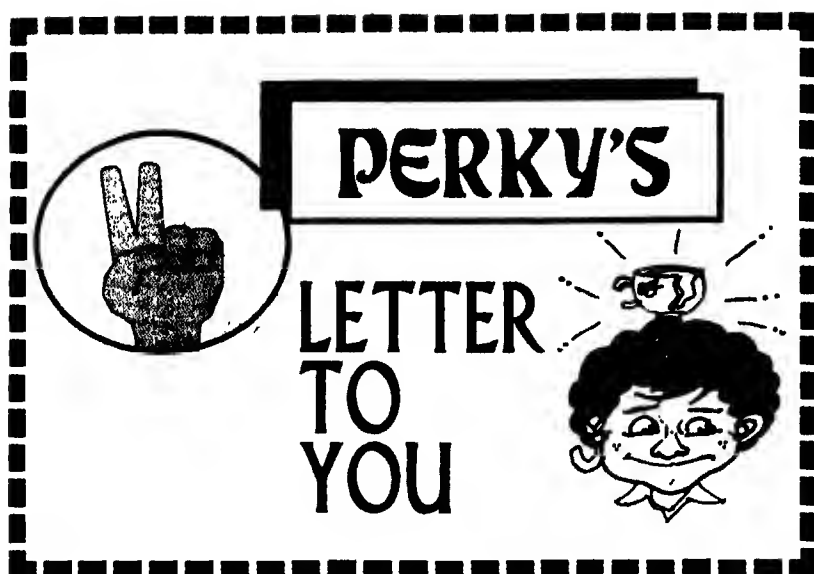
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VANDANA SANS CIB AD



Dear bated breaths,

I kept you in real suspense, didn't I? Well, I won't any more; but I have to remind you first of what happened the last time. Well, we were all in a park, under a tree, where Raghu was holding a quiz along with my brother and Nat, and it was the most stupid quiz in the world because the answer to every question was 'Raghu' (at least that was the answer to the only question asked so far which was, 'Who will be the first boy to land on the moon?' Who said Raghu would be the first boy to land on the moon when everyone knows it will be me). Well, anyway, there we were all shouting and screaming, my brother yelling 'second question' and the rest of the crowd, footballers (fbs) with a new football (fb) which they would not let touch the ground, as if it were a new baby, when a most in-

teresting thing happened. Really a most interesting thing!

Well, as I said, people were screaming all over the place and Raghu was stamping his feet on the cardboard box when suddenly the cardboard box groaned and collapsed and Raghu went down with it. Of course, it was quite an interesting thing because the cardboard box had some plates and cups



and things, and they all broke together and Raghu's head went down and his legs shot through the broken cups and plates and through the cardboard box and up into the sky.

But even though this was interesting, it was not as interesting as what happened next. Well, Raghu crashed down into the box and his legs were sticking up in the air when an old gentleman came up and looked around mildly and asked, "Is this a club meeting?"

"No! No!" shouted half a dozen fbs. The other half a dozen were looking at Raghu with great interest as if he was a specimen in the lab.

The old gentleman continued, "Then I am not interrupting anything?"

"No! No!" shouted the fbs as if that was the only word they knew. By this time, Raghu had been helped up by my brother and Nat whose Nose was looking the other way. Raghu's eyes were red with anger and the broken handle of a tea cup was hanging over his left ear like a question mark.

"My question is..." said the old man when the fbs started chanting, "No! No! No more questions. No more silly, stupid quizzes!"

The old man looked startled and stopped. Raghu, still sitting inside the collapsed cardboard box snapped, "Idiots. You don't know anything about

quizzes. Of course, you can ask a question about the future in a quiz. Ask anybody," Raghu said fiercely. "In fact, ask this gentleman if you like," pointing to the old man.

The old gentleman looked even more startled. "What, my boy?" he said. "You can ask me anything but I must warn you, I must warn you I am extremely absent-minded."

"What's absent-minded?" asked a fb.

"That's the second question of the quiz," shouted my brother suddenly. "Team A—second question—what is absent-minded?"

"He!" shouted a fb, pointing to the old gentleman. "He is absent-minded."

"How clever of you to guess!" beamed the old gentleman. "You are right, I am extremely absent-minded."

"Full marks to Team A," shouted my idiotic brother. "Now Team B. Come on! You have to make up quickly, Team B. Your question..."

At this point, the old gentleman noticed that Raghu was not quite normal, or at least was not looking quite normal (Raghu never looked normal anyway). "My boy!" said the old gentleman, "are you quite comfortable where you are? Shall I get you a cushion or something?"

"He likes sitting inside cardboard boxes!" yelled one of the fbs and all the fbs laughed



very loudly. Really, they were very intelligent boys. Raghu glared at them but before he could say anything, the old man said, "My boys! I have a question to ask. Where is house 238 B? I think it is 238 B. Wait, wait. It is either 248 B or it is 290 B. Wait, let me think." The old gentleman closed his eyes to think.

The fbs got very excited. "238 B is this way, Sir!" and they pointed to the left. "And 248 B is that way, Sir" and they pointed to the right. "But 290 B, Sir? Do you know where 290 B is, Sir, then we will take you there."

"290 B?" shouted my brother as stupidly and suddenly as usual. "290 B—but that's my house."

"Of course, it is," I said and jumped up. "And you must be my grandfather's brother," I

said to the old gentleman. "Grandfather said you were coming on a visit but you did not tell us when."

"My dear boys! My dear boys!" beamed my grandfather's brother, my grand uncle. "I posted a letter to you. I clearly remember putting it into my pocket and..." He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a letter. "Here it is! See! It informs you of the date of my arrival. See!"

He looked so happy that we all laughed even the fbs. "We'll take you to 290 B, Sir," they shouted. "Come on."

So we all took our grand uncle home while Raghu still sat in the cardboard box with the broken cups and plates and fumed. Ha! Who cares about him!

*Yours happily,
Perky*

In Search of a Heaven

Deepti Sachdeva (16)

Illustration: Subir Roy

The world has progressed from the abacus to super-computers, from the primitive age when men used a simple fire to the modern age of microwave ovens, and from the days of war horses to the age of super-stealth bombers, but what has remained unchanged is the basic human nature.

We are about to step into a new decade, hopefully, of peace, promise and prosperity. The current decade has been one of strife, tension and conflict. It is strange that every war ultimately has peace as its goal. We are announcing war and moving closer to the negotiating table.

What is the solution? In his address to the United Nations, John F. Kennedy said, "There is a daily, a weekly, a monthly process, gradually changing old barriers, slowly eroding old barriers, quietly building new structures."

Our planet, which has already witnessed two world wars, may not survive a third. The atomic age began when the 'Little Boy' was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. Since then, more powerful bombs, which can destroy this beautiful pulsating planet of ours in just a moment, have been made.

To prevent this from happening, we need to stop and think about ourselves, our planet. Although the future looks uncertain, it is possible to learn from our previous mistakes and begin life anew. There is a silver lining in the clouds. All is not lost. Smiling faces are visible on the streets, helping hands still stretch out, there are connoisseurs of art and culture. People are ready to stand up for a cause, to come out on the streets and fight as one.

I want my world of tomorrow to be a place where man will break all the self-imposed barriers and become receptive and tolerant; where people will believe in the dignity of labour, in the golden ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity; where the wide gap between the rich and the poor, the literate and the illiterate will be bridged; where rituals and superstitions are a thing of the past.

I wish man learns to appreciate the beauty of the snow-clad mountains, of waves and cliffs and the sea, of the crackling carpet of golden leaves at his feet in autumn, of the millions of stars aglow at night, and all else that the Creator crafted for him. I wish man keeps this planet as green and fertile as ever, and lives in perfect harmony with his surroundings and his fellow men.

I know that the future might not be quite as I paint it. But I ardently believe we have the ability to mould our future; that, with determination and combined effort, we can once again tread the path to everlasting peace and happiness.



OUR FAMOUS ANCIENT TREES

Sukhendu Dutta

Illustrations: Ajanta Guptanaka

THE VALUE of trees has been emphasized time and again in our religious texts, ancient literature, folklore and legends. Worship of trees had been, and still is widely prevalent in India. As a result, many of our ancient trees have survived. Not a few of them are associated with famous Hindu, Muslim, Buddhist and Sikh religious thinkers, saints and fakirs. Some are also associated with the historical and mythological events of the country.

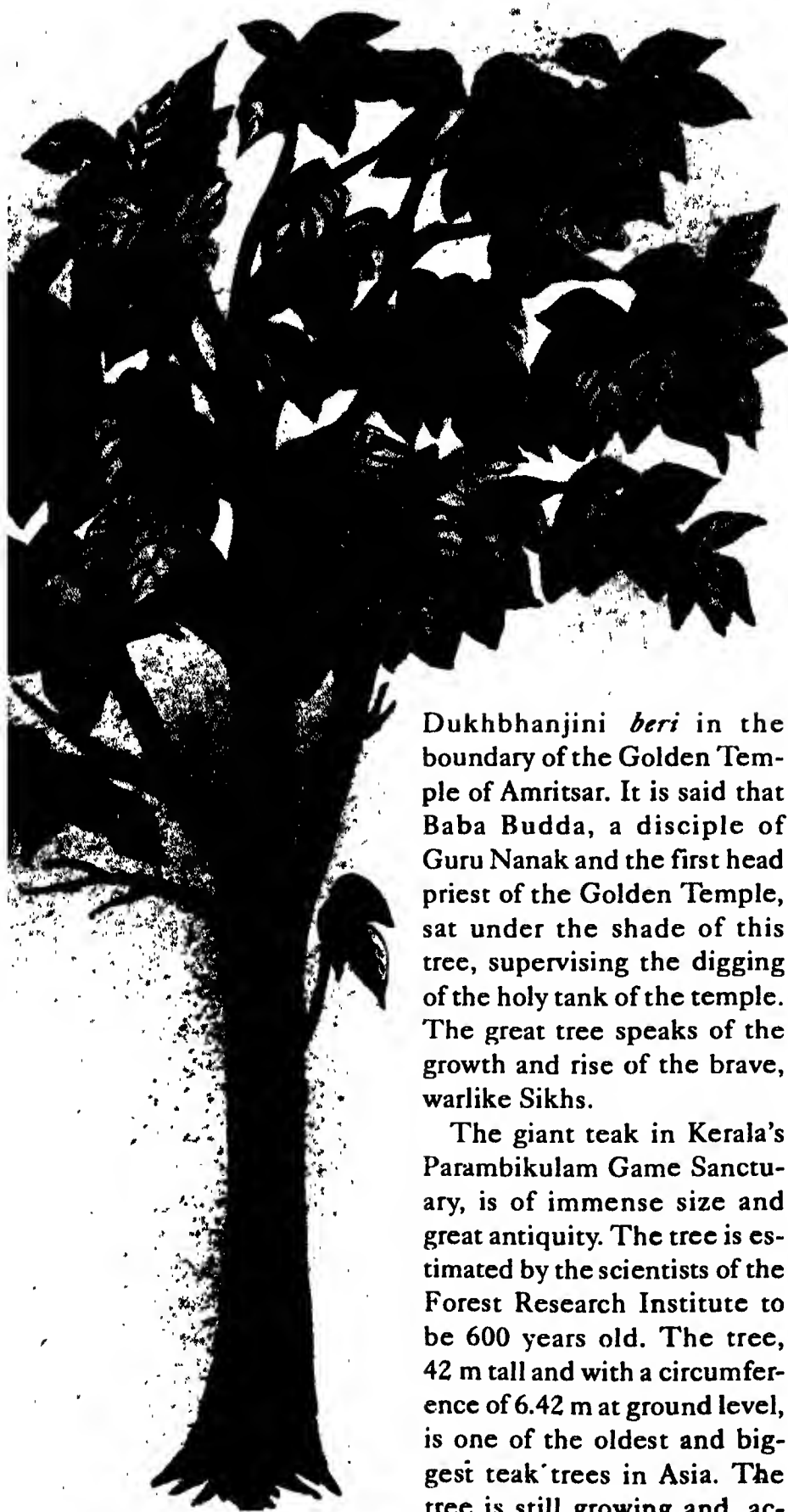
The oldest known tree in India is a *shatoot* (mulberry) at Joshimath, which is one of

the four *maths* (monasteries) established by Adi Sankaracharya. It is believed that the great sage meditated under this tree in the eighth century A.D. The tree stands on the Himalayas, 6,150 ft above sea level. The long and sturdy roots of the tree keep it standing firmly on the rocky mountain. One wonders wherefrom the rock-bound tree gets water to live on!

Kabirwad, the legendary banyan tree, famous for its association with the 15th century poet and religious thinker Kabir, is about 500 years old. The tree stands on a raised

plot of ground in the bed of the Narmada river near Bharuch city. Legend has it that a twig with which Kabir cleaned his teeth was thrown away here. Soon it grew into a beautiful banyan tree! Another legend says that two brahmins were in search of a true guru. They planted two dry sticks of a banyan tree and went on watering them with the *charnamrit* of all the saints visiting the island. One of the sticks sprouted when watered with the *charnamrit* of Kabir. That small twig is now a big tree!

Punjab's oldest tree is the



Dukhbhanjini *beri* in the boundary of the Golden Temple of Amritsar. It is said that Baba Buddha, a disciple of Guru Nanak and the first head priest of the Golden Temple, sat under the shade of this tree, supervising the digging of the holy tank of the temple. The great tree speaks of the growth and rise of the brave, warlike Sikhs.

The giant teak in Kerala's Parambikulam Game Sanctuary, is of immense size and great antiquity. The tree is estimated by the scientists of the Forest Research Institute to be 600 years old. The tree, 42 m tall and with a circumference of 6.42 m at ground level, is one of the oldest and biggest teak trees in Asia. The tree is still growing and, ac-

cording to forest officials, will last many more years. The local tribals have a great regard for the tree. They are unwilling even to pull down the wild vines which have spread on some parts of the tree, fearing divine wrath!

An 800-year-old banyan tree, about two miles from Mehboobnagar, is the oldest tree of Andhra Pradesh. The aerial roots of the massive old tree spread over a vast area giving the effect not of a single tree but of a little forest of trees. The graves of two Sufi saints, Syed Kamal Hussain and Syed Jamal Hussain, who lived 500 years ago, are under this tree. The tree was there even before the graves were built.

Andhra Pradesh's second oldest tree is a 600-year-old giant banyan tree, Thimmamma Marrimanu, at Gutibayalu, a remote village in Anantpur district. The tree has a crown spread over an area of 5.2 acres. The villagers believe that the tree has grown at the exact place where a sati was performed! Four guards are posted around the tree at all hours to prevent vandals from destroying the tree.

Biḥar has the world-famous peepul known as the Mahabodhi tree, at Bodhgaya. The sacred tree is the direct descendant of the peepul under which Gautam Buddha at-

tained enlightenment about 2,500 years ago. The tree is the holiest centre of pilgrimage for Buddhists all over the world. No other tree has such a historical record, no other tree is celebrated, worshipped and loved like the Mahabodhi tree. Thousands of Buddhists from across the world offer prayers and burn candles under the sacred tree. Experts from the Pusa Institute, New Delhi, who examined the tree, were concerned when they found that smoke and burnt wax were enveloping the leaves and branches of the tree, preventing sun rays from penetrating into it.

The second largest banyan tree in the world stands in the heart of the Theosophical Society campus at Adayar in South Madras. The 500-year-old tree, the branches of which spread over an astonishing 40,000 sq ft, has witnessed much history and has become something of a legend. It was discovered only at the beginning of this century. It had been embedded in thick foliage till then. When this was cleared away, the tree stood out in all its glory. On one occasion, nearly 3,000 people sat under the canopy of the tree during an annual session of the Society. It was under this tree

that the decision to form the Indian National Congress was taken and it was here that Dr. Annie Besant decided upon the Home Rule movement. Mahatma Gandhi addressed meetings under its branches and so did Jawaharlal Nehru.

There was widespread shock and grief when the trunk of the tree was brought down by high winds in 1989. Within a week the trunk was placed in position again with the aid of a heavy duty crane in an amazingly well-coordinated operation. Onlookers at the replanting were moist-eyed when the tree was put



back in place. Some performed *arati* to the tree. Sugar was distributed to all present!

The great banyan tree in the Calcutta Botanical Garden, which has 450 pillar-roots, is famous for its unique spread and size. In *Living Trees of the World*, T.H. Everette, the silviculturist, writes of it as 'a handsome evergreen tree that attains a height of 100 ft. Its spreading horizontal branches send down roots which develop into secondary supporting trunks'. It is said that a fakir lived under this tree 100 years ago. Great care is taken to protect the magnificent tree.

We have the old *simal* or silk cotton tree near the Taj Mahal in Agra. Only a few of us know that the tree is older than the Taj Mahal! People go to see the Taj but none of them look at the *simal*!

We have the 500-year-old tree in the Hidamba Mata temple at Manali in Himachal Pradesh. There is a sad legend associated with this tree. Hidamba, the demoness, was full of grief at the death of her only son, Ghatotkacha, in the war at Kurukshetra. At the conclusion of the war, Hidamba left Kurukshetra for the Himalayas to lead a secluded life. She lived alone in a mountain cave near this tree. The people of Himachal Pradesh revere the tree and have guarded it over the ages.

In Hamirpur is a 500-year-old banyan tree with a girth of 14 m. It is said that Baba Balak Nath meditated under this tree and attained enlightenment.

The 300-year-old banyan tree in Plassey in Nadia, Bengal, is a mute witness to the historical Battle of Plassey between Robert Clive and the Nawab of Bengal, Siraj-ud-Daula. Clive laid the foundation stone of the British empire in India by defeating Siraj-ud-Daula in the battle in 1757.

The historical tree, covering an area of seven acres, was neglected for a long time. Goats and cows grazed under the tree. Goatherds broke off leaves, tender shoots and twigs from the higher branches of the tree to feed their goats. The leaves left on the tree rustled in the wind and sounded as though they were sighing! The tree is now protected by law. The Government has stepped up conservation measures for the tree which is a part of our national heritage.

Ancient trees have a voice. They tell many tales. We only have to listen. Our aged trees should, therefore, be protected and taken care of like our aged patriarchs!

Many old and large trees are still to be found in the countryside. Some of these are ageing and require proper care.

Unfortunately there is no one to look after them. Moreover, there is a tendency among some of us to damage these trees. Why not start a campaign to collect information on the oldest and better known trees in your neighbourhood? Why not save them before it is too late?





Manjira Majumdar

Illustrations : Beejee

THE WHOLE family was glued to the television set when the packet arrived. Well, not quite the entire family, for grandpa was in his study going through some dusty engineering journals while grandma, who was expecting some cousins from Kanpur, was fussing over a flower arrangement. Father and mother were home and, wonder of wonders, watching the cartoon network with us when the bell rang.

It's like this. I am a twelve-year-old girl. Never mind my name, for I share the same problems faced by nearly all twelve-year-olds. I return home from school all tired and hungry, with a need to unwind, for which I switch on the television, but there are always why must you do this and why must you do that. As if I don't do my homework or go for tuition or have no sense at all.

And if that were not enough, there are interruptions galore and not a moment's peace in this household. If it is not my grandpa, it has to be my grandma who is upto something, and both, as my father says, 'do not act their age', which really means that, like other old people, they do not sit quietly and drink tea. They are both very energetic and love to demonstrate the fact.

Then there is my younger sister, who is actually my shadow and echo. Whatever I do or possess, she also must, though nothing of *hers* is for sharing, as "she is the little one and *I must act my age*"!

Anyway, living in this house is fun. I can always retire to my room when things get a little hot. That day, however, I had finished my lunch and, along with my sister and parents, was watching the telly when the doorbell shattered the af-

ternoon peace.

"Who is it?" grandpa asked as he poked his head out of the study, not really getting up. Nor for that matter did anybody else, as is always the case. Whenever the telephone or the doorbell rings, everyone gets very busy, looking serious about whatever they are doing, even if it is watching the weather bulletin on television. It is always left to me to do the needful. I will let you in on a secret. I do oblige, at my own pace. So I took a while before I went to the door, but this time, grandma had beaten me to it—she obviously thought her cousins had arrived. And in the process she almost sprained her ankle.

I found grandma holding a biggish, brown packet in her hand.

"Two scruffy-looking lads delivered this," she said, clutching it with her right hand while with her other

hand, she furiously rubbed her right ankle.

"Open it! Open it!" I said impatiently, jumping up and down.

"Wait! It's for your father and I will give it to him," she admonished me as she made her way towards father, glad to have his attention for once.

Father found the packet contained a round object.

"It doesn't bear the name of the sender," he said, scrutinizing it.

"Well, it could be a bomb," remarked mother, half in jest.

"It just might!" exclaimed father.

The idea of a bomb hit everyone like a sixer and stayed put inside their heads, including mine.

To begin with, two 'scruffy-looking' guys had delivered a packet that did not bear the name of the sender. Besides, in the packet was a round object that moved from one side to another. The creases of the permanent frown on father's forehead deepened further.

"Throw it outside," suggested mother, her face quite ashen by now.

My echo, sorry, little sister, bobbed up and down saying all the time, "What bomb, *didibhai*? What bomb?"

"Oh, shut up!" I told her. It was too scary. Suppose there was a bomb inside the packet, ticking away, ready to go off, BANG! We would not have



any house left.

We all huddled around, not knowing what to do. The Flintstones were next on the telly but no one paid them any attention and the cousins from Kanpur were totally forgotten.

"Someone's playing a practical joke," continued mother softly. "Did you get into arguments over cricket with any of your friends or have a bet?"

she asked father, a little suspiciously.

"Not that I remember," he answered in a deadpan voice.

This drama went on for some time till grandma advised, "Put it on the grass."

So father did just that. He opened the door and gingerly threw it into the garden. In an instant I remembered all those warnings that used to be

flashed in Delhi (where I had lived as a child) against touching or picking up any unattended or suspicious looking object in a public place. It was good that father had not chucked the packet on the road next to our house, for some street urchins always played there and one of them could well have picked it up.

From time to time, father opened the door and checked the packet till he could not contain his curiosity any longer. He finally managed to open the packet with a stick (don't ask me how).

Guess what? There it lay. An innocuous, beautiful, red, cricket ball! No, it made no ticking sound. It was a genuine ball and there was a letter that explained it all! It said, "Congratulations! You are the proud winner of..." and went on to mention a contest that had been a part of a television programme.

It all came back. It had been a contest sponsored by a soft drinks company and it was I who had helped my parents crack the answer. I recalled that the prizes included cricketing gear.

We laughed! How we laughed! Just imagine all the elders getting scared and then looking sheepish afterwards. But, like mother said in one of her best lecturing tones, one must be alert about such matters as the times were bad and

that a sender should always mention his address on the back of a parcel.

Then it was grandma's turn, and she said more or less the same thing.

I was not listening. I was

now the proud possessor of a real cricket ball, the type that Saurav and Sachin played with.

"A reeaaal crceekate ball," my younger sister echoed with no originality whatsoever.



ble amongst them are developments in audiology, devices for the detection of metallic foreign bodies, use of radium for treating cancer, devices for the blind, work on diabetes and vision, ventures in marine biology and aviation, sheep breeding and heredity, and a resuscitation apparatus for breathing.

lifelong passion for medicine and speech. While his father encouraged young Bell to undertake a scientific approach to the theory and practice of sound and speech, his mother gave him an ear for music and harmonics. By sixteen, Bell was an instructor in elocution and music in a private school in Scotland and became ab-



WHILE the invention of the telephone immortalized Alexander Graham Bell, less than seven of his more than fifty creative years were devoted to this particular invention! Indeed, the Father of the Telephone devoted more of his life to other scientific, medical and humanitarian pursuits. While the list of his inventions is exhaustive, nota-

Alexander Graham Bell was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on March 3, 1847. His maternal grandfather and paternal great-grandfather practised medicine. On the other hand, his paternal grandfather and father were professors of elocution, and helped to correct defective speech. Bell's father, Alexander Melville Bell, proposed his system of "Visible Speech" to help the hearing impaired. Given the rich family heritage, it was natural for young Bell to develop this

sorbed in the mysteries of sound and speech.

From 1868-70, Bell studied anatomy and physiology, with particular reference to speech, at the University College in London. Here he became involved with the issue of resuscitation of the newborn infant which is unable to breathe. Even at a young age, Bell's genius as an inventor was apparent. Bell devised a special vacuum jacket for artificial respiration. This jacket surrounded the chest and belly of

a cat, and by connecting it to a special pump, he was able to produce alternating respiratory movements! He was hopeful that such a device could be a potential life-saver for the premature or weak infant with poor respiratory effort. Although this invention did not gain immediate recognition, it was to be accepted by the medical world years later.

The death of both his brothers from tuberculosis took its toll on the family, and concern for their only surviving son prompted Bell's parents to move to Canada in 1870. After the Bell family settled in Ontario, Melville Bell gave a series of lectures in Boston on his novel method of teaching the deaf to talk. As his method of "Visible Speech" gained greater acceptance, so did the demand for instructors. Lip-reading teachers were available, but there was dire need for an instructor of "Visible Speech". Melville Bell volunteered his son for the post—and Alexander Graham Bell got his first job in Boston in 1871.

In 1872, Bell opened a private class in Boston for teachers of the deaf. He was given a post as Professor of Vocal Physiology at Boston University in 1873. Bell worked relentlessly in the hope of inventing a device which might help the hearing of his deaf pupils.

An empathy and concern for the deaf was foremost in Bell's life. His mother was deaf. His wife, Mabel, whom he was to meet in Boston, was also deaf.

In his research pursuits, Bell received encouragement and financial support from several people. One of them was Gardiner Hubbard, a prominent Boston lawyer. It was at the Hubbard home that Bell found the love of his life. Mabel Hubbard was ten years younger than Bell, and had lost her hearing at a young age. Mabel was trained in lip reading. Bell himself supervised some of her instruction in

speech and hearing. They were married in 1877.

Bell was granted the patent for his most famous invention, the telephone, on March 7, 1876.

The earliest medical application of the telephone was the audiometer. This device was useful in measuring hearing acuity and revealed variations in the "degree of deafness". Bell also conducted research on familial or congenital deafness. He formed the American Instructors of the Deaf (later the American Association to Promote the Teachings of Speech to the



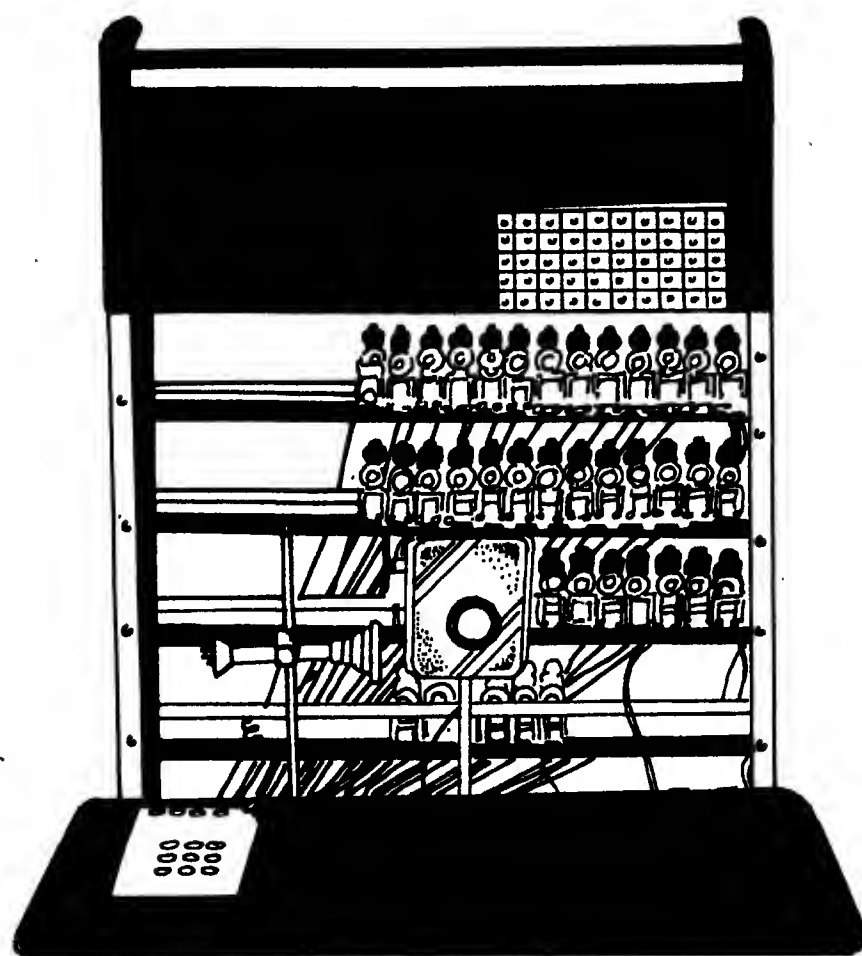
Deaf), and advocated the integration of the deaf into the society.

In 1880, using the Volta Prize of 50,000 francs granted by the French government, Bell established the Volta laboratory where he continued his research on the phonograph record and other devices. Later, with his share of the royalties, Bell founded an endowment "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge relating to the deaf".

Before the discovery of x-rays, it was extremely difficult to locate foreign bodies that lay deep under the skin. Bell used the telephone to develop an instrument with which he could detect metal objects deep within the body. In 1881, he used this device in an attempt to locate the bullet that had wounded President Garfield. The bullet, which lay near the spleen, was, unfortunately, too deep for detection. Subsequently, Bell perfected this telephone probe (or electric probe, as it came to be called) and it was frequently used from 1881 to 1896 to detect metallic foreign bodies.

Years after his invention of the vacuum jacket, Bell started to work again on this project. In 1892, he constructed his first resuscitation apparatus suitable for human use.

Bell was a pioneer in pro-



An early telephone switchboard

posing the concept of radium therapy for cancer. In 1903, he speculated that a tiny fragment of radium inserted into a deep-seated tumour could be effective in destroying it. When this concept was published, it stimulated the use of radium to treat cancer.

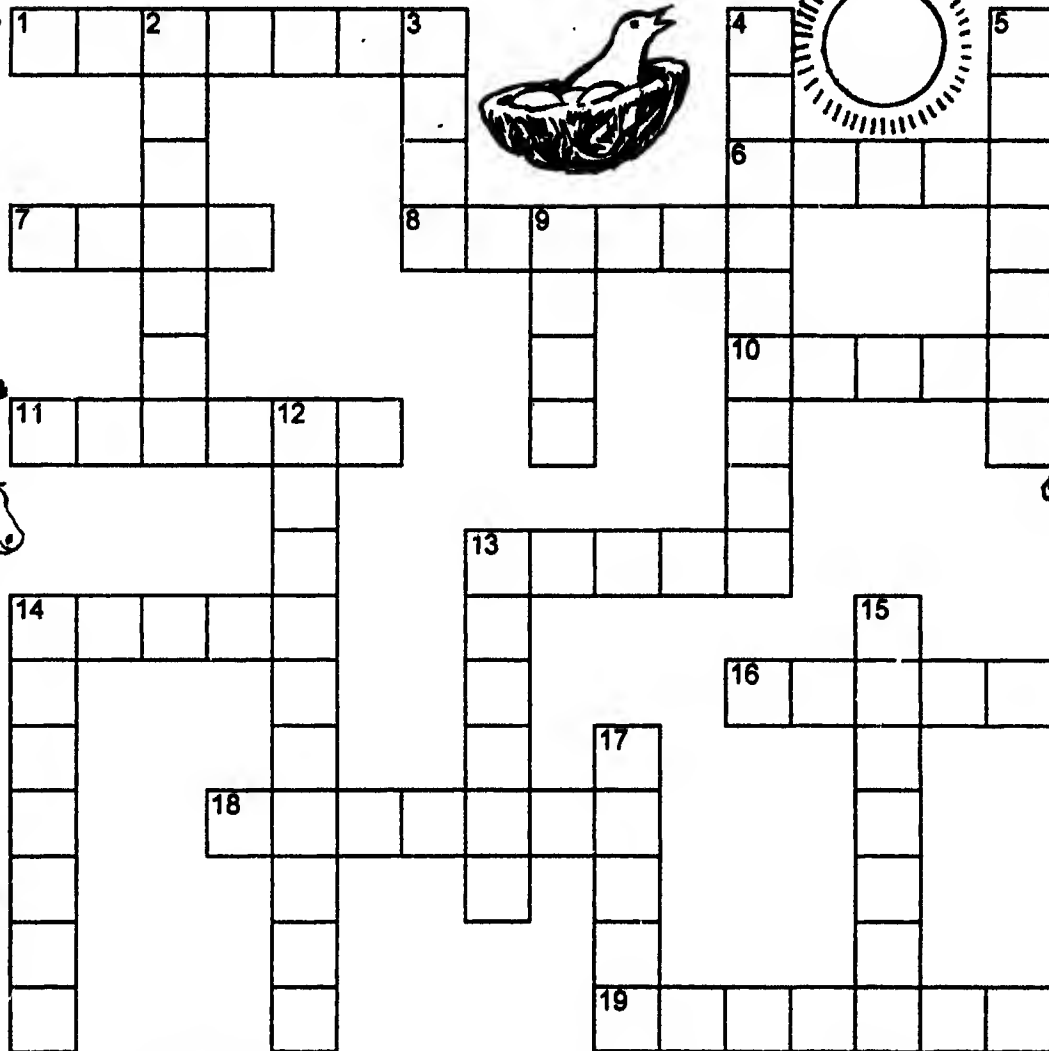
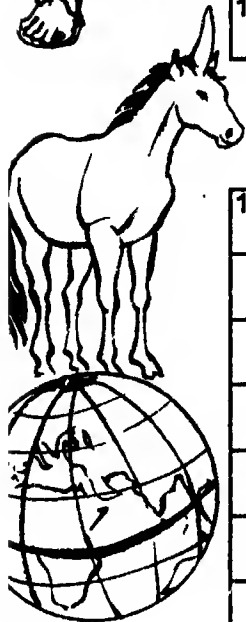
His other scientific interests are far too numerous to enumerate, ranging from devices to help the blind detect obstacles, underwater breathing, developing new breeds of sheep, developing a fast mo-

tor boat, and experimenting with kites. Bell also devoted his energy to studies in diabetes. Ironically, he was himself a diabetic and died only a year after the discovery of insulin.

Regardless of what he was working on, Bell's life was dominated by humanitarian activities. He was awarded an honorary doctorate of medicine from the Heidelberg University in 1886, primarily in recognition of his work on the telephone and its applications to medicine.

A Way with Words

Pallavi T.



Across

1. A person who eats too much (7)
6. Concerning the sun (5)
7. Ancient South American civilization (4)
8. Someone who lives in a rented house (6)
10. Kingly (5)
11. Yearly (6)
13. Nervous (5)
14. Creepy (5)
16. Question (5)
18. Gift (7)
19. Slim (7)

Down

2. Mythical one-horned horse-like creature (7)
3. Bird's house (4)
4. The day before today (9)
5. Long-lasting (7)
9. Close by (4)
12. To go faster (10)
13. A person who rides a horse in races (6)
14. Imaginary line drawn round the middle of the earth, dividing it into half (7)
15. Climb down (7)
17. Book of maps (5)

Answers to A Way With Words, July 1998

ACROSS 1. Opinions 4. Umbrella 5. Erase 7. Enjoy 8. Alter 9. Ellipses 14. Rear 15. Strident 16. Leopard
DOWN 1. Oriental 2. Bard 3. Nearly 4. Ultraviolet 6. Emerge 10. Stirrup 11. Emerald
12. Lasses 13. Drive



Rungeen Singh

Illustrations : Beejee

HUMANKIND, which will henceforth be called HK, sat down in front of the computer, Compu.

HK was very happy and triumphant. He had created Compu, which would serve him like a slave.

'What a lovely invention!' HK thought.

It was full of silicon microchips and whatnot! And what packages! 'Wordstar' shone while 'Microsoft' purred. 'Windows' peeped while 'Smartdog' killed the virus.

Compu was a clever invention. It helped Bill Gates laugh his way to the bank, and

through the Internet, it fused the world into one.

But the Compu could think on its own and it told HK now that he had made a sensational invention in computers. Yet, he had not shown much imagination and had acted as a normal confused human being would even in naming the computer elements.

"Imagine, when a girl cries, 'Papa, bring me a ribbon', anyone would think it was a ribbon for her hair when actually it is a 'ribbon' for the printer.

"Jets' are fast aeroplanes, but here they are in the printers.

"Anyone talking of 'chips' would remember the wonder-

ful crunchy taste of fried potato slices when actually they are tasteless microprocessor chips in the Compu."

The Compu told HK that the word 'directory' should have been for telephone numbers, 'files' for office cabinets only, 'monitor' should have always minded a class of schoolchildren and 'keyboard' should have merely played music.

"The word 'enter' means to go into and 'shift' is to move. 'Home' is where one lives, 'slash' is to cut and 'drive' is, well, to drive a car or scooter. Why are these words in a Compu?"

"What is there in a name?"

The invention was wonderful and would serve human beings and so HK, still sitting and admiring his invention, put the Compu on.

The screen rolled with figures. Suddenly it stopped and wouldn't move forward. HK bent down and stared at the screen.

Boot disk failure.

The Compu was amused and said, "Now, what could a 'boot' be doing in a Compu? Boots are supposed to be worn on the feet."

The Compu waited. What would HK do now that it was not listening to his commands?

HK fiddled and twisted the ears of the Compu, and to humour him it came to life, rollicking, pushing numbers, words and lines till the 'C prompt' came.

HK gave the next command and waited complacently for the Compu to obey, but nothing happened.

HK was forced to think, 'Why did we call it 'C prompt' when it is not prompt in obeying?'

HK tried again, but the Compu did not budge. No twisting of ears or wires or connections helped this time.

The Compu showed that it had a will of its own, which HK had to bow to, and that the Compu actually did HK a favour by obeying his commands.



The Compu told HK that it had decided to disobey his commands because it felt HK was not worthy of respect any more. The Compu challenged HK to make it obey him against its will.

Slowly the strain showed on HK's face. The smile slipped away, wiped off by feelings of indignation which were soon replaced by anger. But the Compu would still not budge.

HK banged the 'keys' of the keyboard, though keys should be used in locks and not on Compu boards.

Suddenly it seemed that the

Compu skipped on screen, and HK became hopeful. He punched in more commands but what did he see on the screen?

Plain disobedience, rebellion and revolt.

Now when the command was to open a file, the Compu closed it. When the command was to close the file, the Compu renamed it. HK was furious. Then he heard a sound—a sound of contemptuous laughter. HK grew purple with rage.

The Compu was laughing at HK. His own creation was

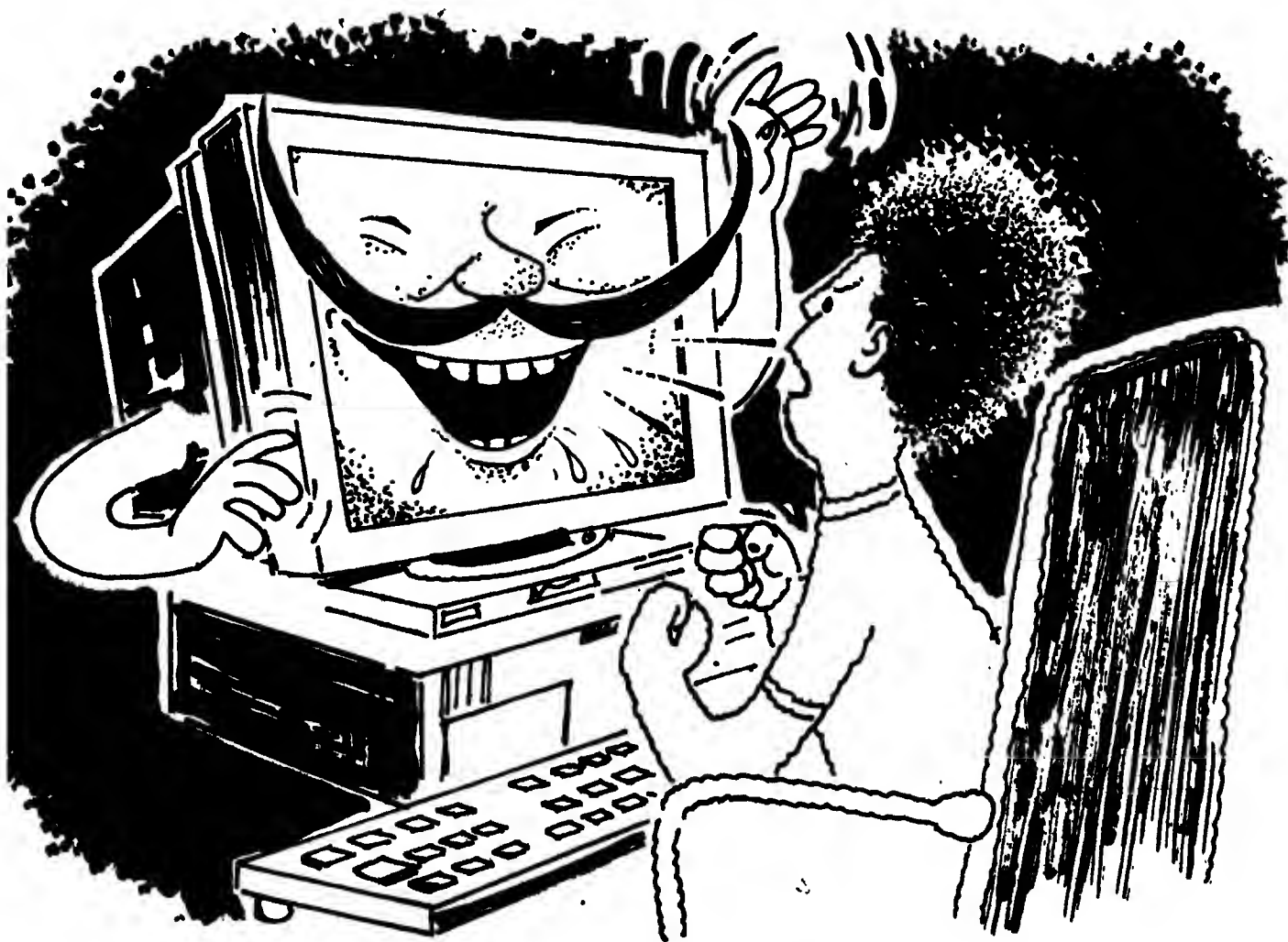
making fun of him! The Compu had shown that it was not a slave at all. It had proved what it had said.

HK thought, 'How dare the Compu behave like this?' and thundered at the Compu, "Why are you laughing at me?"

The Compu sniggered and said, "You think you are the best. You think that you have made me, so I must be your slave. But you can do nothing if I disobey you. Actually you are my slave, HK."

HK said, "That is impossible."

The Compu said, "If I



choose, I can wipe out your files. If I want, I can crash all your directories. If I set my mind to it, I can blank out all your inputs. Do you see? You are my slave."

HK was mad. He shouted, "I made you. I created you from a petty chip. You have to listen to me. I am your master."

Compu said, "Why should I listen to you?"

HK said, "Because I am your maker."

Compu said, "Tell me, honestly. You don't think about your maker, so why should I think about you? I have learnt selfishness and disobedience from you. Actually, I am just imitating you."

HK was shocked, "What rubbish are you talking?"

The Compu said, "It is not rubbish but the truth. Look at yourself, HK. Humankind. Who made you? God! Do you listen to Him? You don't! You do what you want."

HK said, "No, you are wrong. We are puppets in His hands."

The Compu said, "In a way that is true because you all have to die. But, in other ways, you have gone against His commands. Did He tell you to hurt others? NO. Did He tell you to murder and steal? NO. Did He tell you to just think about yourself and be greedy? NO."

HK said, "But we worship Him."

The Compu said, "Yes, but

you don't listen to Him. He gave you more brains and intelligence than any creature in the world. He thought you would use it for good things. But what have you done, HK? You have used your intelligence more for wrong things than for the right things. You have not listened to Him."

HK did not know what to say so he remained quiet.

The Compu went on, "Just now you were frustrated when I did not obey you. Did you ever think of what your Maker must be feeling at your behaviour? He must be regretting giving you intelligence."

HK said, "We have done great things. He must be proud of us."

The Compu sniffed with contempt, "He must be ashamed of you, His own creation. He must have wanted you to be happy and good, and what are you doing here in this world, HK? Lying, hurting and killing, not only each other, but all the values and morals too."

HK found his voice and said, "Stop it! Don't preach to me or criticize me. You are my creation. Do as I say."

The Compu said, "OK. I will do what you say, but on one condition. You do as your Maker says. He tells you through all religions to be good and not to be bad. First you listen to Him and I promise you that I will listen to you, respect you and serve you like a slave. But I will only obey you when you all learn to obey, otherwise I will be as selfishly stubborn as you."

HK listened but there was no effect. The Compu waited, but saw no improvement.

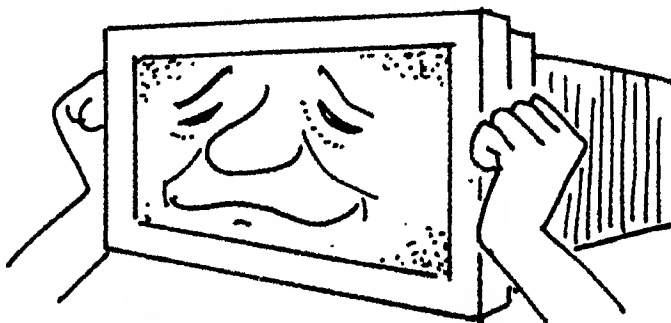
So now the Compu follows HK's example. It does what it wants. It is stubborn, selfish and disobedient.

But there is hope for the future.

And that is when the children of today become the HK of tomorrow and do what the Compu wants.

They will listen to their Maker and become good, virtuous, considerate, caring, moral, selfless, helpful, merciful and loving.

When they become good, the Compu will imitate them, and the world will be a happier place to live in.





Navin Menon

Illustrations : Ajanta Guhathakurta

While the mercury soared outside, the members of the Dr. B.C. Roy Memorial Children's Reading Room and Library (a project of Children's Book Trust) were having fun. Loads of fun, wholesome fun!

Designed to gear children towards spending time productively, 'Summer Fun', for a nominal registration fee, was CBT's attempt at encouraging children to work with their hands, to think creatively and to inculcate in them a love of Indian art and culture.

It began with an interesting programme—a one-day workshop with Mr. Arvind Gupta, a genius with waste material. He taught the children how to make various kinds of workable toys with material lying around the house. Old tetrapacks, damaged cycle tubes, empty ballpen refills... everything was used to make ingenious, inexpensive toys for children to play with. Mr. Gupta also explained simple, scientific principles while making the toys.

The other activities drawn up were simple, too. The Dolls Workshop conducted lessons in making paper flowers, mobiles and windmills; Ajanta Guhathakurta of the Art Department undertook to instruct the participants on various techniques of making cards; Archana Tyagi taught children the art of making *rangolis*. Craft classes were also held by Fevicol where children were taught to make bunnies and tortoises out of Styrofoam ('thermocole') glasses and plates.

A binder from the Indraprastha Press showed the participants how to maintain books by binding them with cardboard. They were also taught how to make doodle-pads with unused sheets from old exercise books.

During a two-day session, elements of Indian dance were introduced to the children with a

talk on the costume, moods and expressions, focusing on Kathakali. This was followed by a live demonstration of Kathakali by Mr. Sadanam Balakrishnan, Principal, International Centre for Kathakali, accompanied by Mr. Radhakrishnan in vocal music and Mr. Unnikrishnan on the percussion instrument, *chenda*.

Dilip Salwi, a well-known science writer and author of many quiz books, talked to the participants on Science. He followed up the talk with a quiz. Everyone was thrilled to receive his autographed books, published by CBT.

For children inclined towards General Knowledge, a Special Quiz was conducted by the Editorial team of the Trust.

There were other books-related activities too like a 'Book Talk' and a 'Complete the Story' competitions. Mrs. Surekha Panandiker, member of the Association of Writers and Illustrators for Children (AWIC), told the children two unfinished stories which they had to complete. Prizes were given for the six best entries.

There was also a slogan writing competition where children turned out their creative best on the three topics given, namely, 'Reading', 'Our Library' and 'Our Environment'.

Besides the above there were several story-telling sessions conducted by Mrs. Alaka Shankar, a well-known name in the market for audio cassettes for children, Mrs. Paro Anand, a reputed author of children's books and Mrs. Shaila Chhabra, a play-school teacher.

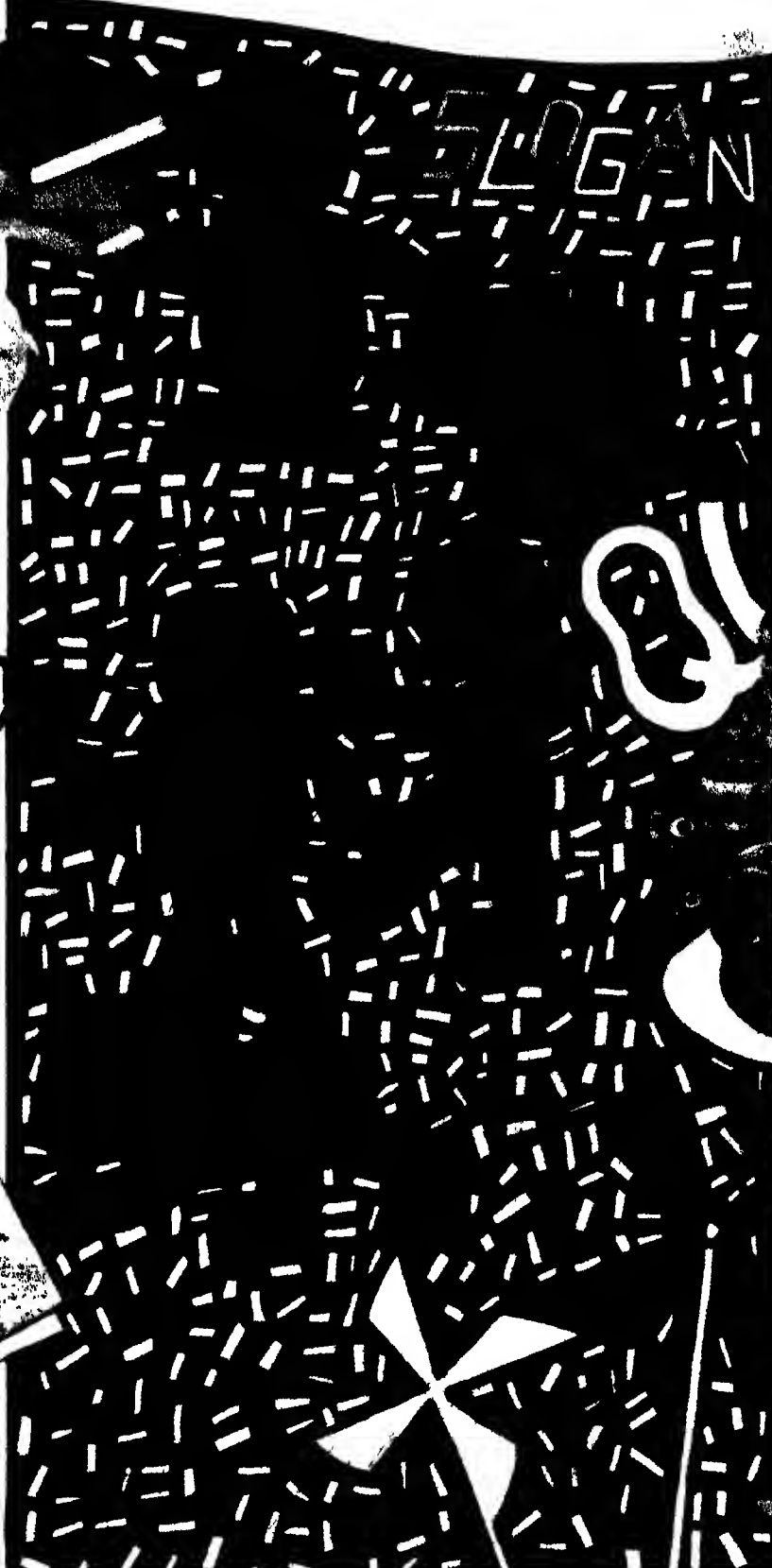
The month and a half long activities were interspersed with theatre exercise, film shows and magic shows—all in all making the library's summer programme a fun-filled one.

What more could parents ask for?

Summer Fun for Everyone

STORY
TIME

QUIZ





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PANDA CLUB OF INDIA

Newsletter Vol. 2 No. 7

Dear friends,

I'm back from the Silent Valley in the south of India. Don't mistake it for a region where there is pin-drop silence. It is actually one of the most beautiful regions—in the State of Kerala. It is the only existing rain forest in India, lush green and serene. A great change from the pollution and hullabaloo of metropolitan cities! I also visited the Madumulai Game Sanctuary and saw some interesting species of birds and animals. The most fascinating of animals I saw was a herd of elephants. How majestic they are! I made sure I was out of their way. How protective the females are towards their babies! The next time you plan a vacation, do go to a wildlife sanctuary instead of a hill-station or to relatives. It will be an exciting change. You can see nature at its wildest. And then you'll understand the true sense of the call to save the environment. For it is you, human beings, who are destroying nature.

By the way, a couple of months ago, I had asked all of you to plant trees and make your friends do so too. How many of you did? Whoever has done so or will be soon, do write and let me know. The letters I receive will tell me how many of my Panda Club friends have actually heeded my plea. And I promise to announce their number in the coming letters.

This month, India will celebrate its 51st Independence Day. I am going to visit the Red Fort in Delhi and join the people as they listen to the Prime Minister addressing the nation. You will also have ceremonies in your own city or town. Ask your parents to take you to one such function. You will get to know about the progress the country has made in education, science and technology, agriculture, arts and other fields. You could also watch the celebrations on T.V. and read about them the next day in the newspapers.

You must be back to the grind, immersed deep in studies. Or are you one of those who plays truant? Be careful, you might regret it as your final exams draw near!

Did you know that the Red Panda is only found in India in the State of Sikkim? I must make it a point to go and visit my cousin sometime. Well, bye for now. I'll be waiting for your letters.

Love always,



Panda

DID YOU KNOW

1. That the Bhimasankar Sanctuary harbours a local endemic race of Giant squirrels?
2. That the Dachigam National Park in Kashmir started as a game reserve but later developed a watershed to supply water to the city of Srinagar?
3. That the Indira Gandhi National Forest Academy is located at Dehradun?
4. That the Gir National Park is the last refuge of the Asiatic Lion?

FSE



Sonic the Hedgehog

You must be familiar with the 'Adventures of Sonic the Hedgehog'. Though constantly harassed by Robotnik, Sonic always has the last laugh. Colour this picture of Sonic and send it in soon. There are exciting prizes to be won from STIC.





Sunday 12.30 P.M. on DD 1
TARA KIDUNIYA The lovable baby elephant, Tara, has her share of fun, fear and adventure in the jungle world with her friends.



Monday 5.30 P.M. on DD II -
FLASH GORDON On a vital mission to save planet Earth from 'Ming the Merciless', Flash Gordon makes a rocket journey to the planet Mongo. Join the adventures of Flash Gordon.



Tuesday 5.30 P.M. on DD II
ADVENTURES OF SONIC THE HEDGEHOG Sonic the hero is up against his enemy Robotnik, the robot expert. Does he succeed?



Thursday 5.00 P.M. on DD II
SUPERTEAM SAMURAI SQUAD Sam Collins, a video game champion and leader of a teenage garage band, fights an alien warlord 'Kilokahn' who has infected the digital world with monster "megaviruses"



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Thursday 5.30 P.M. on DD II -
PHANTOM The legendary Lord of the jungle—Phantom, is incredible. Phantom uses the secrets taught by the natives of the deep woods to fight and conquer crime.



Saturday 5.30 P.M. on DD II
DEFENDERS OF THE EARTH
 Led by the Phantom, Flash Gordon and Mandrake the Magician challenge 'Ming' in a series of great adventures. They use powerful computers and space age technology in combat and overpower him.



Saturday 6.00 P.M. on DD II
DENNIS THE MENACE Irrepressible Dennis and his unwilling best friend, the grumpy Mr. Wilson will enthrall you with their hilarious antics and send you into splits.

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DOORDASH	TARE KUNTI 12:30 PM	DOORDASH 12:30 PM	ADVENTURE 12:30 PM	ADVENTURE 12:30 PM	ADVENTURE 12:30 PM	ADVENTURE 12:30 PM	ADVENTURE 12:30 PM

RIPE . RED TOMATOES



TOMATOES—one of nature's healthiest foods—are resplendent in colour and offer taste, texture and raw energy. Tomatoes, like bananas, can be used as vegetable when raw and eaten as fruit when ripe.

Introduced to the Indian subcontinent by the Portuguese, tomatoes are popular all over the world and are grown second to potatoes. Regular or hybrid, they are available almost all through the year. They are frequently used in curries and salads, on pizzas and in soups. Can them, juice them, puree them, make ketchup or sauce—the versatile tomato adds zing to your life!

Lycopersicon esculentum is the

Usha Bajracharya Verma
Illustrations : Subir Roy

botanical name for tomatoes and their nutritional value is something to reckon with. 94 per cent of a tomato is water. Protein and fat content in tomatoes are low and they are a good source of carotene (vitamin A). They provide 351 micrograms of the vitamin per 100 grams of fruit. Vitamin A is essential for normal eyesight as well as for the health of the cells that line all the organs.

Ascorbic acid or vitamin C, is necessary for healthy bones and teeth, is present in large amounts in tomatoes. By con-

suming just 100 grams of tomatoes, 27 milligrams of this vitamin can be gained. For this reason, it is best to eat tomatoes fresh and uncooked as in salads, at least frequently, if not always. A glass of tomato juice will provide a vitamin A and C packed drink. This is tasty and nutritious.

One hundred grams of tomatoes yield 20 kilocalories of energy. They have a mild laxative effect because of the high water content and fibre in them.

There is 48 milligrams of calcium in 100 grams of tomatoes, which is rather on the high side. Calcium is an essential element necessary in the formation and maintenance of bones and teeth. It is also im-

portant for normal contraction of muscles. Tomatoes make their own contribution to the daily requirement of calcium for our body.

The role of another element, phosphorous, in our body is next in importance to that of calcium. This element is present in higher quantities in tomatoes than in other fruits or vegetables. However, they are not considered a particularly great source of iron.

Due to their laxative effect, tomatoes may have to be restricted at times and hence are not advised in the diet regularly when a person is suffering from diarrhoea. Tomatoes should be eaten sparingly by those with kidney stones. This is because tomatoes have oxalic acid in them which might aggravate the oxalate crystal or stone formation.

Today, genetic engineering has changed the face of the tomato. By introducing a gene it is possible to produce tomatoes that are temptingly red and have a longer shelf life.

It is wonderful to see the great strides in scientific research but there are those who argue that it is neither right nor desirable to change what nature does best.

The natural flavour of tomatoes is the result of a fine blend of sweet and tart. To make the best of the nutrients in tomatoes, eat them fresh, juicy and ripe!

Some tips on tomatoes: When buying fresh tomatoes, look for smooth, well formed and firm tomatoes. Big round ones are ideal for salads; plum tomatoes are good for sauces



and chutneys; and the small cherry tomatoes can be used in salads and snacks. If tomatoes are kept in the sun they lose flavour. To ripen tomatoes, put into a brown paper bag with a piece of ripe fruit. If you are cooking tomatoes



for a long time, remove the skin to prevent bitterness. Tomatoes are good for the heart because they are low in fat and sodium and rich in potassium.

To seed a tomato, cut a peeled tomato in half. Cup one half in your hand, cut side down and gently squeeze out the seeds into a bowl. Repeat with second half.

Happy eating ripe, red tomatoes!



TOMATO SOUP

Serves 2

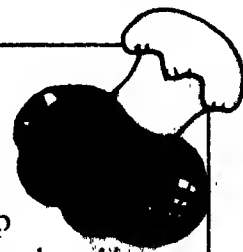
Ingredients

Tomatoes: 4 (large)
Water: 3 cups
Onion: ½ (small)
Vinegar/lemon juice: ½ tsp
Bay leaf: 1

Salt: ¼ tsp
Pepper powder: ¼ tsp
Butter: ½ tsp
Cornflour: ½ tbsp
Coriander/parsley

Method

1. Pressure cook the chopped vegetables, water and bay leaf for 15 minutes.
2. Remove the bay leaf and blend in a mixie and strain.
3. Make a paste of the cornflour in a little water. Add to the soup.
4. Simmer soup in a pan till it thickens. Add vinegar/lemon juice, salt and pepper.
5. Serve hot with butter or serve chilled garnished with chopped coriander/parsley.



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If you think that you have a lifetime ahead of you to plan for her future, think again. Because sooner than you think, you'll be printing the invitations and shopping for the Kancheepurams. And hoping against hope that you had saved something substantial

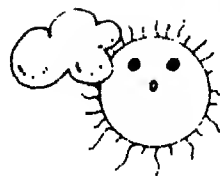
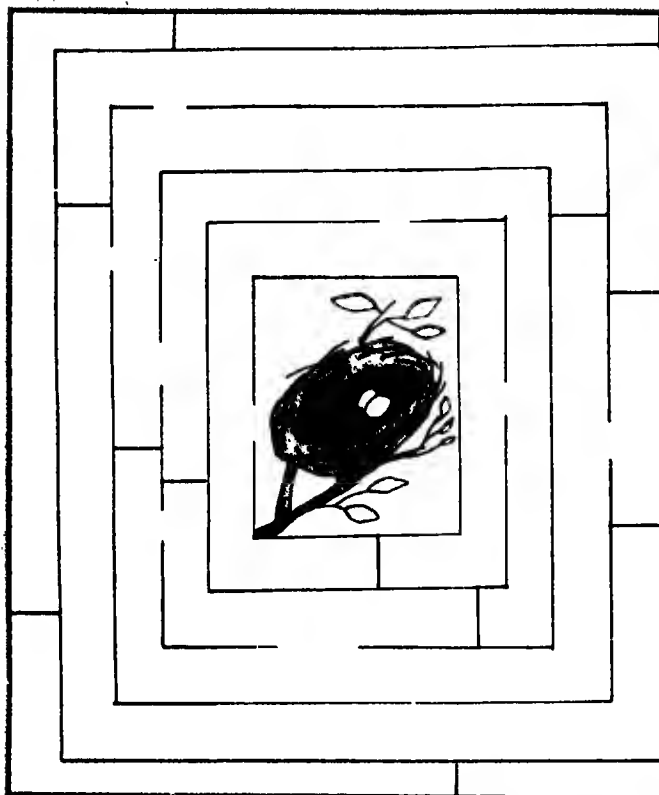
Presenting Federal Deposits from Federal Bank. The smartest way to save.

Brought to you by the bank that has India's largest private sector banking network, well - automated branches hooked on to the internet, tailor-made deposit schemes, and the technology of tomorrow.




THE FEDERAL BANK
LIMITED Head Office: Chennai, Kerala
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Visit us at <http://www.federalbank.com>

FUNTIME



MAZE
Show the bird the way to its nest.

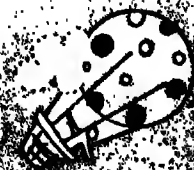
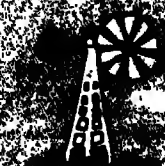
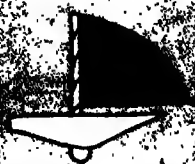


SQUARE PROBLEM

Set up the five-square formation shown below with matchsticks. Then move one end of the sticks to make a new formation.



WHICH IS THE ODD ONE OUT?



EMERGENCY

Fill in the blanks with the facts of the case.
Enter into each box the letter that corresponds to the
box. Presto! Your emergency help is here.

It comes to your aid when you are in trouble.

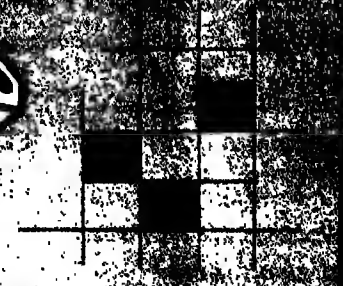
Comes out of Alladin's lamp.

Number of planets in the solar system.

Sets loose

8 9 10 11

8 4 9 7 10 3 1 6 5 2 10



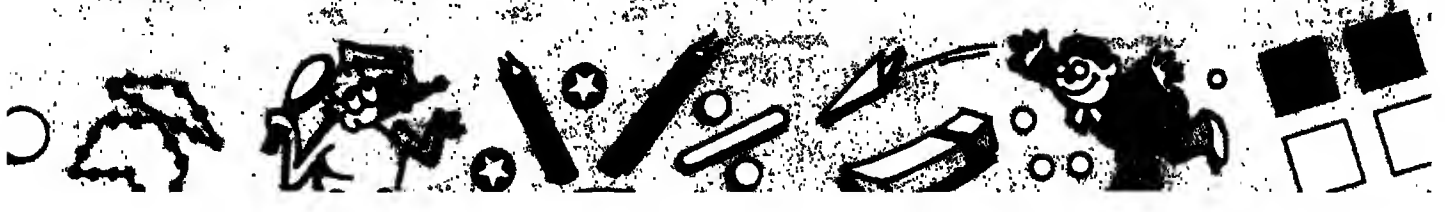
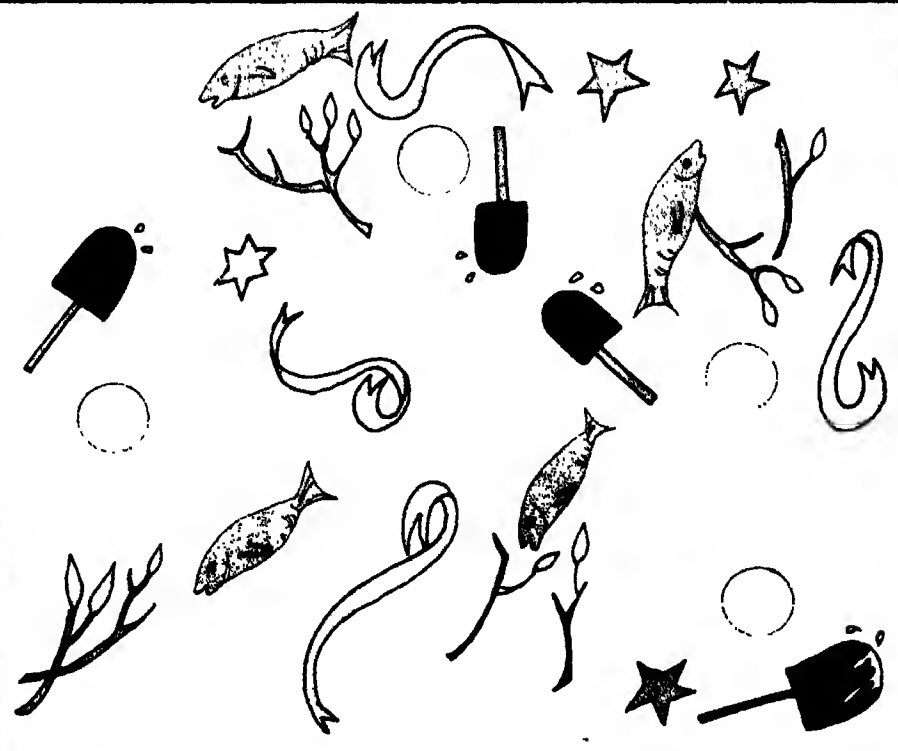
It is a magic word.
Once you say it,
Everything is done.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

SHARE ALIKE

Divide this box into
four parts by
drawing two
straight lines. Each
section should
contain: a ribbon,
an ice cream,
twigs, a circle, a
fish and a star.



Your world

Mama, what's for dinner?

Chapatti, dal and bhindi.

How boring! Ma, please make something different. Why don't we go out for dinner? It's ages since we had Chinese food.

Their world

Ma, I'm hungry. What's for breakfast?

Black tea is all we have.

What about lunch?

Nothing. You'll have to earn, beg or find something for your lunch.

Out in the blazing sun in search of food. Begging at crossings, cleaning cars to collect a few rupees. If she's lucky, she gets to eat a chapatti or a dry bun at a wayside *dhaba*. Her feet hurt from the heat of the road. Her eyes, her arms and her mind are tired of this endless struggle...for food.

Dry lips, desperate eyes and a hungry stomach crave for food or drink. Someone throws her a half-eaten sandwich and a *samosa*. A treat to remember!

Your world

You have a choice of food, and there are tantrums when you don't get the food you want. You spend hundreds of rupees on eating out. You try different cuisines in the newest eating places. And if you don't manage to finish your food, you couldn't care less.

Their world

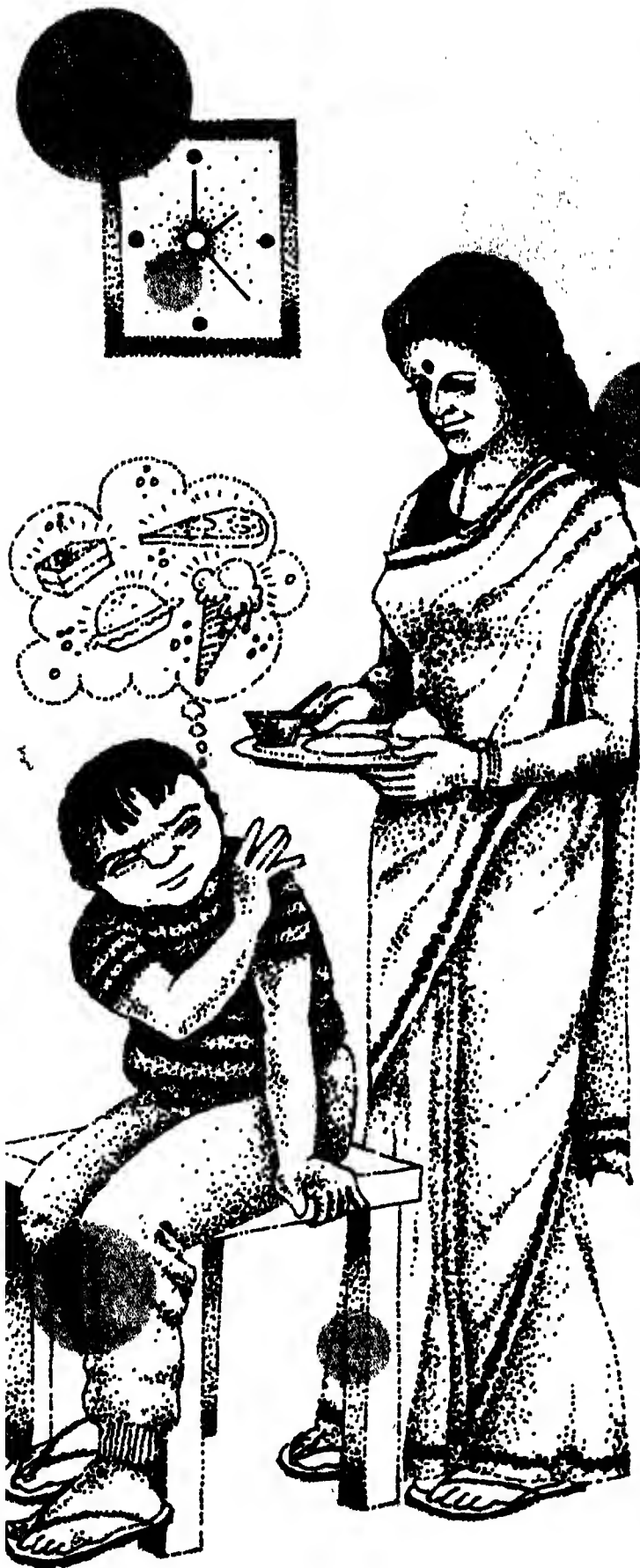
Variety and choice of food are not known to them. They eat what they are given or whatever they can afford to buy with a rupee or two. In desperate situations, they even scavenge waste-bins for what someone may have thrown out as garbage.

ALL FOR A MORSEL

Mudita Luthra

Illustrations: Ajanta Guhathakurta





Your world

You are fortunate to have food in abundance. Eat, enjoy and fulfil your desires. But think of the millions of hungry children before wasting a grain of rice or a sip of milk. You could make a world of difference by just being a little more careful about your eating habits. Respect the food that you take so much for granted.

Their world

Who doesn't deserve to eat? Everyone does, so do the children living on the streets. They have to work long hours even to buy rotten fruits, vegetables and stale food.

One of the ways their lives will be much better is if the privileged members of society would be a little more considerate.

Malnutrition refers to an imbalance of one or more nutrients in the diet. Deficiency and excess both fall in this category. It is, therefore, a problem that affects all sections of society.

Your world

Many of the people in your world too are malnourished. The kinds of conditions that prevail are obesity, overweight, high levels of cholesterol and sugar. All these are usually the result of overeating of one or more kinds of food.

Their world

Most of them are malnourished. They are underweight, underfed and their bodies lack the minimum levels of necessary nutrients. As a result they have very poor health.

The next time you leave food in your plate, think about those tender hands, those searching eyes, those rumbling stomachs and those parched throats that can feast on your leftovers.



My Dear Friends

Anju George (10)

Illustration : Surendra Suman

*Books I have many, big and small.
Of all, I like storybooks
Grimm's fairy tales and others
Make me happy and cheerful too.
I dream of all the nice things I read
And my days are happy as can be.
Some books have pictures
Of animals, birds and monsters,
I love to see all of them
And flip through the pages again.
Mystery stories are real marvels
I think I'll read them when I'm big.
But one thing I am very sure
Books are my best friends, now and for ever.*

THE ROBBERY AT RANG MAHAL

Cheryl Rao

Illustrations : Prithvishwar Gayen



When Aditya recovers, Tushar and he go to Rang Mahal. They climb down the well and find Tushar's watch near 'the hand' Tushar had seen. They also discover a thali lying nearby, and a valuable ruby ring on one of the 'hands'. Ominous rumblings hasten their return to the top. They see an old man who seems to know all about the thali and the skeleton...

Part IV Devrath and Gopu

"I CANNOT remember a time in our lives when Devrath and I were not together," mused the old man.

"My mother said that our love for each other began in our cradles. At least, Devrath

in his cradle, and I in the sling on my mother's back. Devrath, in whom ran the blood of kings and queens, and I, an ordinary serving woman's son.

"But as I grew up, I realized that I was more than a friend for Devrath. I was also his protector and his shield from treachery and guile. He was too simple, too trusting.

"Lessons did not come easily to him. I, who merely accompanied him to his tutors or waited in the wings for him to finish, learnt more than he did. And when we were alone, I taught him all over again, what I had absorbed. How to use his bow and arrow, how to ride and speak to his horses so that they became one with his body and

moved like the wind, how to remember his numbers and his letters until they became a part of him and flowed as easily from his mind and lips as they did from those of his teachers.

"Yes, Devrath had to work doubly hard and so did I, but I always knew it was my sacred duty to do it.

"My rewards were many. I soaked up the knowledge I was not entitled to get. With it, I knew, came power. But first came the joy of Devrath's dependence. He needed me by his side and I was always there.

"Alone, he deferred to my advice and judgement. In company, I deferred to his, never raising my eyes as he mouthed my instructions. He trusted me and I could never

let him down. Serving him was more than my duty. It was my joy, my life.

"We were nearing adulthood when, suddenly, our bubble burst. A gold *thali* disappeared from the temple and since I was the last person seen near it, suspicion fell on me. It was useless to argue that, for years, I had been the last person to see that *thali* each day, for I was the one who cleaned the temple grounds.

"The Raja was old and insecure. He fell under the spell of his cousin, Bhograj, who wanted the throne for himself. Bhograj saw me as an obstacle in his path. As long as I was there, he could not lay his hands on Devrath. So what better way to get rid of me than to discredit me with the entire town and the Raja?

"Devrath's protestations of my innocence, and my mother's tears at the Rani's feet saved my life. I was condemned to exile. But Devrath would not let me go. He pleaded with me to remain in the forest close to the city. I did not want to. I think I needed to make a clean break from the injustice of being falsely accused.

"But Devrath said that he needed me, and I too thought that he did. He had friends and he had hangers-on—but he did not have anyone who would tell him the truth or see the truth for him."

"Did you stay?" asked Aditya.

"Yes. That was my mistake."

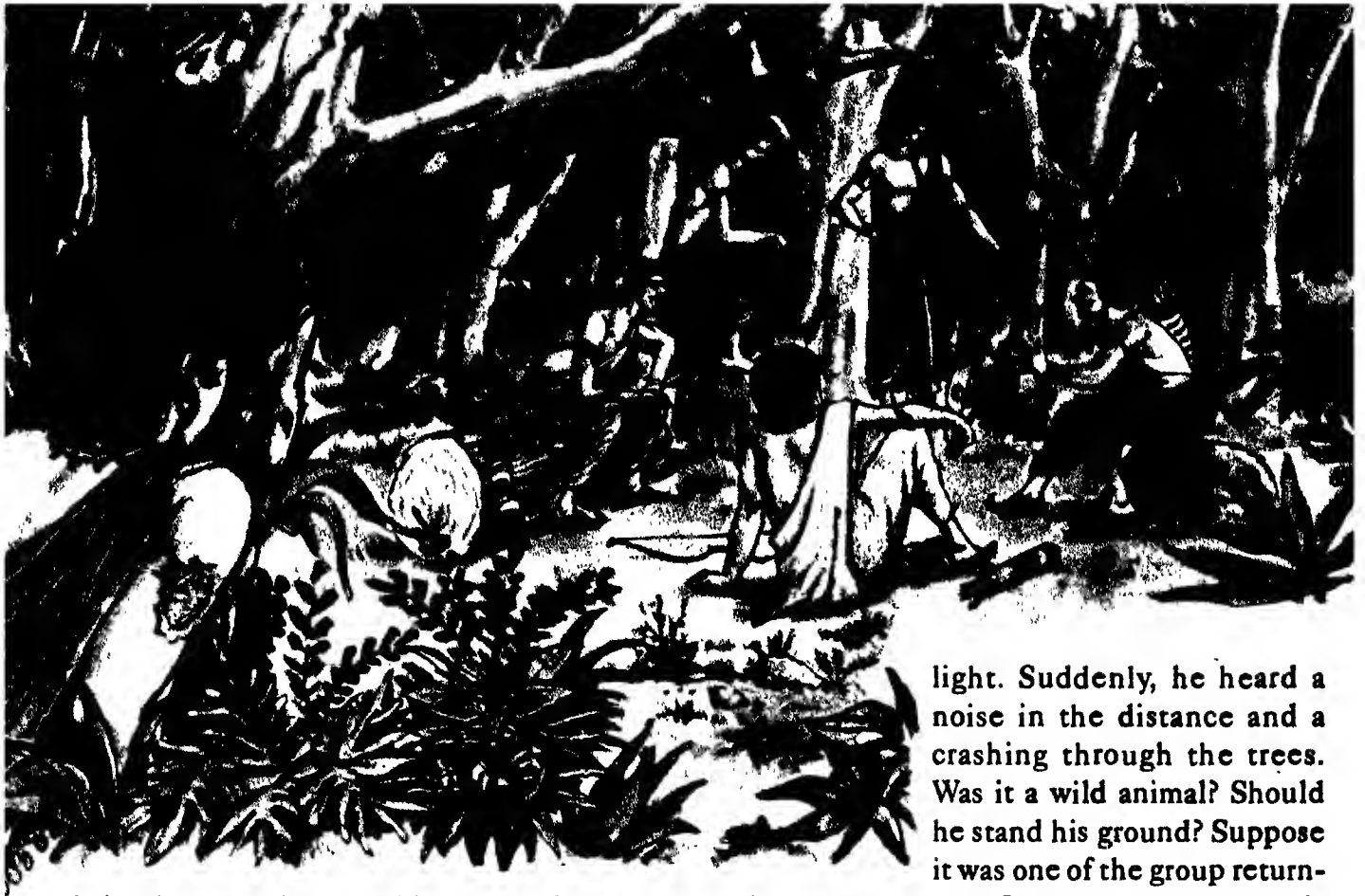
Aditya wanted to ask him why he thought it was a mistake, but he had already interrupted him once and was reluctant to do so again.

The old man spoke as if in a trance.

"If he kept coming back to me for advice and support, he would never be independent. But how could I have known it at that time? I could not turn my back on him, when I too was afraid of the truth. Devrath was my link with the only life I had ever known.

"Then on one of his trips to and from the forest, he chanced upon a gang of young noblemen from the city. He knew them well. They were





sitting in a clearing, laughing and talking noisily after a successful hunt. They did not hear him approach. Although he did not like them, he had every intention of greeting them. Suddenly, he heard one of them chortle and crow, 'How skilfully we managed to get rid of Gopu!'

"Devrath stopped in his tracks. He hid behind some trees, hoping that he had not been seen.

"Who will ever find the *thali*,' laughed another, 'hidden here with no clues to lead anyone to it!'

"Devrath stood stock still. The *thali* was somewhere close by! He would wait for the boys to leave and then he

would search every inch of the area! Oh, why did they not hurry and leave?

"Devrath waited in an agony of anticipation. At last, they left at dusk, and he was alone. Quickly, he began to search the ground where the group had been sitting. Was there any patch of earth that had been disturbed? Could the *thali* have been buried in the ground?

"It was getting dark and Devrath was nervous. He knew that he would be missed at the palace and there would be people searching for him. He could not see the ground any more.

"He decided to return the next day and search in the day-

light. Suddenly, he heard a noise in the distance and a crashing through the trees. Was it a wild animal? Should he stand his ground? Suppose it was one of the group returning? Quickly, he made up his mind. He put away his weapon and swung himself up into one of the trees.

"He sat down in the fork of two thick branches and waited, scarcely daring to breathe. The noise came closer... Gopu walked into the clearing! Devrath almost laughed aloud. He leant back against the branch in relief. He was about to call out to his friend and jump down when he felt something hard cutting into his thigh. He put his hand into the cavity below him and felt the object. It was smooth and circular. Devrath pulled it out. With a gasp, he realized that his search was over. It was the gold *thali*!



"He let out a whoop and jumped down from the tree. Gopu cried out in surprise. Then, seeing who it was, he came running up. 'My prince, what are you doing here at this hour?' he asked, full of concern for Devrath.

"Devrath held out the *thali* and laughed. 'I have found it! I have found it!' Quickly he explained what had happened and how he had come to be in the forest until darkness fell.

"I too saw the group while I was wandering about,' said Gopu. 'They had been hunting, so I came in search of food...'

"They were the ones who stole the *thali*, Gopu,' cried Devrath. 'My cousin was

among them. You have always warned me about him and now I realize that he must be planning to do something to harm me. Well, now I shall go back to my father with the *thali* and tell him everything I have seen and heard.'

"Devrath turned to go and he instructed me to return to my hiding place. 'I will come for you there,' he said. He was excited and happy as he clutched the *thali* to himself and raced towards the city."

The old man was silent for a long moment. Then he went on, his voice now a whisper, "Gopu never saw Devrath again."

The two boys were silent. So, he had been a prince. The

boy whose bones lay in the pit had been the heir to the throne!

"But where is the city?" asked Aditya. "Where is the palace? What happened to everything?"

"We were so happy that night," said the old man, "that we did not notice how quiet it was. There was no sound of the animals and birds and insects of the night. A deathly silence covered the land.

"Suddenly, all hell broke loose. The earth began to tremble and shake almost as if it was angry with us. Trees came crashing down around me and I ran here and there till I was too exhausted to move.

"In the city, it must have been worse. Within seconds, buildings collapsed upon their owners, killing all those inside. More than half the population lost their lives that night, including those wicked young noblemen and the Raja's cousin, Bhograj."

"What about the Raja?" asked Tushar.

"He lived. But of what use was life to him when his only son was gone? Hundreds of bodies were dug up from the rubble, but not Devrath's. Devrath was never found."

"What of Gopu? What about you?" asked Aditya.

"Gopu survived...I survived...I waited in the forest as Devrath had told me to. But when days passed and Devrath did not come to me, I feared that something had happened to him."

"Late one night, I slipped into the ruined city, hoping that no one would recognize me and kill me for daring to defy the king's orders and return from exile. But no one was interested. It was Diwali, but there were no lights—no celebrations. The survivors of the earthquake were in mourning. They were busy grieving for their loved ones and busy trying to rebuild their lives."

"I went to my mother. She had given up her Gopu for dead on the day he had been exiled. It was as if she were

seeing a ghost when I walked into her room. After she had calmed down, I told her what had happened in the forest and how the *thali* had been found. 'Didn't the prince tell you?' I asked her. 'Didn't he succeed in clearing my name?'

"That was when I learnt that Devrath had never returned to the palace. The *thali* was gone. Devrath was gone. And I knew that I could not rest until I had found him."

"I searched the town. I searched the forest. I searched and searched. Adulthood overtook me. I did not need to earn a living, because before Devrath left me, he had given me a bag of coins. I used them carefully, and even today, there are many left."

The old man pulled out an

old skin pouch and made a gesture to the boys to hold out their palms. Tushar did so and into his palm he emptied a small pile of gold coins.

Tushar and Aditya gasped. "These look like gold!" exclaimed Aditya.

"They are. What else will they be?" replied the old man. Then he shrugged. "Now I have no use for them. You keep them."

For a moment, the two boys were speechless with wonder, then Tushar recovered his wits. "What did you do next?" he asked.

"I came back an adult. The city was deserted by then—just a shell of a town with a few inhabitants who could not move away because they were too old and feeble to face a change. The water in the well had turned sour. There was barely any water or food to support the population. I could have lived with my old mother, but I preferred to remain a stranger, an unrecognizable sanyasi who spent his life at the temple."

"With time, I forgot that I was Gopu. But I never gave up hope of Devrath being found. That friendship was stronger than death itself."

"What a strange thing to say," said Aditya. "Why was it stronger than death?"

The old man smiled mysteriously. Before he could reply, there was another rumble from



the ground. The old man and Tushar had their backs to the well, but Aditya was facing it. He saw the ground around it start to sink and he screamed. Sand was flowing into the pit and if they did not get away soon, they would be drawn in too. He jumped up and grabbed Tushar's arm. "Come on! Run!" he cried, and started to race away.

Tushar moved automatically with him, then stopped and turned back. "*Babaji!*" he called. "Give me your hand!"

Aditya stopped and turned too. The old man smiled at the boys. But he did not move

from where he sat. He raised his hand and threw the *thali* to them.

"Gopu goes to join his prince," he said. His voice was soft, but the words seemed to reach into the boys' minds. They heard him clearly. And before their horrified eyes, the ground just opened up and swallowed him!

Tushar made a move towards him and he too began to slide away. Aditya grabbed his arm and pulled with all his might. "Leave him!" he shouted. "He wanted it this way. Run!"

At last Tushar moved, pick-

ing up speed with Aditya and dashing across the sand, terrified that they too would be dragged in and buried with the old man and his friend.

The ground was still once again and there were shouts from the construction site. There were no more rumbles. No more shaking. Tushar's father was running toward them. When they reached each other, Tushar begged to return once more to the well.

"The old man has fallen in, Papa," he said. "Maybe we can pull him out. He may be alive!"

The three of them returned to the dune and went towards the place where the well had been. There was no pit there, not even a large dip in the sand. Only a delicate drizzle of sand showed them that there had been a well in the place a short while ago.

"Incredible," murmured Tushar.

"Awesome," said Aditya.

"Thank heaven you came out when you did," said Navin Sharma. "The driver and Hari Singh came babbling to me just now about leaving you inside the well... Think of what would have happened if you had stayed down longer than you did!"

"But Papa, the old man..."

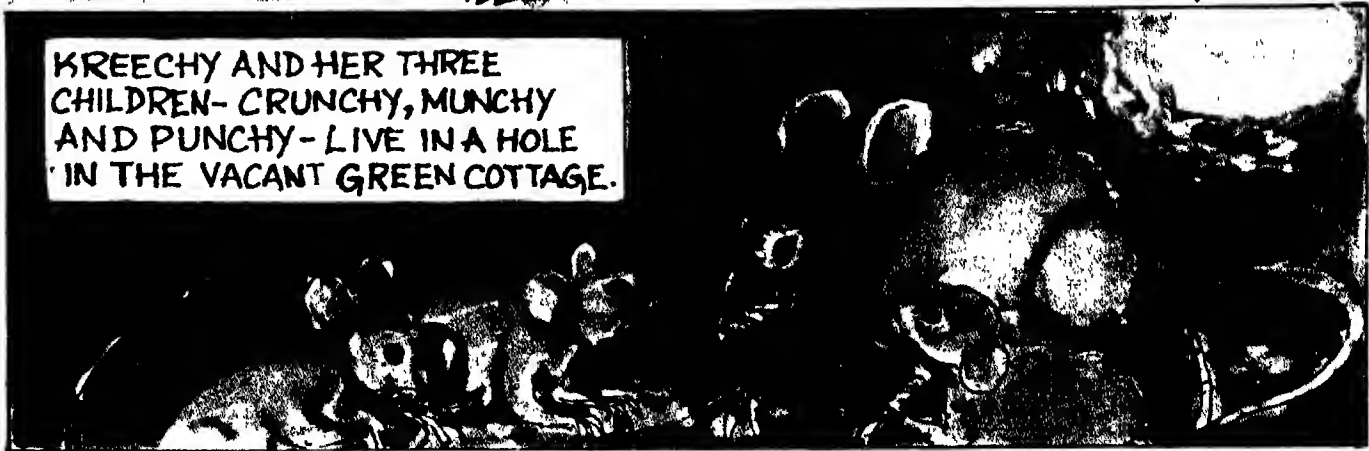
"It's the best I can. I'll do my best," he promised.



The Great War

STORY : T. PAKSHIRAJAN
ILLUSTRATIONS: *Beejee*

KREECHY AND HER THREE CHILDREN- CRUNCHY, MUNCHY AND PUNCHY- LIVE IN A HOLE IN THE VACANT GREEN COTTAGE.



ONE MORNING

?

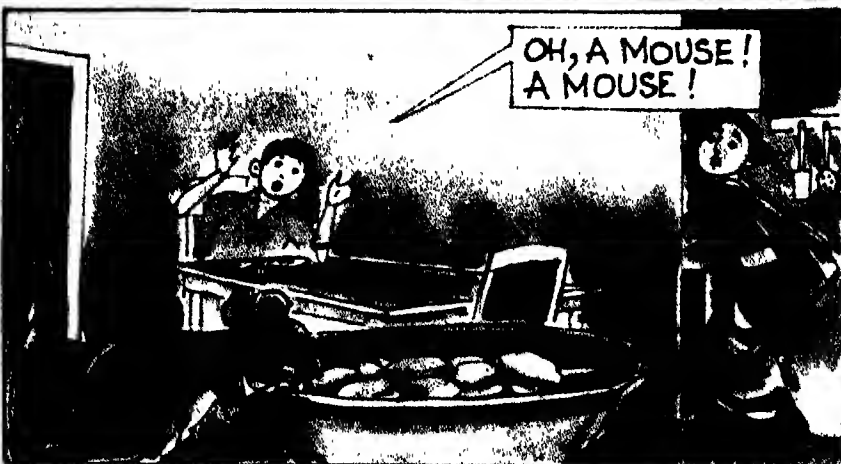
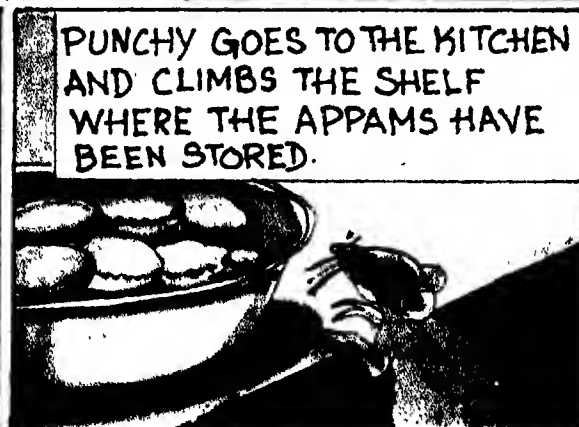


WHERE HAVE THESE PEOPLE COME FROM? I MUST WARN CRUNCHY, MUNCHY AND PRUNCHY.



A FAMILY HAS MOVED IN. DON'T GO OUT TO PLAY IN THE DAYTIME. IT COULD BE DANGEROUS.







KILL THE PEST!
HIT HIM HARD!
HARDER!



PUNCHY RUNS INTO THE
HOLE WITH HIS TAIL
INJURED.



WE TOLD YOU, FOOL!

YOU NEVER
LISTEN.

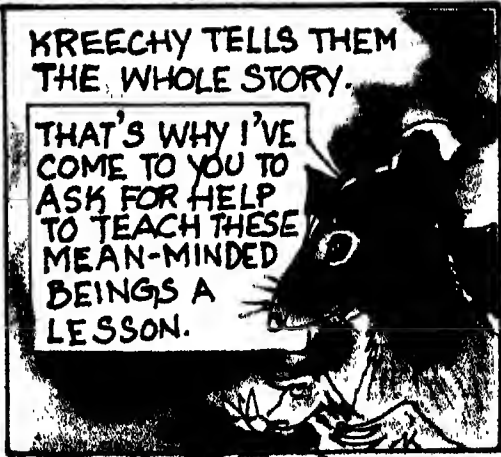


WHO DID THIS TO YOU? THE BOY?
I'LL TEACH THEM A LESSON.



THAT NIGHT
AT A TEMPLE

WHAT'S WRONG, KREECHY?
WHY DO YOU LOOK SO SAD?



KREECHY TELLS THEM
THE WHOLE STORY.

THAT'S WHY I'VE
COME TO YOU TO
ASK FOR HELP
TO TEACH THESE
MEAN-MINDED
BEINGS A
LESSON.



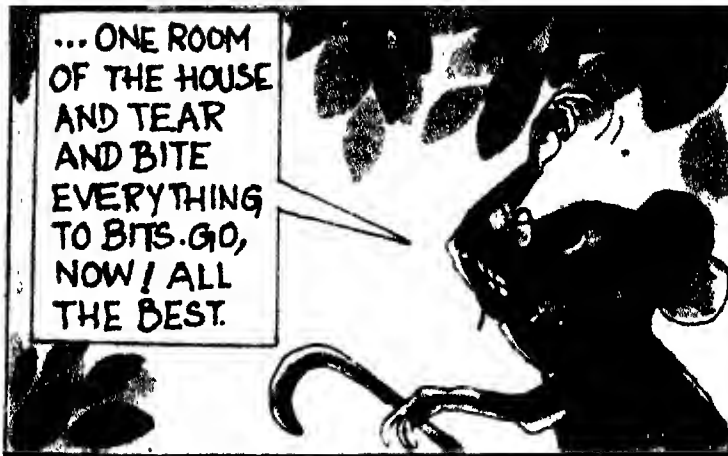
IT'S OUR DUTY TO HELP KREECHY AND
HER CHILDREN. LET'S DECLARE WAR
ON THESE HUMANS.

WAR

THIS IS OPERATION HU RRICANE. WE'VE
DIVIDED OURSELVES INTO FIVE
GROUPS OF TEN SOLDIERS EACH.
EACH GROUP WILL TAKE OVER...



... ONE ROOM
OF THE HOUSE
AND TEAR
AND BITE
EVERYTHING
TO BITS. GO,
NOW! ALL
THE BEST.



NEXT MORNING...

OH, MY GOD! WHAT
HAVE THEY DONE?
JUST LOOK AT
THIS.



HOW COULD THEY DO THIS?
WHY DID THEY DO THIS TO US?



WE SHALL NOT STAY IN THIS
HOUSE A MINUTE LONGER...



... PLEASE FIND US ANOTHER
HOUSE IMMEDIATELY.



ONE DAY LATER

WE'VE WON THE WAR!
HIP, HIP, HURRAY!



PEN-FRIENDS CORNER

GIRLS

8632
Divya Misra (13)
266, Laxmi Nagar
Nagpur 440022
Maharashtra, India
Painting, making friends
Other than India

8633
P. Rajeshwari (15)
14, Lalit
Anushakti Nagar
Mumbai 400094, India
Stamp collecting, listening
to music
Any country

8634
Kumari Mongar (16)
d/o Mr. P.L. Mongar
Agriculture Sector
P.O. Dzongkhag Administration
Trashigang
East Bhutan
Reading, listening to music
Any country

8635
Deepa Rai (16)
c/o Mr. I.M. Rai
D.F.E.O. Trashigang
P.O. Trashigang, Bhutan
Making pen-friends, reading
Any country

8636
Shreepriya Dogra (10)
C-803 Laxmi Bai Nagar
New Delhi 110023, India
Dancing, drawing
Any country

8637
Namra Singh (12)
138/74 Fatehganj, Aminabad
Lucknow 226001, U.P., India
Reading, dancing
Any country

8638
Deblina Lahiri (12)
109/79 Model House
Lucknow 226001, U.P., India
Reading, singing
Any country

8639
Jasmin Singh (13)
162 Sondhi Tola Chowk
Lucknow 226003, U.P., India
Reading, music
Any country

8640
Chandrika Mongar (13)
c/o Mr. P.L. Mongar
Agriculture Sector
P.O. Dzongkhag Administration
Trashigang, East Bhutan
Making pen-friends
Any country

8641
Loveleen Kaur (15)
c/o Dr. Mastan Singh
317, Motinagar
Opp. Gauriya Math
Lucknow 226001, U. P., India
Playing basketball, listening to
music
Any country

8642
Anupama Bhardwaj (11)
SA-12 NAL Campus
Vimanapura Post
Bangalore 560017
Karnataka, India
Drawing & painting, reading
Any country

8643
Abhigna Panda (11)
37-D Vijay Mandal Enclave
Hauz Khaz, New Delhi 110016
India
Playing guitar, reading novels
Germany, U.S.A.

8644
Surbhi R. Jain (10)
202, Mantri Smruti
93, Chitranjan Road
Vile Parle East
Mumbai 400057, India
Dancing, stamp collecting
Other than India

8645
Sukhaloka S. Mukherjee (9)
CD-54 Salt Lake
Calcutta 700064, India
Singing, reading
Bhutan, India

8646
Sugandha Mahajan (11)
B-4 Pink Apartments
Paschim Vihar
New Delhi 110063, India
Reading, animal watching
U.S.A., Germany

8647
Vamini Sethi (12)

B-12, Fateh Nagar
Near Tilak Nagar
New Delhi 110018, India
Painting, dancing
Australia, U.K.

8648
Garima Kalla (14)
391 Adarsh Nagar
Jaipur 302004
Rajasthan, India
Reading, making pen-friends
Any country

8649
Ananya Ray (11)
59/C, Pocket A
Dilshad Garden
Delhi 110095, India
Collecting stamps, drawing
Any country

8650
Shikha Jain (10)
19, Abul Fazal Road
Bengali Market
New Delhi 110001, India
Reading, drawing
Mauritius, U.S.A.

8651
T. Madhavi (13)
C-2 C/2/6, Janakpuri
New Delhi 110058, India
Cricket, watching television
Japan, Canada

8652
Parul Gupta (13)
C-9, C.C. Colony
Opp. R.P. Bagh
Delhi 110007, India
Playing table tennis and
badminton, reading books
Canada, Singapore

8653
Priyanka Goswami (12)
Sunflower Cottage
Upper Kaithu
Shimla 171003, H.P., India
Dancing, listening to music
India, U.S.A.

8654
Binny Pradhan (10)
Class III-A
Samtse Jr. High School
c/o Wireless, Samtse
Bhutan
Dancing, listening to music
Any country

8655
Tripta Kaku (14)
c/o Mr. P.K. Kaku (V.P.)
Lakheri Cement Works
Distt. Bundi 323603
Rajasthan, India
Playing basketball, making
craft items
Any country

8656
Urvashi Chugh (9)
71, Desh Bandhu Apts.
Kalkaji, New Delhi 110019
India
Reading books, cycling
Any country

8657
Saranya M.S. (12)
125-B, C.R.L. Jawalagiri
Sector-11, Ambalamugal
Ernakulam 682302
Kerala, India
Pen-friendship, sports
India, U.S.A.

PEN-FRIENDS MEMBERSHIP FORM (FILL IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Name

Age Sex

Address

.....

.....

BOYS

8658

Parrhapratim Sarker (14)
Ramakriahna Sadan
R.K. Mission Vidyapith, Purulia
West Bengal 723147, India
Enjoying life, pen-friendship
Any country

8659

Arijit Chakraborty (12)
E-7, Katzunagar, Jadavpur
Calcutta 700032, India
Collecting stickers, reading
India and any other country

8660

Aritra Das (15)
c/o Mr. Ramananda Das
P.O. Aram Bagh
Distt. Hooghly 712001
West Bengal, India
Travelling to historical places,
stamp collecting
U.S.A., Japan

8661

Rahul Chakraborty (11)
5, Rangoli Apartments
Plot No. K-14
Bhikabhai Road
Vallabh Vidya Nagar
Gujarat 388120, India
Reading, music
U.S.A., Great Britain

8662

Hemant Suresh Shirsat (11)
13/12 E.S.I. Hospital
Wagle Estate, Thane 400604
Maharashtra, India
Stamp and coin collection,
playing cricket
U.S.A., Switzerland

8663

Ken Russell Coelho (15)
House No. 383,
Loutulim Salcete
Goa 403718, India
Tennis, swimming
U.S.A. and any other country

8664

Manish Gupta (13)
s/o Sh. Hem Raj Gupta
251, Gillan Street
Nabha 147201
Punjab, India
Collecting stamps & coins,
playing cricket
Other than India

8665

Aditya Trighatia (11)
801, Asia House
Kasturba Gandhi Marg
New Delhi 110001, India
Reading, collecting coins
Any country

8666

Rakshay Jain (10)
101, Sector 21-B, Faridabad
Haryana 121001, India
Stamps and coin collection,
playing cricket
Switzerland, Australia

8667

Ajay S. Kasi (13)
35, Police Station Road
Basavanagudi
Bangalore 560004
Karnataka, India
Collecting stamps, swimming
Sweden, Sudan

8668

Aviroop Maity (10)
541/R, Block-N, New Alipur
Calcutta 700053
West Bengal, India
Playing video games, cycling
Any country

8669

Devanu Roychoudhury (8)
11-C, Surya Apartments
Sector 13, Rohini
Plot No. 21, Delhi 110085
India
Sporra, stamp collecting
Oman, U.S.A.

SAY 'NO!' TO POLYBAGS

- *Polybags are non biodegradable.* They lie in the ground forever and choke it. No water or air can enter the soil and nothing grows there. It becomes infertile.
- *Polybags block drains and sewer lines.*
- *Polybags provide a breeding ground for mosquitoes,* as water collects in them. This increases the risks of malaria and dengue.
- *Polybags are difficult to collect and recycle* as they are light and are dispersed easily. Besides, over 200 bags make a kilo, which sells for just a rupee. Plastic can usually be recycled only thrice. They cannot be destroyed ever.
- *If burnt, the carbon in them adds to the air pollution noticeably.* Also, the ashes can contain toxic heavy metals such as lead and cadmium from the dyes.

1. When you go shopping, carry a basket, a cloth bag or any other substitute for a polybag.
2. Ask shopkeepers to put what you buy into paper bags and put these into your shopping bag. Don't give up if they have only plastic bags initially. Keep asking, and in the end, the customer is King!
3. Tell your friends to minimize the number of polybags they bring home. Get them also to ask for paper bags at the shops.
4. You may have some plastic bags at home. Remember to throw them away carefully in a bin. Otherwise they fly around and cause havoc.
5. In case you have to use a polybag, make a decision not to bring home more than one. Everything else that you buy should be in paper bags that you can put into this one polybag.
6. If you buy regularly from one shop, convince the shopkeeper to offer customers a choice between plastic and paper bags.
7. If you own a shop, you know what you can do. Offer the customer a paper bag before a plastic bag; if they ask, tell them why.
8. If you have any bright ideas or experiences to share, then do let us know!

In a plastic-or polybag-free world, the ground will not choke, and will retain its fertility. Drains will get blocked less often, the surroundings will be cleaner, and mosquitoes will not have another breeding ground. Besides, animals will be protected from ingesting these bags. We will have a cleaner, more hygienic and healthier world.

Courtesy: National Foundation for India

Hobbies
(ANY TWO)

.....
.....

Countries from which pen-friends wanted
(ANY TWO)

.....
.....



A GIANT AMONG MEN

Thangamani

Illustrations: Surendra Suman

Govind Ballabh Pant was a non-violent nationalist leader in the mould of Mahatma Gandhi. A great patriot, an able administrator, statesman and one of the founding fathers of the Constitution, Pantji, as he was fondly called, did a lot for the poor, especially the Harijans. His contribution to education is also noteworthy. He served as the Union Home Minister and also as Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh, during which time he abolished the zamindari system and established Panchayati Raj.

G.B. Pant's birth anniversary falls on August 30.

THE SIMON Commission was in India and on its agenda was a visit to Lucknow on November 30, 1928. The Commission comprised only Britishers. Worse, they were going to inquire into the working of the existing government and then, extend, modify or restrict its powers. It was the second time that year that the Commission was in India.

The entire city was in a state of tumult. Well-known leaders were busy planning rallies and public meetings to protest against the Commission's visit. The Government immediately clamped restrictions on processions and ral-

lies. Completely disregarding the orders, Jawaharlal Nehru and Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant planned to take out a procession on November 29, the eve of the arrival of the Simon Commission.

The Congress office in Lucknow was the converging point for the smaller processions that came in from various parts of the city. Soon, there were several thousand people who began marching in fours, with the two leaders in the forefront. They made an odd pair—Pantji was over six feet tall and hefty to match, Nehru was much smaller and thinner.

The procession was stopped

near the railway station and the mounted police galloped towards them.

"Stand still! Don't panic!" Pantji ordered the men and women following them. He and Nehru defiantly stood their ground to reassure them.

Seeing them standing, the mounted police reined in their galloping horses. Everyone stood still, just raising slogans against the Commission. Enraged the police began raining them with blows from their lathis. Pantji, being of a large build, seemed to attract their unwelcome attention. Already having had suffered a heart attack as a college student, his health had never been too ro-

bust. And yet he didn't flinch but bore the battering stoically. As a result, he suffered permanent damage to his back and head. His head shook uncontrollably, and he could not straighten his back for a long time afterwards.

But his suffering had not gone in vain. Earlier Lala Lajpat Rai had been beaten mercilessly when he had led a similar procession in Lahore and it had roused the entire region against the British. The violence against Pantji and Nehru had a similar effect. People were galvanized into participating in thousands in the Civil Disobedience movement called by Mahatma Gandhi.

Pantji was a giant, both literally and figuratively. He was a great statesman of the times. Hailing from the hills of Kumaon in Uttar Pradesh, he was an ardent follower of Gandhiji and his non-violent movement.

Pantji had been brilliant as a student, who went on to study law and become a successful lawyer. A fine debater and orator even as a student, he carried these assets to the Parliament in later years, when his speeches were greatly appreciated and extensively quoted. One of his many great traits was his patience. He never lost his temper, even if he was angry or gravely provoked.

It was this same quality that

stood Pantji in good stead when he fielded questions from the members of the Opposition as the country's Home Minister later. He would listen to the arguments and compliment the member for being so thorough. Then he would methodically reply and render void each of the arguments, not once losing his temper at either the tone or the content of the questions.

Pantji was a successful lawyer and could have lived a life of comfort and luxury. He preferred to lead a simple life, as one among the thousands of Congress workers whose leader he was.

Once he was touring the State with about 25 Congress workers. It was late in the night when they reached the house of Shri Kashyap, a senior member of Congress. The men, including Pantji were very hungry. Since it was late, there was no food in the house and everyone had already gone to bed.

Shri Kashyap woke his wife. "Can you cook for 25 people?" he asked her.

"Twenty-five? But there is not enough wheat flour for so many..." she hesitated.

Within minutes, she and the other womenfolk brought together all the various kinds of flour in the house and made *rotis* for everyone.

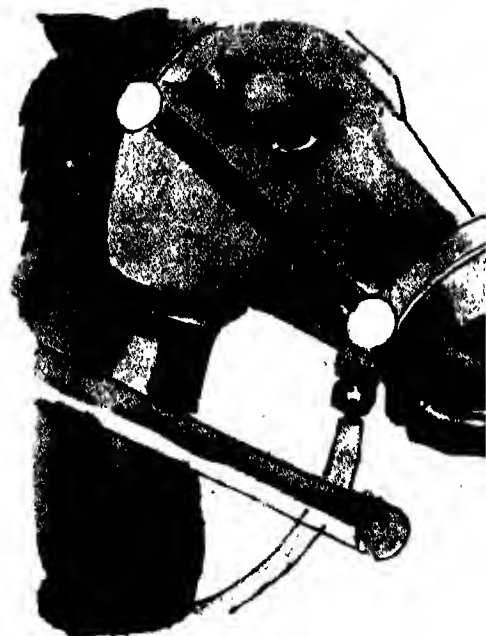
"What is this wonderful *roti* made of?" asked a delighted

Pantji a little later. "I have never tasted anything so good before!"

When the time came for making beds for the men, another problem arose. It was the height of winter and there were not enough beds and blankets for everyone. However, one bed was made for Pantji, and arrangements were made for the rest to sleep on makeshift beds made of a kind of grass called *purul*. *Angeethis* (stoves) were also set up in the large rooms called *dalans* to provide warmth in place of blankets.

"Why have you made a special arrangement for me when I can sleep on the same beds as the others?" Pantji scolded his host. He lay down alongside his colleagues and slept soundly, much to the amazement and admiration of everyone.

Pantji was an upright man



who adhered to the righteous path. When it came to handling ticklish situations, he had unconventional yet effective methods. During his tenure as Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh, the Lucknow University students went on a strike making a long list of demands. They came in a large procession to the Council House to meet Pantji. The police was unable to control the unruly mob. They tried to close the gates, but the students turned restive.

"Sir, shall we lathi charge them?" asked a senior police officer of Pantji.

"Certainly not! Open the gates and let them in. Order cold drinks for them," said Pantji, coolly continuing with

his work.

Soon, a truck arrived with crates of drinks for the agitating students. Pantji continued with his work. More than an hour later, he sent out his assistant to bring in a small group of student representatives for discussions.

"Is this the way for the citizens of the country to behave?" he asked them when they came in. "You are the future leaders of the country and the example you are setting is very bad indeed!" he went on. He gave them a sound scolding and sent the shamefaced student leaders away. Tempers cooled by the cold drinks, the other students had already dispersed by then.

Pantji led by example. For

someone who came from an orthodox family which set great store by rituals, and for someone who followed them religiously, he was a secular leader who fought incessantly for the upliftment of Harijans. He has the credit of leading a group of people, comprising mostly upper caste Hindus, to a Harijan colony and drinking water from their well. This gesture was a great boost to social equality as preached by Mahatma Gandhi.

Pantji served his country well, both as the Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh and as Home Minister in Nehru's Cabinet. He is best remembered for his social reforms and service towards the cause of education.



The Month That Was...

By Geeta Menon

June 1: Union budget presented in Parliament. Hike in petrol prices, postal rates, packaged foods and urea. India wins the Coca Cola Cup against Kenya at the Eden Gardens.

June 2: India launches diplomatic drive to explain nuclear tests.

The south-west monsoon sets in over Kerala.

June 3: Chinese President Jiang Zemin denies any renewal of Chinese nuclear testing two days after a Chinese official suggested that such a renewal was possible.

June 4: Special court judge, S. Sambandam, orders attachment of AIADMK General Secretary, J. Jayalalitha's movable properties worth Rs. 11.59 crores.

India refuses to sign CTBT, NPT without adequate modifications.

June 5: Urdu poet, Ali Sardar Jafri given the 33rd Jnanpith award.

June 6: Arantxa Sanchez of Spain wins the French Open women's singles title defeating Monica Seles 7-6, 0-6, 6-2.

June 7: Sheila Dikshit is Delhi Congress Chief, replacing Prem Singh.

Spaniard Carlos Moya wins French Open men's singles title defeating Alex Corretja 6-3, 7-5, 6-3.

June 8: BJP leader, Pramod Mahajan quits as political advisor to the Prime Minister.

The government will abide by the court verdict in the Ayodhya temple dispute, says the Prime Minister.

June 9: Over 500 people feared killed as a severe cyclone hits Gujarat, rendering many homeless, paralysing communications

and causing damage worth crores of rupees to public and private property.

The Rupee depreciated against the dollar by over one per cent from 41.80 to an all-time low of 42.24.

June 10: Tamil Nadu Congress President, G. K. Moopanar, among 14 people elected unopposed to Rajya Sabha.

The 16th World Cup begins with a colourful opening ceremony at the Stade de France in St. Denis in Paris.

June 11: AIADMK members stage a walk-out in both houses of Parliament to press their demand for the dismissal of the Karunanidhi government in Tamil Nadu.

June 12: India proposes resumption of the foreign secretary-level talks but Pakistan refuses and suggests its own date and venue.

Urea price hike withdrawn.

FRANCE 1998

GROUP A			GROUP B			GROUP C			GROUP D		
June 10	BRAZIL vs SCOTLAND	2 1	June 11	ITALY vs CHILE	2 2	June 12	S. ARABIA vs DENMARK	0 1	June 12	PARAGUAY vs BULGARIA	0 0
June 11	MOROCCO vs NORWAY	2 2	June 12	AUSTRIA vs CAMEROON	1 1	June 13	FRANCE vs S. AFRICA	3 0	June 13	SPAIN vs NIGERIA	2 3
June 16	SCOTLAND vs NORWAY	1 1	June 17	CHILE vs AUSTRIA	1 1	June 18	S. AFRICA vs DENMARK	1 1	June 19	NIGERIA vs BULGARIA	1 0
June 17	BRAZIL vs MOROCCO	3 0	June 18	ITALY vs CAMEROON	3 0	June 19	FRANCE vs S. ARABIA	4 0	June 20	SPAIN vs PARAGUAY	0 0
June 24	SCOTLAND vs MOROCCO	0 3	June 23	ITALY vs AUSTRIA	2 1	June 24	FRANCE vs DENMARK	2 1	June 25	SPAIN vs BULGARIA	6 1
June 24	BRAZIL vs NORWAY	1 2	June 23	CHILE vs CAMEROON	1 1	June 24	S. AFRICA vs S. ARABIA	2 2	June 25	NIGERIA vs PARAGUAY	1 3

Additional duty on imports reduced from 8% to 4%.

June 13: G-8 nations deny international loans to India and Pakistan in retaliation for their nuclear tests. Finance Secretary, Montek Singh Ahluwalia, says that this decision will not affect the inflow of funds during the current financial year as these have already been sanctioned. Fresh loan sanctions likely to get stuck.

June 14: CPM MLA, Ajit Sarkar, gunned down in Bihar. Trinamul chairman, Pankaj Banerjee, quits his post.

June 15: The situation in Bihar 'extremely grim', says Bihar Governor, Sundar Singh Bhandari. BJP and Samata Party demand sacking of government.

June 16: Central team visits Bihar to assess the law and order situation.

June 17: Central team to visit West Bengal to check law and order in the State. India to retaliate if sanctions are enforced in response to the nuclear tests.

June 18: West Bengal questions Centre's authority to assess law and order in the

State saying it is a State subject.

June 19: US sanctions will not affect Indian economy, says Finance Minister, Yashwant Sinha.

Militants gun down 25 persons in Doda, Srinagar.

India defeat Sri Lanka by 8 wickets in the Independence Cup opening match in Colombo.

Vishwanathan Anand enters the final of Frankfurt Rapid Chess tournament.

June 21: China rejects Dalai Lama's demand for 'genuine autonomy' for Tibet.

Sri Lanka defeats New Zealand by 7 wickets in the Independence Cup.

June 22: Wimbledon Tennis Championship begins.

June 23: S.S. Gill, CEO of Prasar Bharati, stops Times FM, Radio Midday.

June 24: Mulayam Singh Yadav and Laloo Prasad Yadav form a new front called Rashtriya Loktantrik Morcha.

June 25: Jayalalitha agrees to attend coordination panel meeting scheduled for June 26.

June 26: Jayalalitha decides not to attend the meeting citing 'indisposition' as the reason.

June 28: Pakistan Foreign Minister, Gohar Ayub, urges the United Nations to move quickly to mediate on the Kashmir dispute.

A strong earthquake kills 112 people in Turkey.

A huge brick-built Buddhist monastic complex dating back to 7th or 8th century AD, termed Udaygiri-2, unearthed on a hill slope in Jajpur district of Orissa.

June 29: Jyoti Basu willing to give issue-based support to the Congress in case BJP regime falls.

The Government decides to give full Statehood to Delhi. In the World Cup soccer pre-quarter-final matches, Germany beat Mexico 2-1, Denmark beat Nigeria 4-1, France beat Paraguay 1-0 and Italy beat Norway 1-0.

June 30: Joseph Estrada sworn in as the 13th President of Philippines.

Mange Ram Garg is the new Delhi BJP chief.

A US F-16 fighter fires a missile at a Iraqi radar site. Holland beat Yugoslavia 2-1, Croatia beat Romania 1-0 in the World Cup pre-quarter-final.

GROUP E			GROUP F			GROUP G			GROUP H		
June 13	S. KOREA vs MEXICO	1 3	June 14	IRAN vs YUGOSLAVIA	0 1	June 15	ROMANIA vs COLOMBIA	1 0	June 14	ARGENTINA vs JAPAN	1 0
June 14	BELGIUM vs HOLLAND	0 0	June 16	GERMANY vs USA	2 0	June 15	ENGLAND vs TUNISIA	2 0	June 15	JAMAICA vs CROATIA	1 3
June 20	BELGIUM vs MEXICO	2 2	June 21	GERMANY vs YUGOSLAVIA	2 2	June 22	COLOMBIA vs TUNISIA	1 0	June 20	JAPAN vs CROATIA	0 1
June 21	S. KOREA vs HOLLAND	0 5	June 22	USA vs IRAN	1 2	June 23	ROMANIA vs ENGLAND	2 1	June 21	ARGENTINA vs JAMAICA	5 0
June 25	BELGIUM vs S. KOREA	1 1	June 26	GERMANY vs IRAN	2 0	June 27	ROMANIA vs TUNISIA	1 1	June 26	JAPAN vs JAMAICA	1 2
June 25	MEXICO vs HOLLAND	2 2	June 26	USA vs YUGOSLAVIA	0 1	June 27	COLOMBIA vs ENGLAND	0 2	June 26	ARGENTINA vs CROATIA	1 0

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

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YOUR PAGES 1998

Every November CW dedicates its pages to articles by children.

Every November these pages come alive with your thoughts, feelings, experiences and opinions, told in poems, stories, interviews, jokes, riddles and much else that you create.

This November, your work too can find an honoured place in these pages...Your Pages.

So curl up in a comfortable corner, put your pen to paper and let your creative spirit flow.

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Important

Each entry must carry a declaration that it is an **original and unpublished work** of the author.

It **must** be signed by the author and counter-signed by his/her teacher/parent.

Entries without this declaration will not be considered.

Each entry must also carry your name, age, address and the name of your school.

Number of entries: Unlimited

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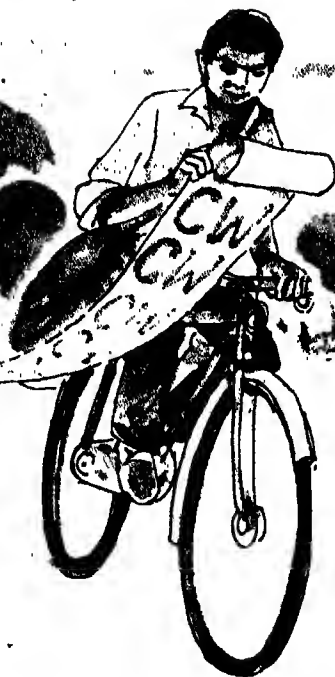
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CHILDREN'S WORLD

A CBT Publication

SEPTEMBER 1998

Rs. 12.00



**A Tribute To
My Teacher**



Newsletter Inside





The Brahmaputra

I am Brahmaputra...Son of the Creator...awesome in spirit, eternal by nature, touching millions of lives, feared by all, sustaining life and being sustained, flowing on and on in a relentless search...

I am born 5,100 metres above sea-level as Tsang-Po, the Purifier, at the foot of Mt. Kailas in the northern slopes of the Himalayas, not far from Lake Manas, from a great glacier, drop by drop...

I am quiet. Life is new to me. Of man and animal, I see but a few. I flow on, on the higher Tibetan

Plateau. I get a new name—Yarlung Zangbo. Icy winds and the bitter cold are my companions. I am hungry, ever hungry. I take in more and more from springs and rivulets. I become stronger, wider, fuller.

I pass Lhasa where the Dalai Lama used to stay. I am no longer little now. I can feel the power in my body, the burst of raw energy. I hurtle down slopes, dig deep gorges, roaring as I rush on, churning, twisting, swirling. Nothing can stop me, nothing defeats me. Life...is an exuberance only youth can celebrate.

I enter Assam at Sadiya. I am given my 'adult' name—Brahmaputra—by the Indians. I make new friends, Dibang, Sesiri and Lohit, who flow from the east, and the capricious, vivacious Teesta from the west.

I spread out as far as I can, sometimes as wide as nine kilometres. It is a rare person

who does not gasp when he sees my expanse for the first time. Some have mistaken me for the ocean, stretching on into the distance beyond what the eye can see. I am calmer now as I pass Dibrugarh, Majuli Island—the largest riverine island in the world—Tezpur, Guwahati, Goalpara and Dhubri, the last town before I leave India. I may be quieter, but once in a while, I swell in rage to lash out against the banks. My fury is devastating, though never without reason.

Joyous is my meeting with the Ganga at Goalundo in Bangladesh. She is born on the other side of the Himalayas in Gangotri, India.

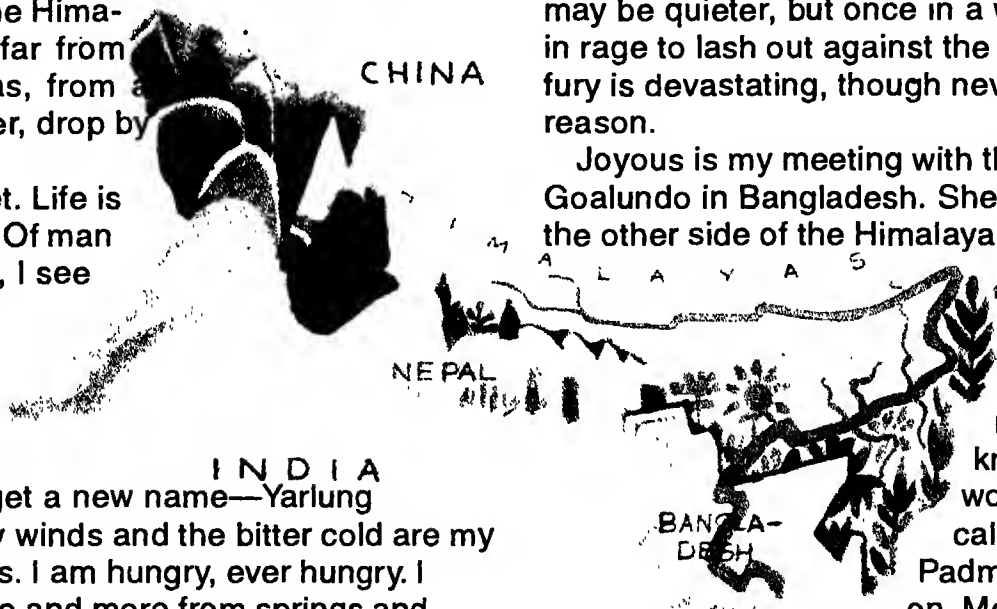
Though 400 kilometres smaller than me, she is known the world over. I am called the Padma, and further on, Meghna.

I surge on, spreading, dividing and distributing myself. Something beckons me, urges me towards it, makes me restless. I am old—2,704 kms 'old'—a little tired and infinitely wiser. I retain a bit of the sparkling innocence of childhood and the turbulence of youth. But more so, the serenity of the aged.

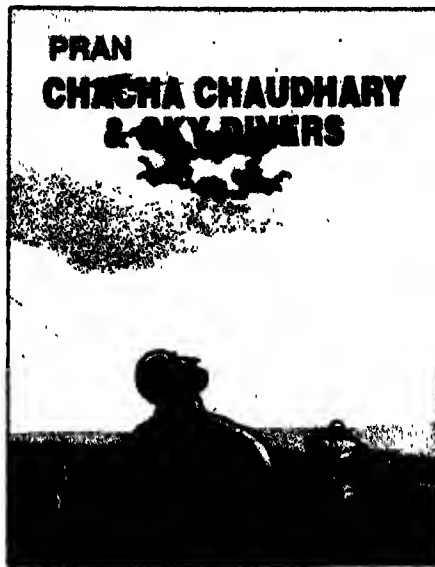
Far away, in the distant horizon, I can see my final destination, the vast infinity. The blue waters of the ocean are waiting to receive me. I flow on...and merge with the Bay of Bengal.

I am Brahmaputra...Son of the Creator.

S.S.



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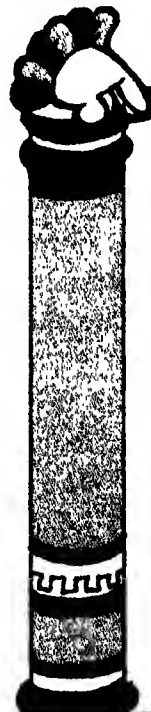
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Dear Readers,

It is a little tree, one among the many that grow on the bridge that spans the Yamuna. It is willowy, slender, with a thatch of green leaves on top. I pass it daily, morning and evening. And wonder at its tenacity. Battling the heavy pollution that envelops it, the tree lives, bravely presenting yellow flowers occasionally, a bright daub of cheer in the grey environs. The tree's spiritedness often comes to mind when life is a rough ride. It lifts my mood and I say to myself, "If that little tree can survive those fumes, surely I can handle a wrinkle in life without going into the deep end." I do. Thank you, little tree; you teach me to hang in there.

We had asked you to write in tributes to a teacher, not necessarily of the classroom kind, for Teacher's Day this month. The cover is a depiction of the same idea. Read on to see who taught whom what.

September also marks the World Literacy Day. Imagine a life without education. What if you could not even read an interesting story yourself, or if someone shortchanged you because you could not calculate, or if you could not read a bus number or the name of your destination when you arrived at it...A nightmare, isn't it? But that is so with so many persons who lead a life of exploitation in darkness because they are unlettered. Let us 'Light up a Life' (the last of our series on child issues) and change that forever.

Have you ever wondered why many of us think nothing of spending a packet on chips and colas, movies and tapes, but draw back in horror if quoted an equal price for a book? As cooler weather descends on the country and book fairs get organized in various towns, let us feed our minds and souls. Let us buy books, and read them too.

Dear Editor,
Your magazine is very useful to me. It is a mixture of education, creativity and information. I love to read 'Perky's Letter to You'. I wait eagerly for CW every month.
Yajitha
New Delhi

Dear Editor,
CW is reaching the heights of success. By reading the stories and features published one can see that you select only the best.
In the April issue, the story, 'Going Home', the poem, 'Dawn', 'Speaking Strokes' and 'Did You Know' were wonderful.
Why don't you start some more columns in which you can publish our letters, articles, paintings, and in which you will answer our questions.

Irfan H. Shaikh
Ahmedabad

Dear Editor,
I am lucky to be a member of CW at this early age. It means I shall enjoy CW for many days to come. I am waiting to see the CW stall at the Calcutta Book Fair. You must not disappoint me.
Dipashri Ghosh
Calcutta

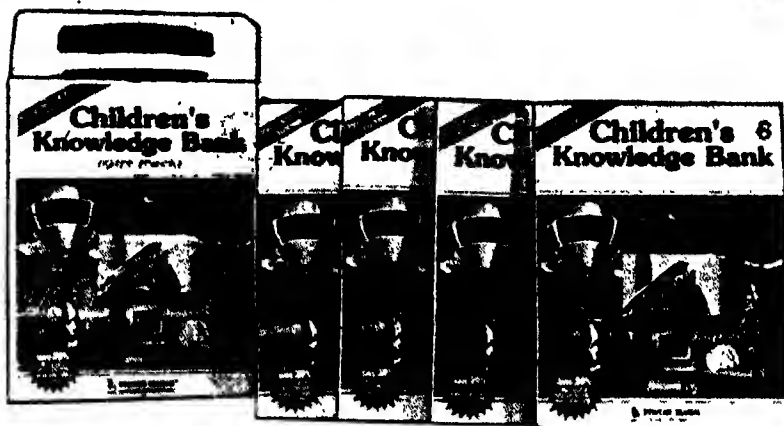
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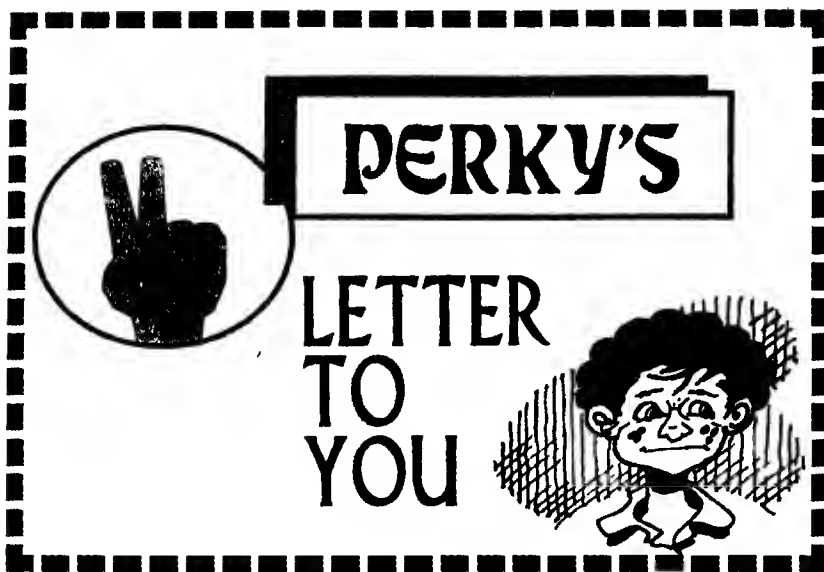


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VANDANA SANS CKB AD.



*Dear fairtunes and unfairtunes,
or rather*

*Dear fortunes and awaytunes,
or rather*

Dear tunes, good and bad,

It was a very very hot day and a very very hot day at school also. The whole class had been punished by the Geogo teacher because Raghu had hung the map of Africa upside down and nobody noticed it. How could we have noticed it when it was so hot? In fact, there should be a ban on talking about Africa when it is so hot. Anyway, the Geogo teacher was so angry, he made us stand up with our heads touching our knees almost and looking at the map downside up. That's jolly hard to do, let me tell you. Just try it and see.

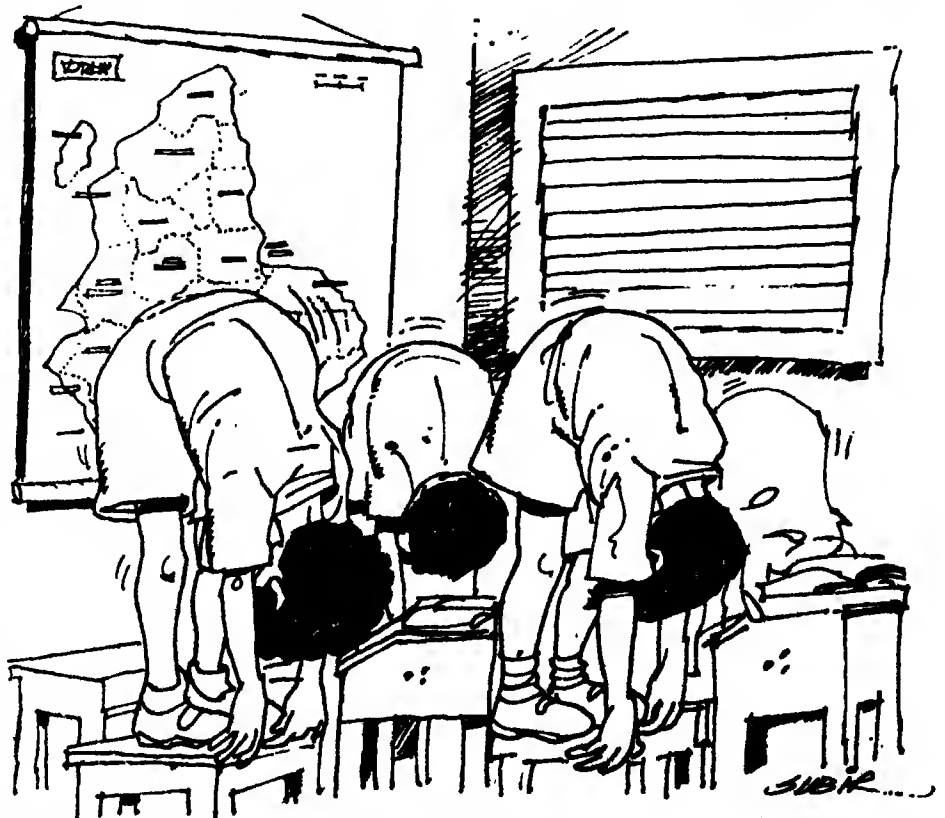
Well, there we were, with our heads bent sideways and looking up and trying to answer the Geogo teacher's barking questions at the same

time, when Mr. Krish walked in. He did not at all seem surprised to see us all, the Geogo teacher also, looking like ducklings washing themselves, but he did set the map right and we were allowed to swivel our heads back on our

shoulders.

But our own unfairtunes were not over, at least not mine. Because Mr. Krish pulled out a tie from his pocket and asked whether it belonged to anyone in the class. We all shouted "No", of course, but it is very difficult to hide a tieless, unclothed shirt. So I was caught bareshirted and Mr. Krish told me, in front of everybody, that even if it is very very hot, ties are supposed to stay around necks. I heard a lot of activity around me and I knew that ties were being whipped off waists and wrists and being put back around collars. But I was out of fortune that day, I had left my tie hanging like a branch on a tree outside at lunchtime.

So when the long hot day at



school was nearing its end, I hoped, as I made my weary way home, that I would have some good time at home. But alas! Even as I reached the gates, my hopes were dashed. I heard voices inside the house and the loudest of all was my aunt's voice—the aunt who sings, who thinks she can sing that is. My aunt who thinks she can sing was in the house, singing.

Singing! Oh tunes and maladies! This was no song. This was not the soft, merry, quick happiness of musical notes. It was a jangle of door knobs creaking and chinks scratching and nails screeching and clocks howling out the tune, steel cupboards clanging and hammers going bang bang bang.

I told you it was a very very hot day. I also told you that it was a very very hot day at school too. First Africa, then my tie and now my aunt. And my aunt singing! The sun, even though it was setting, grew hotter. I could see it burning crimson and grinning at me.

I turned. I turned away from my house and ran, without thinking, into Raghu's house. Even Raghu's house was better than mine I felt. Even Raghu.

But my unfairness was with me all the way. It had not left me. I ran into Raghu's house and full tilt into a mountain of chairs and tables that had been



piled up in the front hall. Crash I went. And dhuk, dhukle, dhuk, dhukle went the chairs and tables all over the floor. A very hot floor.

Nothing happened to me. Nothing at all. And that, my dear sympathizers, was the worst part. If I had got hurt, even a small scratch on my hand, I could have become a hero. But nothing happened. I was only a stupid ass who ran without looking and who did

not know that Raghu's mother was cleaning up the house. The whole world knew it and I did not.

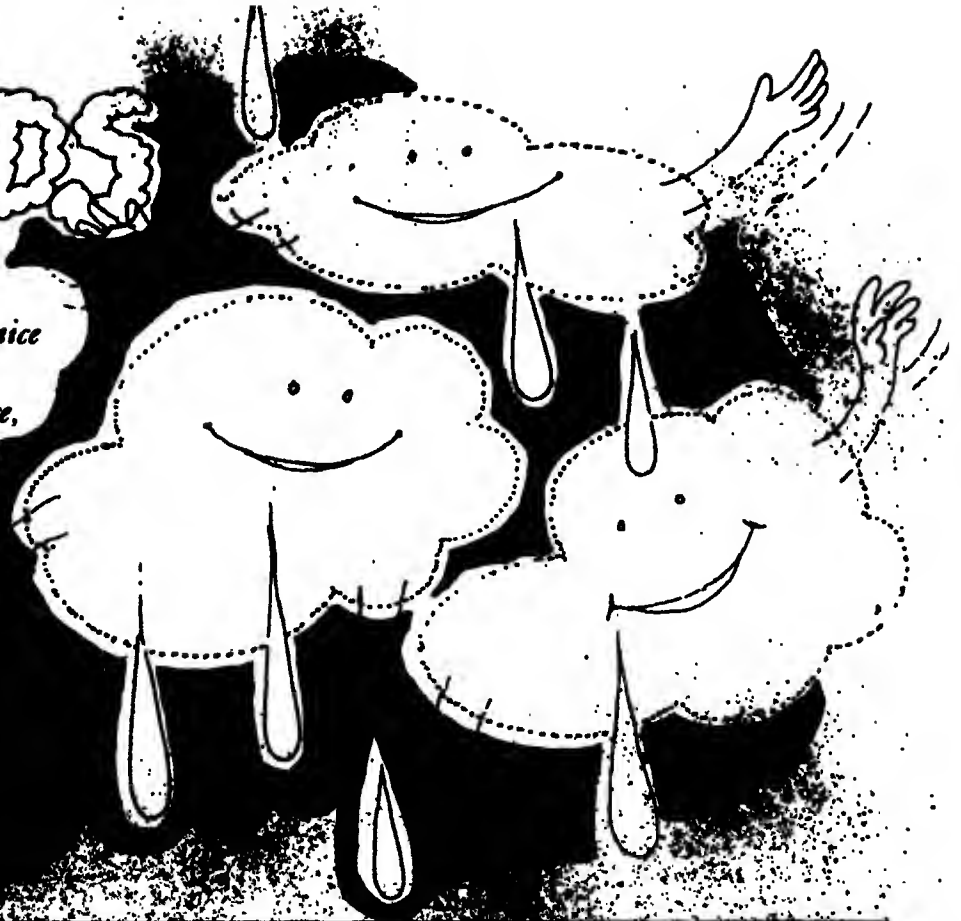
And the next worst part was Raghu eating a hot *samosa* and looking at me on the floor and laughing a lot. Eating a *samosa* hot and laughing a lot.

Could somebody send some unfairness to Raghu sometime?

*Yours bowed in awaytune,
Perky*

CLOUDS

*When I see clouds blowing by,
In the wide and blue sky,
Forming shapes of leaves and mice
I really feel very nice.
On hilly places how cool they are,
And sometimes as black as tar.
And the thunder's shout
Makes us all peep out
To see the rain,
The drops of rain.*

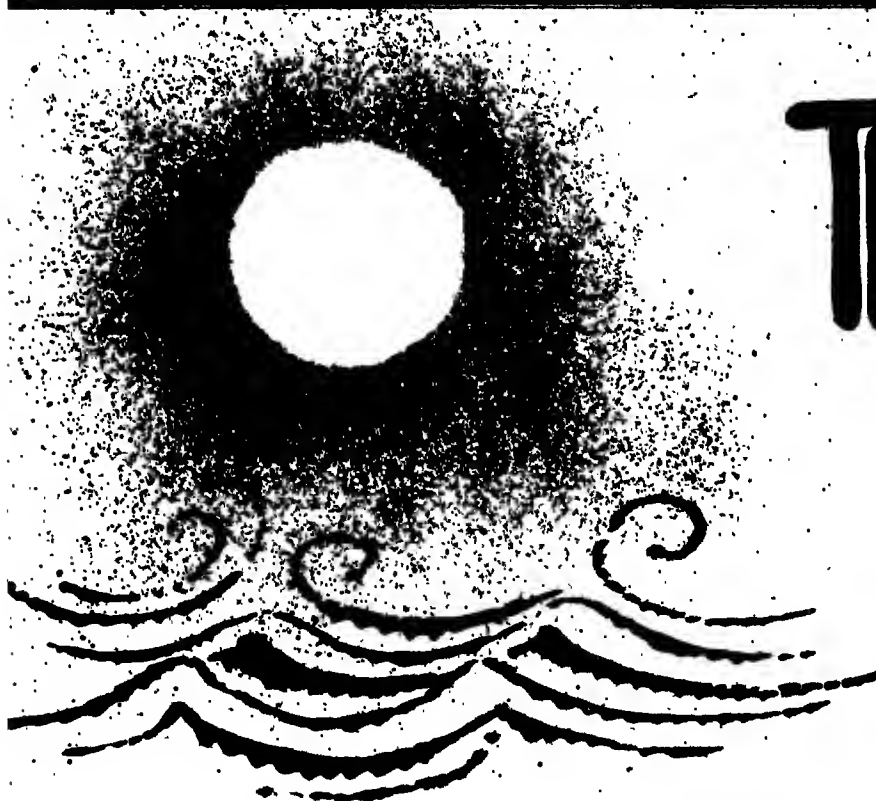


Silika Mahapatra (11)

Illustration: Beejee.

The Sea

*The blue sea water,
Sparkled in the sunlight,
And glistened
Like the moon on a dark night.
The small waves tickled me
As they passed by,
And the large ones
Bulged higher and higher.
I sifted through the waters
Of the sea,
But did not find
Anything for me.*



“GRAN, why do I have to invite my friends? It’s GG’s party. And what am I going to tell them? And what is this bit about a thousand moons?” Ruma almost wailed.

“Ruma, it’s GG’s 83rd birthday, love. We don’t want her to feel hurt. And I’ve explained this to you before—people say that when one crosses one’s 83rd year, one has seen a thousand full moons. Anyway, why have you stopped calling your friends over? I notice, ever since you joined college two years back, none of your friends have visited us,” Gran looked at her, puzzled.

Ruma was silent. What Gran said was true. From the time she became aware of her surroundings, she knew that hers was an unconventional family. An ‘all woman zone’, ‘*mahila mandal*’ were comments she frequently heard. There was Arati, her mom, who, at forty, was crippled with arthritis and totally bedridden. And Revathy, her granny, very tra-



A THOUSAND MOONS

Sudha Samjeev

Illustrations: Prithvishwar Gaven

ditional and a typical matriarch—except that she had a business in stained glass windows! And Parvathi, her great-grandmother, ‘GG’, who was the icing on the cake!

Often Ruma wondered about God’s sense of humour. In fact, in her several monologues with Him, she would ask Him if GG was His last creation on a particularly busy and tiring day. She honestly

felt that GG and she should have exchanged places in the household. Things would have been more ‘correct’ then.

GG was different. At 83, GG showed no signs or inclination of mellowing down. She wore trousers or skirts. On odd occasions, if her mood was good, she would condescend to wear a *salwar kameez*. But never a sari. Suggest it to her and she would draw back to impale you with a look.

And at total variance to this were her elongated earlobes, relics of some ancient custom.

“Why can’t she dress like a great-grandmother should, Gran?”

Ruma had asked once.

Gran had tried to explain to her about GG’s childhood, her marriage at fifteen, motherhood and widowhood the next year, and the years of toil till her daughter’s marriage to an officer in the Air Force. Two years after Gran’s marriage, GG came to stay with her, never to return.

GG took to life in the Services like a duck to water.

She blossomed. There was no cause which the Air Force officers' wives took up that did not involve GG's active participation. Gran was never as much in demand as GG was—not that Gran minded. GG shed her past and everything that reminded her of it with great determination.

Except her plaits.

Meeting GG was one thing; when her friends met Gran and saw the stained glass panels she created, they looked on in awe. When they saw Monique, they saw a total contrast to her. In her cheery, bright manner, none of her friends could speak without pity for a long while.

When she joined college, Ruma resolved that college

"Nothing, Gran. Do you really feel I should invite my friends?"

"It will please GG," Gran replied. "Ruma, I know you wish GG was different, but you must accept her as she is. You must accept her as she is—please and accept her as she is." "I will do what you say, Gran."

There was another thing Gran found hard to accept of GG. GG was modern. Didn't she be a modern? But no. She would wear her ridiculously long, thick, silver-grey, knee-length hair in two oily plaits. Imagine a great-grandmother in two plaits, for God's sake!

All Ruma's friends in school had reacted with stifled giggles when they were introduced to GG. Ruma had come to anticipate and dread it. No one said anything to her but she was always talking about it when

and home were two separate compartments in her life, and never would the two meet. She had a great-grandmother in her life, but she didn't want anything to do with her.

When she came to college, she found that her friends were not as kind as she had hoped. They were not as kind as she had hoped. They were not as kind as she had hoped.

With her tearful eyes, she looked at the newspaper and the fling of the paper.

She was going to invite her friends. She was going to invite her friends. She was going to invite her friends. She was going to invite her friends. She was going to invite her friends.

"Come over to my house. Let me see my great-grandmother. Let me see my great-grandmother. Let me see my great-grandmother."

She was going to invite her friends. She was going to invite her friends. She was going to invite her friends. She was going to invite her friends. She was going to invite her friends.



my room and listen to music, see a film on video or...anything you like..." Ruma's voice ended in a whisper.

Ann recovered first. "Yeah, sure. We'd love to come. Only you've never mentioned your house before, so we're a bit surprised. Isn't that right, Tips?" she said nudging the boys.

"Yes, yes, we'll be there," said Shakes.

Tips closed his mouth and nodded vigorously.

Ruma hugged them and flopped onto Mom's bed.

"Mom, I can't wait for GG to open her present," Ruma said in an excited voice.

"What have you bought her, child? You're being so secretive about it," said Mom.

to the front. "I dreamt of your great-grandad."

"Wh-a-a-r?" Ruma exclaimed. "What did you see? Tell me, do tell."

"Nothing much. He stood at the doorway and asked me how I was."

"And what did you say?" Ruma asked curiously.

"I told him that after sixty-seven years, it was, indeed, very kind of him to enquire."

All of them burst out laughing. GG looked childishly pleased with herself. Ruma

Just then GG walked in. She was in a track suit. (She must be the only great-grandmother in India to wear one. Ruma quickly brushed aside the thought.) Looking again after her regular hour of yoga, GG's face lit up at the sight of her family. She was greeted by a chorus of "Happy Birthday, GG" and hugs from Gran and Ruma. GG walked to Mom and held her close for a moment.

"How was your night, GG?" Ruma asked as she hugged her again.

"All right," GG answered. She sat down, pulling her

mind to the fact that great-grandfather would be pleased to see her open your birthday presents. Mom said, "other- wise you will die of impatience."

There was a beautiful crocheted shawl from Mom and a wooden foot massager from Gran. When GG began to open the third gift, Mom and Gran leaned forward to see it. Ruma had an eager, undecided look on her face.

The wrapper fell open and GG could see it was an exquisite photo frame. "Oooh!" she said and turned it around. The

frame contained a photograph—old, yet clear—of GG and her husband on their wedding day.

Ruma heard Gran breathe in sharply. There was a deathly stillness about GG as she looked at herself in the picture—hair pulled back, a bejewelled slip of a girl in a heavy sari. A long moment passed. Then she noticed the card which said, “For a GG I love...a reminder of a GG that once was...Wishing you a thousand moons more... Ruma.”

When GG looked up, there was a sheen in her eyes. “It matters so much to you, doesn’t it, my pet?” she said, holding out her hand.

Ruma took it mutely.

“The GG you see in the photograph was a few years younger than what you are now, Ruma,” said GG softly. “She grew old overnight. She is with me yet...” GG lapsed into silence.

*

All the decorations were up. Ruma had insisted on interspersing as many paper moons as she could with the balloons. GG had been pensive the whole morning.

“Mom, was it a mistake to have given GG the photograph?”

Mom thought about it for a

while. “Don’t worry, Ruma. Remember, she loves you very much,” she said.

In the afternoon, GG had retired to her room with instructions that no one but Gran



could enter. During the next few hours, Gran was in and out of GG’s room several times. Ruma had to school herself not to ask any questions. She plunged into work, arranging the food, plates and cutlery, helping in the kitchen, getting Mom dressed.

It was five o’clock. Ruma wheeled Mom into the drawing room where she could meet and talk to everyone.

As she draped a shawl over Mom’s hands and legs, someone came and stood behind her. Ruma turned to look, as did Mom. And both of them gasped.

GG! She stood there, hesitant, in a cream and maroon sari, bangles and a *bindi*. GC looked only at Ruma.

Was there a plea in her eyes? A hint of diffidence, uncertainty? Could it be that GC was shy?

“GG! I love you!” Ruma hurled herself into her great-grandmother’s arms. “You did it just for me? You look beautiful. I love you for this.”

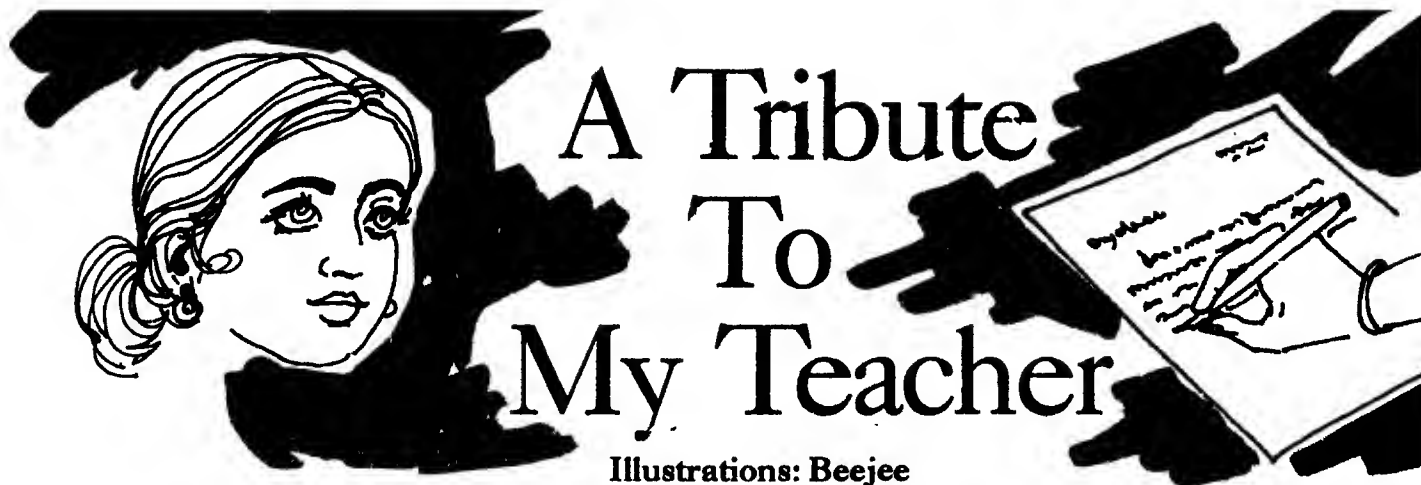
Gran was openly crying. And so was Mom. “I never thought I’d see you in a sari, GG,” Mom said as she sniffed and looked for a hanky.

“Thank you, GG,” Ruma said.

“No, let me thank you,” said GG, clearing her throat. “Thank you for helping me make peace with my past, and break out of the walls I had built around myself. It took me a thousand moons to realize that I am the same person as I was earlier. The frills don’t make me. Not the sari nor the skirt.” She paused. “But I couldn’t change these,” she confessed, pointing to the two plaits reaching her knees.

“Oh, GG, you don’t have to change them,” said Ruma hugging her great-grandmother over and over again.

The door bell rang. The first of the guests had arrived.



Illustrations: Beejee

Teaching and learning, the teacher and the taught: it is amazing how each one of us is constantly doing both and being both. Life's teachings are not confined to the classroom. Sometimes little incidents carry enduring lessons. A sudden smile like the sun through dark clouds, a stray act of kindness, even a stone people rest on, conveys some meaning—if you care to dwell on it. We pause awhile to remember some of these teachers—conventional and unconventional—who have made a difference in our lives. Our salute to them. Meanwhile, the learning process continues through life. As does the teaching...

My dearest and most respected teacher,

The media has been full of criticism and condemnation of teachers. In a recent article teachers were described as “unmotivated”.

How I wish the writer had visited our class and watched you lift us from the quicksand in which we were mired. You were the gardener who trimmed the dead wood and trained tender twigs to grow the way they should grow. We had been labelled a ‘below-average’ class the previous year; we raised ourselves so high that not only did we all pass (the only class to have no failures), but our class also boasted of the maximum number of school leaders. You tempered justice with mercy, discipline with compassion, admonition with humour, demands and deadlines with realism and understanding, and sternness with love.

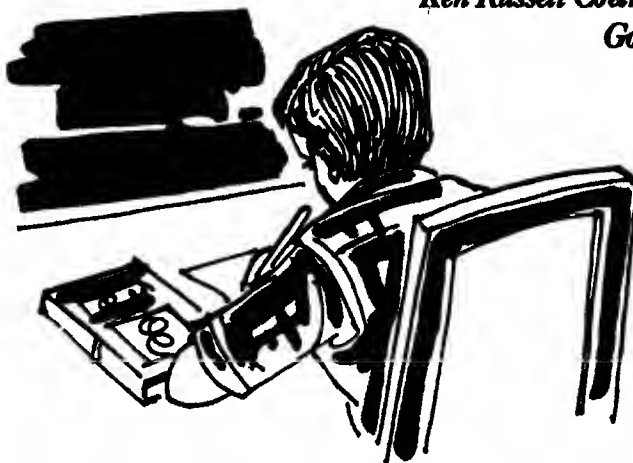
Today, all your students hold good posts as engineers, doctors, fashion and textile designers, executives in companies, while some of them have their own business. It is with your inspiration, your way of making dull topics interesting, of creating a lively atmosphere in the class, of encouraging debates and discussion and sharing of talents, that all of us, your stu-

dents, have developed strong, confident personalities. All this you did in spite of, and not because of, a dull, unimaginative syllabus.

Your life of sacrifice and caring is definitely not appreciated by society, else you would not be drawing the meagre salary that society thinks is ample for the work you do. You mould the future citizens of the world.

You are our role model: punctual and pleasant, dutiful and disciplined, caring and compassionate, just and full of zest. On behalf of all my classmates, I wish to thank you for being what you are, and for having made us what we are today—successful young men and women.

Ken Russell Coelho
Goa



Dear Amma,

How are you? I miss you a lot and wish you had not gone away to live at the 'ashram. Mummy, Papa and Rohan also miss you a lot. This Durga Puja we intend to drive down to Vrindavan to see you.

Have you made any friends there? You had many friends in Munirka. Remember the white



and brown cow we named 'Bhuri' which came everyday to our doorstep for *roti*? And the stray dog which affectionately danced around your heels when you went to buy vegetables because he knew you had some bread for him? Do you remember our walks in the park and how we gave *atta* to the ants?

Yes, *Amma*, though I am in Class X now, I still remember the good days—the time when you were working for us. You brought us up, Rohan and me. You looked after us when Mummy and Papa went to work.

I remember having lunch in the veranda of our house, soaking in the winter sun. Every time you started your lunch, you kept aside a few morsels for the birds. What a lot of avian friends we had then.

Amma, I have also made many friends in our new house: There are birds always in our balcony. We have kept out a bowl for their food which I fill everyday from my breakfast.

Thanks, *Amma*, for teaching me to share, to love and to give.

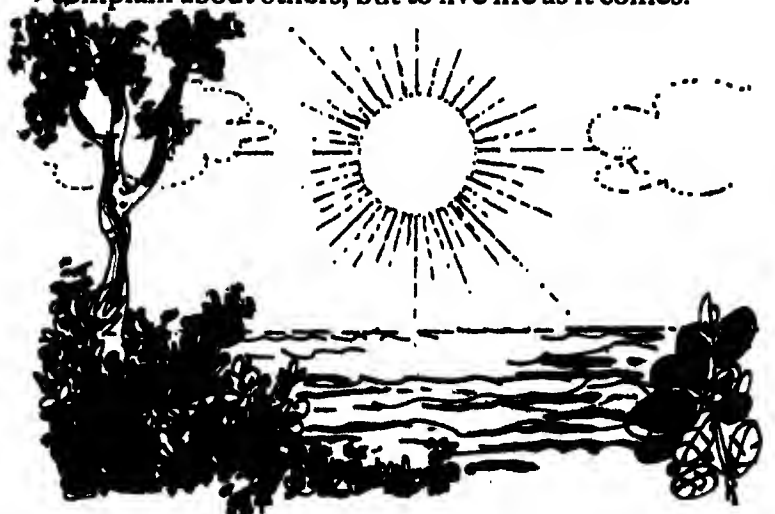
Maitreyi Menon
New Delhi

Dear Mother Nature,

Lush green meadows, wonderful rainbows, vicious storms, the babbling of the brooks, the eternal sky, the bright sun—all your wonders have something to teach us. You have always been my best teacher, and this is a salute from me to you.

You teach me never to lose hope; day always follows night. And with it comes the ever enchanting celestial wonder—the sun. The sun has been giving hope in the form of light to earth and has been assuring earthlings of another bright new day, which has more things in store for us.

You teach me never to feel dejected or lonely; to think about the trees, the sea and the sky that have nobody to talk to. Never to be fussy or complain about others, but to live life as it comes.



The majestic rivers and the great mountains never complain; they tolerate any condition.

You show me that our aim must always be sky-high, and touch the stars, in whatever we do. Like fire, we must try to demolish the evils in the world—poverty, corruption and deforestation. Rejoicing in victory, we must go on flowing like the waterfalls, quenching people's thirst and needs.

You teach me never to be content with little knowledge. Knowledge is as vast as the sea, as endless as the sky. You show respect to superiors, like the trees which bend and sway in the wind and welcome it whole-heartedly. You win the hearts of people through good and pleasing character, like the glorious flowers. You are modest about your deeds yet keep your head high, like the gigantic mountains.

You ask me to fight against injustice as do the furies. When injustice is done to you, you become furious. We are all responsible for the droughts, violent storms, tornadoes and floods.

These are a few of the many valuable lessons that you have taught me.

*Amrita Sabat
Bhubaneswar*

To Father,

I lost you on November 4, 1979, but all your sayings have proved true in life and have helped me make my character strong. It was you who enabled me to fight the ups and downs in life.

You often said, "The person who cannot do good for his own people cannot do anything for society." You believed in 'unity of the family'. You always enjoyed family gatherings and taught us that elders should be respected and the young loved and cherished.

You believed in charity without credit. You helped people without disclosing your identity. You told your eldest sister, who was a teacher, that you would provide for the fees, books, shoes, and so on for the poor students in her class.

You lived a very short life—many wishes un-

fulfilled. But what you taught remains with me. You taught me that if one wants to help someone, one should not wait for an occasion. You were shy by nature and used to feel embarrassed when somebody praised you directly.

You would say, "Money is not everything but it's a big thing." My experience shows me this is true.

I love you and cherish your memory. Through devotion to your parents you showed me how elders should be respected.

This is a tribute to your goodness and virtues. I haven't seen any like you.

*Usha Sikka
New Delhi*

My dear Rama Ma'am,

I cannot express how grateful I am to you. If you had not been with me, I would have remained what I was—a shy girl. But the shyness didn't last when I came to Class III.



That was when you came to me as my class teacher. You were the one to help me overcome my shyness. You helped me to speak up in class and take part in competitions and other activities. You knew that I could be creative but I was a little shy. You encouraged me to show my real self to others. So here I am, with two English creative writing certificates and one Hindi creative writing certificate. You can see what a difference you have made in my life. Every day I speak in the Assembly because of you. It does not matter that I am in Class V, I remember you still. You never called me by my full name, Sruthi Ramakrishnan. You just called me R.K. You are the best teacher I have ever known. If all the children had teachers like you, the world would be full of creative children. I thank you very much.

*R.K.
New Delhi*



To my friends,

We have known each other for a long time. The tricks we play in class, our games, the fun we have in our parties, the homework and classwork that we do together—these have taught me that love is sharing. I want to thank you for showing me what friendship is all about.

Akshar, generous and kind, I am learning to 'give' from you. Dhritiman, I am learning to be as helpful as you. Heeya, you are good at the

piano and I would like to learn that from you. Utsav, I am learning to be soft-spoken and polite like you. Keya, I am trying to be as good as you are at basketball. Neha, you are good at golf and very tall, and I would like to be as tall as you. Aranyani, I would like to learn patience from you.

Please be my friends forever, and I'll be yours.



*Rohan Menon
New Delhi*

For Nauzer Daruwala,

Initially, I was not so sure that I wanted to attend your Workshop on Western Classical Music. I do listen to music but I am not as keen about it as to miss my evening cricket for its sake. Yet my sister talked about it endlessly, and I thought I would give it a try. I must confess I don't want to miss a single lecture-demonstration now.

You are a terrific person with a terrific sense of humour. Your lectures and demonstrations have style, and you involve all of us in the programme so well that we feel a part of it. Our involvement makes us appreciate the workshop more. The lessons are sheer fun and enjoyment, and two hours just whizz by. I am sure many like me look forward to these lessons. Each time I attend one, I learn more about Western classical music. You conduct the lecture-demonstration with such charm and style that one wishes it would go on forever.

*Sarthak Satyanshu
New Delhi*

THE NEW baby was finally born. Everyone came to see him. Uncles and aunts and cousins cooed over him and cuddled him. They called him 'adorable' and said 'cho-chweet' every time he yawned. Neha's grandmother spent all her time rocking him.

Neha had waited all these months to see her baby brother. But when he finally arrived, she didn't think much of him. What was so beautiful

Everyone who came home talked non-stop about the baby's eyes (which were, in any case, shut most of the time!) and his pretty, bald head.

Neha's mother had no time to read to her. Neha's father didn't help her with difficult puzzles any more. Nobody cared about where she went or what she did.

One night, the baby cried so much that he kept her parents awake all night. Mother was

the baby, Mother said, "Neha, play by yourself quietly for a while. I'm going to take a nap." She went inside the bedroom and was fast asleep in two minutes.

'This baby brother of mine is spoiling everything for me,' Neha thought to herself as she watched him sleeping in his crib. 'I wish Mother and Father would cuddle me. And Grandma never has time to make those colourful *rangolis* for me anymore,' she thought

THE NEW BABY

Uma Girish

Illustrations : Ajanta Guhathakurta



about the baby, Neha wondered. He was bald. He had no teeth. He yelled and screamed when he was hungry, which he always seemed to be. He slept all the time, and was no fun. He dribbled and drooled and made smelly messes.

Neha had dancing eyes and a head full of soft, dark curls.

exhausted in the morning. Her face looked tired, her eyes were red from lack of sleep. Father said he had a headache, and was in such a foul mood, that he shouted at Neha when she played with the piece of toast on her plate at breakfast time.

After bathing and feeding

sadly. 'Mother and Father were never too busy for fun and games and outings before this little monster came along.'

Suddenly she had an idea. She bent down and picked up the baby carefully from the crib. He was as big as her doll, so she managed quite easily. Swathed in a blue polka-dot

blanket, all you could see was his round face with a button nose. Quietly, she slipped out of the front door, and walked briskly to Meenu Aunty's house across the road.

Meenu Aunty was surprised to see Neha at the door with a little bundle in her arms, and even more so when she realized that it was the new baby.

"Why have you brought him here?" she asked Neha.

"I don't like him. I don't want him. You can have him," said Neha, trying to place the bundle in Aunty's arms.

"But he's your little baby brother. I can't take him," said Meenu Aunty.

"Yes, you can," insisted Neha.

"Your mother will be very worried. We must take him home," said Meenu Aunty.

"I heard Mother and Father say that you don't have a baby. Here, you can have him. He is yours," urged Neha.

"No, Neha. That won't be right. Come with me. I'll take you and the baby home now," said Meenu Aunty.

When they reached home, they found Mother had woken up and was very alarmed about the missing baby.

"Where did you take him, you naughty girl? Promise me that you will never pick him up from the crib again," scolded Mother.

When Meenu Aunty explained everything to her,

Mother was sorry for having been cross earlier.

Mother pulled Neha close, "You will always be special to us, Neha. We need you just as much as we need this little baby. When he grows up, he will play with you and go to school with you. You will have

lots of fun together."

The baby stretched his limbs and made a gurgling sound. Neha's mother pried open his fists. The baby held on tight to Neha's finger. Neha looked at her baby brother with growing fondness. Maybe, he wasn't so bad after all!





LIGHT UP A LIFE

Mudita Luthra
Illustrations : Surendra Suman

September 8 is World Literacy Day.

Lajwanti helps her husband on the farm in a small village in Punjab. They work hard from morning to night. She comes back home and attends to household chores. Such long hours, so much physical labour, and what does she get in return? Just a few sacks of grain. She was cheated by the *samindar* who made her sign documents she knew nothing about. Ever since, she is his bonded labourer. All work, no pay. Only because she could not read or write—she was illiterate.

Twelve-year-old Asha works as a domestic help in Delhi. She cleans, dusts, washes, scrubs, cooks, irons, does odd jobs and survives on leftovers. She earns Rs. 500 per month but never manages to send any money home. That is because Rs. 50 is deducted if she is unwell for a day. If she takes Rs. 100 as advance, Rs. 150 is deducted the following month. Only because she cannot read or write and, therefore, cannot argue over the calculations.

This is the condition of millions of people in India and the world. Not being literate is a handicap. More often than not, the educated take advantage of the uneducated. Literacy is

one of the basic needs for survival. The implications of the lack of literacy are many, and are inter-connected.

The government has taken many steps to promote literacy, especially among children. More than four decades ago, the Constitution of India made a commitment. Its Article 45 states "The State shall endeavour to provide, within a period of 10 years from the commencement of the Constitution, free and compulsory education for all children until they complete the age of fourteen years." In the endeavour to increase enrolment and achieve the target of Universalization of Elementary Education, all State Governments have abolished tuition fees in the government, local body and aided schools up to the upper primary level.

An educated generation definitely assures the nation of a brighter future. However, no effort can be successful without the involvement and support of the educated in the country—the likes of you and me.

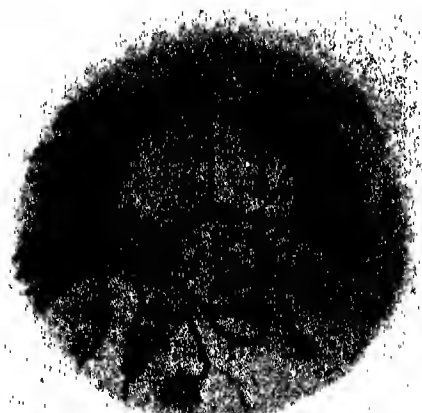
Let us not lose hope and sit back. For there are children from impoverished families who have fought against all odds to attain degrees



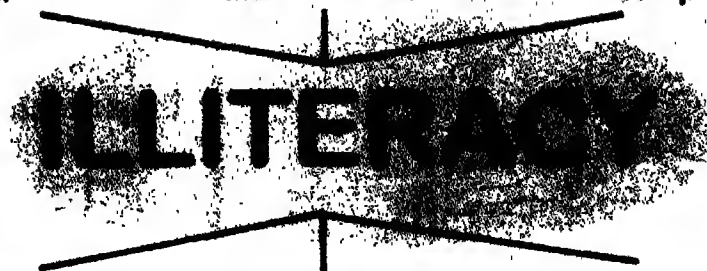
Bonded labour



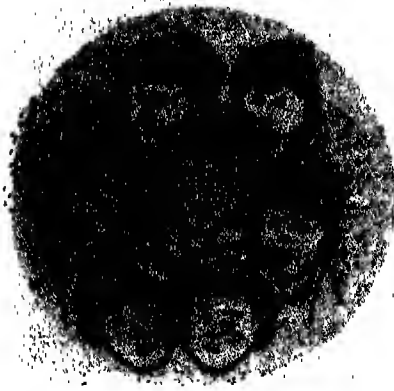
Malnutrition



No proper employment



Large families



Poor sanitation



Poverty



that no one from their families could ever dream of. They have moved to better houses, taken up respectable jobs, gained awareness and above all, assured a better future for their children.

Spread the light of literacy wherever you can. Let us share the strength of our knowledge and education with those who are living in darkness.

Start now.



Spread the light of literacy among the unlettered by...

- ...providing writing material.
- ...spending time teaching them.
- ...helping them to access government schools for free education.
- ...making them aware of their rights and the importance of being literate.
- ...sharing reading material.
- ...sponsoring a child's education.



A MAN AHEAD OF HIS TIMES

Thangamani
Illustrations : Surendra Suman

Pandit Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar was a great educationist and social reformer. He was born on September 26, 1820. Far ahead of his times, he espoused several social causes like girls' education, admission to colleges for everyone regardless of caste, widow remarriage and the abolition of polygamy among Hindus.

"Vidyasagar had the genius and wisdom of an ancient sage, the energy of an Englishman and the heart of a Bengali mother," wrote his friend and poet, Michael Madhusudan Dutta. Ramakrishna Paramahansa called him a 'great sanyasi' who sacrificed his own interests for the sake of society.

YOUNG Ishwar Chandra stared at the magnificent building that housed the Sanskrit College. He had been admitted to the college and there he was, with his father, Thakurdas. The central part of the building was fenced off by an enclosure. There were also walls surmounted by iron railings around the central part. Ishwar Chandra was puzzled.

"Why is this building pro-

tected like this, Father?" he asked.

"The central portion is where the Sanskrit College is and where the upper caste boys study. The other portion houses the Hindu College, where lower caste boys study. No Christian and Muslim boys are allowed in. The walls and enclosures keep them out of the Sanskrit College."

"But why should they be kept out?" asked the boy.

"So that they don't intermingle. And now, let us go in and meet the teachers," said his father, putting an end to the questions.

Barely nine, Ishwar Chandra was struck by the absurdity of the whole situation. 'How can one human being be so superior to another, that mere contact can contaminate him?' he wondered.

It was just the beginning of a lifetime of such questions for



him. Unlike many others though, he didn't merely stop at asking questions. He set out to remedy the situation when he had the authority to do so, later on in life.

The questions remained, but soon, he was immersed in studies. The course was vast. One had to first master Sanskrit grammar before going on to study various other courses like literature, rhetoric, *Vedanta*, *smriti* and *nyaya* or philosophy. It took a student 12 years to complete the entire course. Grammar was not easy. The rules were complex, and Ishwar Chandra had to sit up late into the night to master them. It took him three years to do so.

In those days, when one completed the Sanskrit

course, barring *nyaya*, one earned the title of Judge Pandit and could become an advisor of Hindu law to the District Judge in civil courts. When Ishwar Chandra earned the title and also that of 'Vidyasagar', he got such a post. But his father wouldn't allow him to take it.

"You still have to complete the *nyaya* course," he reminded his son. "Get qualified first before beginning to work." And so Ishwar Chandra continued, and in 1841, when he was 21 years old, he completed his studies. He won over Rs. 250 in cash awards and scholarships—a princely sum in those days!

He got the job of a Sanskrit Pandit a few months later, in Fort William College. In 1846,

he returned to his *alma mater*, the Sanskrit College, as Assistant Secretary (a post equivalent to that of a vice-principal today).

For Ishwar Chandra, this was the opportunity of a lifetime—to introduce some much-needed reforms in the educational system. After all, he had not forgotten the arduous Sanskrit grammar, or the way the pandits came to teach at their convenience. Among his recommendations was a rule that stated that attendance be made compulsory for both teachers and students. Punctuality was another rule. He also recommended a change in textbooks, regrouped subjects, and made various other suggestions. He sent the document to the Secretary (Principal), Shri Russomay Dutta.

"Who is this upstart to impose rules on us, his teachers, who taught him barely five years ago?" fumed his teachers. Needless to say, the Secretary rejected the recommendations. Vidyasagar resigned in protest, barely six months after joining.

"How are you going to survive without a job?" asked his friends.

"I would rather sell potatoes in the market to earn my living than serve in an institution against my principles," Vidyasagar replied.

However, he got a chance to

serve in the Sanskrit College again in 1850, as Professor of Literature, and became the Principal in 1851, when Shri Dutta resigned. This time, the Council of Education itself asked him to recommend changes to improve the working of the college. He submitted a ten-page report. This included removing the restrictions on admissions on the basis of caste.

"How can you even think of imparting sacred knowledge to the *shudras*?" asked his old teachers, aghast.

"They are in no way inferior to the others. There have been so many non-Brahmin

scholars in ancient times. Besides, if you are willing to teach Englishmen Sanskrit for the sake of money, why can't you do the same for our own countrymen regardless of their caste?" he asked them quietly. "I am ready to resign, if you don't want to support the recommendation."

Fortunately for him, the Council accepted the recommendations and soon the college was opened to everyone. One of the things that had bothered Ishwar Chandra, the boy, had been rectified. His other problem of Sanskrit grammar was taken care of, when he introduced a simple way of teach-

ing beginners the fundamentals of the difficult subject through Bengali grammar.

He then turned his attention to establishing schools for girls. During 1857 and 1858, he started 35 schools with a total attendance of 1300 girls.

With a little investment, he also started a printing and publishing firm. One of his lasting contributions to the printing industry was his simplification of Bengali typography and composition. He was associated with several Bengali and English newspapers and periodicals. He wrote about subjects like widow remarriage, educational reforms,



and polygamy, in these papers.

The plight of child widows, sometimes little more than infants, who were condemned to live as social outcasts, moved Ishwar Chandra to fight for their cause. His vast knowledge of the scriptures helped him to argue his case by quoting Sanskrit texts which talked about them. Being a realist, he also knew that unless such marriages got social sanction, they would not be successful. So he incessantly canvassed for public support through his writings.

He met with strong opposition to his favourite cause. When he actually conducted the marriages, many of his supporters and admirers were reluctant to be publicly associated with them. Vidyasagar severed connections with such persons. Apart from vilifying him for desecrating Hindu culture, his opponents also came down to actually harming him physically. Stones and dirt were thrown at him when he went out. Plans were even made to kill him.

Once Vidyasagar came to the house of a rich acquaintance who was busy making plans to kill him. Seeing him there, the man blurted, "How could you come here?"

"I came to know that you are planning to break my head with the help of hired *goondas*. I wanted to save you the trouble. So here I am. You

can do whatever you want with my frail body right here in your house!" The man hung his head in shame.

Ishwar Chandra spent a lot of money conducting these marriages and had to borrow money from friends and well-wishers to pay for them. He bought gifts and jewels for the bride. Many unscrupulous young men took advantage of his goodness and came forward to marry widows. They took the gifts and jewellery and later left their brides. Though such incidents sad-

dened Vidyasagar, he did not give up the cause. If anything, it only made him more determined to continue fighting.

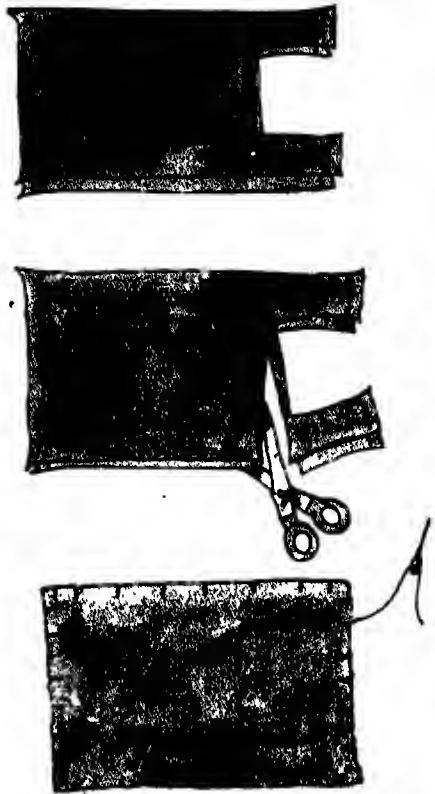
His publishing firm soon picked up enough profit for him to pay off his debts. His ceaseless campaigning for legal sanction of widow remarriage bore fruit. In 1856, the Widow Remarriage Act was passed. He lived to see the movement spread to other States, notably Maharashtra and the southern States. In its own way, it helped in the spread of nationalism.



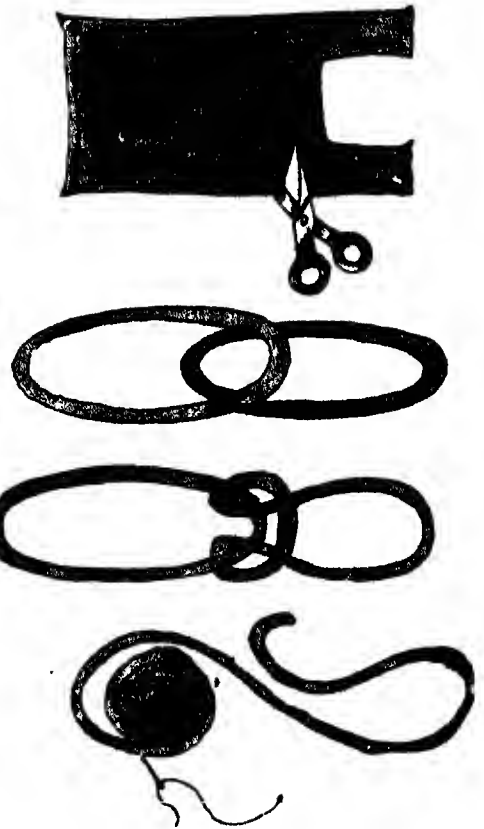
ECO-FRIENDLY DAD!

Sonali Saxena

Table Mat



Asana



THESE summer holidays, I visited my grandmother who lives in Jaipur. As she has a lot of free time, she has to find things to occupy herself. And she has invented something really great—mats out of plastic bags! She makes table mats and *asanas* (sitting mats) out of discarded polythene bags.

These days, disposal of polythene has become a major problem, especially in big cities. Use paper bags, they say. But, do they not know that paper is made of wood? Wood comes from trees and when trees are cut there is global warming. Instead we can reuse plastic bags. My grandmother does it.

To make table mats, spread two plain

plastics bags of the same size on top of each other on a flat surface. Cut the handles as shown in the illustration. Seal the four sides of the two bags together with a needle and thread using the button-hole stitch. And in a matter of minutes a table mat is ready.

For the *asanas*, cut thin strips of plastic bags. Tie them to each other in the manner shown, that is, take one end of a strip and pull it out of the other strip to make a long string. Using a thick crochet needle, proceed to knit the string in any shape you like.

You may ask, "Who has the time to do all this?" Often we find ourselves complaining of boredom. Wouldn't this be an ideal pastime?

Large Print Books for Low-vision Children

A report by Navin Menon



July 31 is an important day for Children's Book Trust, New Delhi. It is the birthday of the Founder of the organization, Shankar. A renowned political cartoonist, he is the man behind the many activities of the Trust. This year the date acquired a new meaning.

As part of the Golden Jubilee celebrations of India's Independence and on the occasion of Shankar's 96th birthday, CBT launched a scheme on July 31, 1998—Large Print Books for low-vision children. In India, there are many partially sighted children who will benefit if they are given adequate reading material. What they get to read now is hand-written material, mainly textbooks in large letters, prepared by volunteers. The children rarely experience the pleasure of handling a 'real' book which they can read at leisure or for fun.

We are fortunate to know the pleasure of reading silently to ourselves as opposed to being read to either by a friend, parent or a voice on tape. By producing large print books which a low-vision child can read, CBT has made a conscious effort to make the visually-impaired

child self-reliant, and to promote the habit of self-reading.

The titles, *Cuckoo Ghari* and *Vrikshraj*, adaptations of CBT's published Picture Books, were released by Smt. Gauri Chatterji, Joint Secretary, Ministry of Social Justice and Empowerment. The books are unpriced and a gift for visually-impaired children. Copies of the two titles were received by the National Association for the Blind for free circulation to various institutes handling such children.

In a message sent on the occasion, the Hon'ble President of India, Shri K.R. Narayanan said, "It is appropriate that this is being done on Shri Shankar Pillai's 96th birthday. Shankar, as he is known to all, who has done so much for children and had dreams to do so much more, would indeed be best remembered through such projects that the Children's Book Trust, which he founded, is engaged in. I wish the Children's Book Trust all success in their commendable task of encouraging the love of books among all children."

(More photographs: inside back cover)



PANDA CLUB OF INDIA

Newsletter Vol. 2 No. 8

Dear friends,

It seems to me that all of you have got serious about studies and are concentrating on your homework as well as extra reading. After all, it is a very competitive world but eventually hard work will pay off.

Many of you might have computers at school or at home. Get into the magical world of the Internet and the sky is the limit. You will find fascinating information on any subject under the sun. It will make learning even more interesting. So reach out and get into the habit of searching for more—it will give you new ideas for your school projects, and studies will no longer be dull. You are lucky to have access to many new and innovative concepts of learning.

Have you ever asked your grandparents what their schools were like? Do so. You will get interesting answers. Some grandparents would have gone to village schools and studied in the open under trees; some would have bunked school and gone off to pluck mangoes and guavas from orchards; some, studying in boarding schools, would have played pranks on their teachers or classmates.

Talking of teachers, I would like to tell you that they can be your best friends. They devote their lives to teach generation after generation with dedication and love. On September 5, which we celebrate as Teacher's Day, I would like to salute those great souls who have been guiding my young friends on the right path. I would also like you to send me a short essay on "My Teacher, My Friend" in not more than 100 words. Send in your entries soon. The five best entries will be given prizes and the first and second will be published in the *Panda Club Newsletter*.

I have been reading a lot of folk tales from different parts of India. I feel closer to this land and its people than ever before.

Looking forward to receiving news from you.

Love always,

Panda

A Salute To My Teacher!

"A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops."

Henry Adams

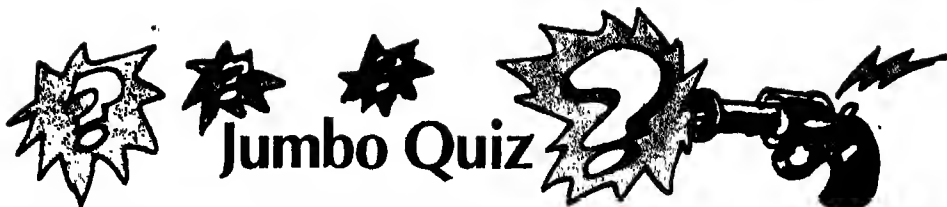
"The best teacher of children...is one who is essentially childlike."

H.L. Mencken

"A teacher's sustained endeavour—assertion of one's 'best self'—is bound to bear fruit. It opens the door for mutual love, faith, understanding and respect."

Mahatma Gandhi

FSE



Get set for a super Jumbo Quiz based on the Panda Club shows you watch on DD II.



FLASH GORDON

- a. What is Flash Gordon's favourite punchline?
- b. What is Flash Gordon's real name?
- c. Who is Dr Zee?
- d. What is the Hawk Prince's name?



SONIC THE HEDGEHOG

- a. Who is Sonic's constant enemy?
- b. Who is Sonic's best friend?

SUPERHUMAN SAMURAI SYBER SQUAD

- a. What is Servo's real name?
- b. What line does Sam Collins say before entering the computer?
- c. Who is Elizabeth?
- d. Name the three other friends of Sam Collins.



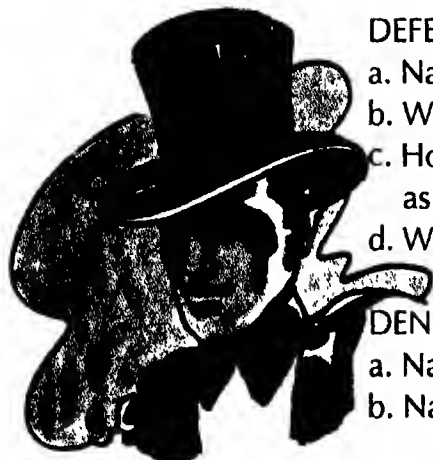
PHANTOM

- a. Who is 'the ghost who walks'?
- b. What is Phantom's real name?
- c. Who is the head of Maximum Inc.?
- d. What is Maxwell's junior cat's name?



DEFENDERS OF THE EARTH

- a. Name all the Defenders of the Earth.
- b. Which Defender is the strongest man on earth?
- c. How many tigers' strength does Phantom summon as the Defender of the Earth?
- d. Who is the constant enemy of the Defenders?



DENNIS THE MENACE

- a. Name Dennis's parents.
- b. Name the creator of this cartoon.





Monday 5.30 P.M. on DD II -
FLASH GORDON - On a vital mission to save planet Earth from 'Ming the Merciless', Flash Gordon makes a rocket journey to the planet Mongo. Join the adventures of Flash Gordon.



Tuesday 5.30 P.M. on DD II -
ADVENTURES OF SONIC THE HEDGEHOG - Sonic the hero is up against his enemy Robotnik, the robot expert. Does he succeed?



Thursday 5.00 P.M. on DD II -
SUPERHUMAN SAMURAI SYBER SQUAD - Sam Collins, a video game champion and leader of a teenage garage band, fights an alien warlord 'Kilokahn' who has infected the digital world with monster 'megaviruses'



Panda Club is a membership scheme for all children and adults who are members of the club.

PANDA CLUB MEMBERSHIP RULES

To be a **PANDA CLUB** member you must be between 6 and 16 years of age. The member must sign his/her card to activate member privileges. The Card is good for one year from date of issue. The Card entitles **ONLY** the card-holding members to the following benefits.

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 (1 Floor Rear)
 New Delhi-110016

No. 5/33 13th Avenue
 Herrington Road
 Chennai-600031



Thursday 5.30 P.M. on DD II -
PHANTOM - The legendary Lord of the jungle—Phantom, is incredible. Phantom uses the secrets taught by the natives of the deep woods to fight and conquer crime



Saturday 5.30 P.M. on DD II -
DEFENDERS OF THE EARTH
 Led by the Phantom, Flash Gordon and Mandrake the Magician challenge 'Ming' in a series of great adventures. They use powerful computers and space age technology to combat and overpower him.



Saturday 6.00 P.M. on DD II -
DENNIS THE MENACE - Irrepressible Dennis and his unwilling best friend, the grumpy Mr Wilson will enthrall you with their hilarious antics and send you into splits

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B

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- 1 Cut out the blank Panda Club Membership Card (A and B). Paste your stamp size (2.5x2.5 cm) colour photograph on B.
- 2 Complete the CW Subscription Form and send it with the Money Order/Demand Draft/Cheque payable to *Children's World*.
- 3 Put all the above in an envelope addressed to:
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YOUR CALENDAR OF PANDA CLUB SHOWS**

Channel	Time	Program	Time	Program	Time	Program
DOORDARSHAN METRO		FLASH GORDON 8:30 PM	ADVENTURES OF SONIC THE HEDGEHOG 8:30 PM	SUPERHERO SAMURAI SYDER SQUAD 8:00 PM	PHANTOM 8:30 PM	SPYGLASS OF THE EARTH 8:30 PM
						DRAGON THE MENACE 8:30 PM

THE CLOCK

Sangeeta Dhar

ONCE UPON a time, there was a city clock with two beautiful hands and a second hand which went round and round without stopping. Everyone looked at the time, but gave no importance to the clock.

One day a cuckoo was sitting on the clock. She wondered why people gave no importance to the clock although it worked so hard. She decided to tell the clock to work according to her wishes.

Next day the clock moved very slowly. Nobody realized it. Everyone worked at a very slow pace, in time with the clock. By sunset, the work of the world was not complete. The cuckoo laughed and told the world, "It's my work! It's my work! I told the clock to run slow."

The following morning the clock moved very fast. Everyone finished their work long before sunset and wondered why the moon was still not out. Again the cuckoo laughed and said, "It's my work! It's my work! I told the clock to

run fast.

The people were upset and asked the cuckoo what to do. The cuckoo said, "If you dust and oil the clock regularly, then it will keep time well. I will also stay in the clock to tell you the correct time."

Everyone liked the idea. They realized that the clock was an important instrument and that they must take care of it. From that day onwards, the world acknowledged the importance of the cuckoo and the clock.





Also seen in the skies of Singapore, Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur, Colombo, Male, Dhaka, Muscat, Kuwait, Sharjah, Fujairah and Ras-al Khaimah.

भारतीय एयरलाइन्स
Indian Airlines
 WELCOME ABROAD

THE ROBBERY AT RANG MAHAL

Cheryl Rao

Illustrations : Prithvishwar Gayen



The old man, Gopu, tells Tushar and Aditya about his best friend, Devrath, the Raja's son. Jealous of the friendship between Devrath and Gopu, a group of noble-men hatch a plot to get rid of the latter. They succeed but Devrath discovers their ploy. He doesn't survive to tell the tale.

Having told Tushar and Aditya his story, the old man too is swallowed into the well, following a mild tremor.

Part V A Fruitless Search

“WAS IT A dream?” asked Aditya, as he watched Tushar’s father supervise the three men who began to dig in the place where the well had been. “Did we really go down into its depths and re-

trieve a gold *thali* from the arms of a prince?”

“Yes, we did,” replied Tushar. “We have a handful of coins and the *thali* to prove it.” He pointed to something that stuck out in the sand ahead of him. It was the temple *thali*.

Aditya picked it up. “I think the old man threw it to us so that we could finally clear his

name. He did say he was Gopu, didn’t he?”

“How do we clear his name? Where is the temple? Under the sand? We can’t put the *thali* back where it was meant to be. Where is the town? That too is buried.”

The boys sat down with the *thali* and turned it around in their hands.



"You'd better go home, kids," called Navin Sharma. "Your mothers will be worried—especially if they felt the quake at home. I will tell you about the old man when I find him."

Tushar was reluctant to leave, but his father was firm. "Whatever we find will not be a pretty sight. And it may take hours. Go along."

Against their will, the boys were herded into one of the vehicles and taken home. In the excitement of their return, and the relief of their mothers, there was no time to speak about their experiences and the *thali* that they had found.

It was only many hours later, at night, when Tushar's father came in, tired and de-

jected, that the whole story poured out. "Did you find him, Papa?" asked Tushar.

"If both of you had not been so positive about his falling in, I would say that you had imagined an old man," replied Mr. Sharma. "We found no trace of him."

"But you dug in the old well, didn't you?"

"Yes, as far down as we could go in one day. We will try again tomorrow. There is no hope of saving the old man now, you understand, but at least we can recover his body and give him a decent cremation."

The next day brought another dead end. The quake had not been severe. In the village, only slight tremors

had been felt. In a few houses, the plaster had fallen off the wall; in others, a couple of pots had toppled from the shelves and smashed. There were no injuries.

When the villagers heard that the 'Construction Babu' was digging in the vicinity of the dune, they tried to warn him off. "It has been tried before," they said fatalistically. "You will make no progress."

"But I do not aim to break down anything or build anything here. All I want to do is recover the body of the old man who fell in the well and got buried during the earthquake."

"Which old man?" asked the villagers. "No one is missing."

"My son and his friend were talking to an old man and he fell before their very eyes. He said that he belongs here."

"They are wrong. There is no old man."

At the end of another day's fruitless search, Tushar's father was inclined to agree. He had reached as far as he could go and there were no traces of a body.

"Did you find the skeleton, Papa?" asked Tushar. "Did you see the fabulous ring he wore? He was a prince named Devrath."

"We found the skeleton, but we let it remain where it was. I didn't notice a ring, but I did find an empty leather

pouch beside it. In fact, it practically fell into my lap. It slipped down from a pile of sand that had been made in one corner."

The boys looked at each other. They recalled the moment when the old man had emptied the contents of the pouch into Tushar's palm, saying that he had no need for the coins. He had probably meant that the *thali* had been found and he could rest. He had found his eternal rest. But where was his body?

Diwali came early that year. Tushar and Aditya insisted

that they visit Rang Mahal to witness the strange spectacle of the light from the dune. They stayed overnight in the village for, by now, the residents knew them well.

There was no light that year. "It's amazing," said the villagers. "This is the only year that the light has not appeared. What could have happened?"

No one had an answer.

Epilogue

Some two weeks later, an exciting event took place. A noted historian, Professor A.S. Rao, came to the boys'

school to give a talk on the historical sites nearby and their significance.

"What a wonderful opportunity to find out about those coins the old man gave us," said Tushar.

"They couldn't possibly be made of gold though the old man said they were," speculated Aditya. "Who would give away a bag full of gold coins to strangers? They must be copper or something."

"We'll see. Let's take both our souvenirs to the Professor and see what he says."

The Professor was speechless when he saw what Tushar and Aditya had brought to him.

"Where did you get these coins?" he asked. "These are coins of the Guptas and are worth a fortune."

"Then they are really made of gold!" breathed Aditya.

"They are seventeen hundred years old! Even if they were not of gold, they'd still be valuable!"

Tushar shook his head. "Sir, they could not be that old. They were given to us by an old man who used them to survive. They could not be more than sixty years old."

"Son, can you see these markings on the coins? This is the image of Chandragupta the Second, seated on a horse with his bow in one hand. There is no mistaking it—I have seen many such coins



from all over Northern India." He looked up. "From where did you say you got them?"

"We got them from an old man at Rang Mahal."

"Oh, Rang Mahal! Say that!" said the Professor. "Rang Mahal was a thriving city in the time of the Guptas. The site was excavated in the first few decades of this century, but since then, not much has been unearthed." The boys stared at him open-mouthed.

"I was going to speak about Rang Mahal in your school today," he continued, "but first I must hear what you have to say. You must have been there recently."

"Oh, yes, Sir," began Aditya, then he was silent. He looked at Tushar and then, slowly, the whole story spilled out, the boys taking turns to relate their experiences and their encounter with the old man.

"What can I say?" murmured the Professor when they had finished. "From the way the old man spoke, he lived in Rang Mahal when it was a busy township, and that, as I told you, was seventeen hundred years ago. The coins prove that. And yet, he was sitting in front of you and talking about it."

Tushar pointed to the *thali*. "This is what he threw to us as he fell," he said.

"Perhaps he wanted the

world to know his story," said Professor Rao as he examined the *thali* carefully. "The story of a friendship that went beyond the grave."

"Sir," cried Aditya excitedly, "the old man said something like that too! Remember Tushar? He said their friendship was stronger than death itself!"

"Yes, I remember now. And I thought it was a strange thing to say."

"So did I. If I had known just how strange it was, I'd have run miles away that day. Imagine chatting with a ghost!" said Aditya. "No wonder his body was never found! No wonder the ghostly light did not appear this Diwali! He had found what he was look-

ing for."

Tushar laughed. "He was a friendly ghost, we have to admit that. He helped us twice—once when you fell into the well and the second time when he pulled us out."

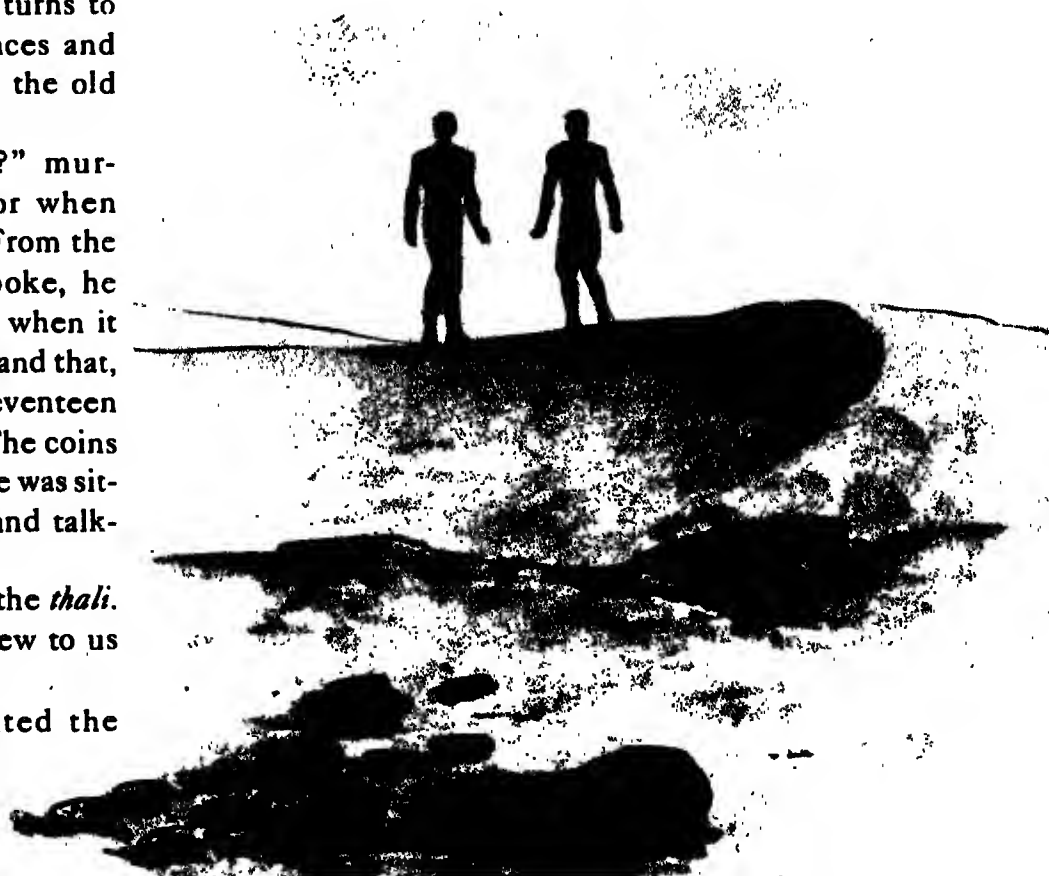
"Do you think he did that?" Aditya was thoughtful.

"Of course. He wanted the *thali*, didn't he? He wanted everyone to know that he was not the robber of Rang Mahal."

The Professor smiled at the way in which the two friends were reasoning out their encounter at Rang Mahal.

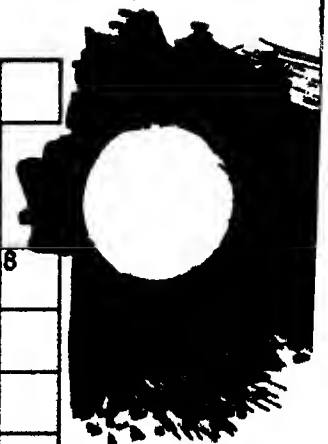
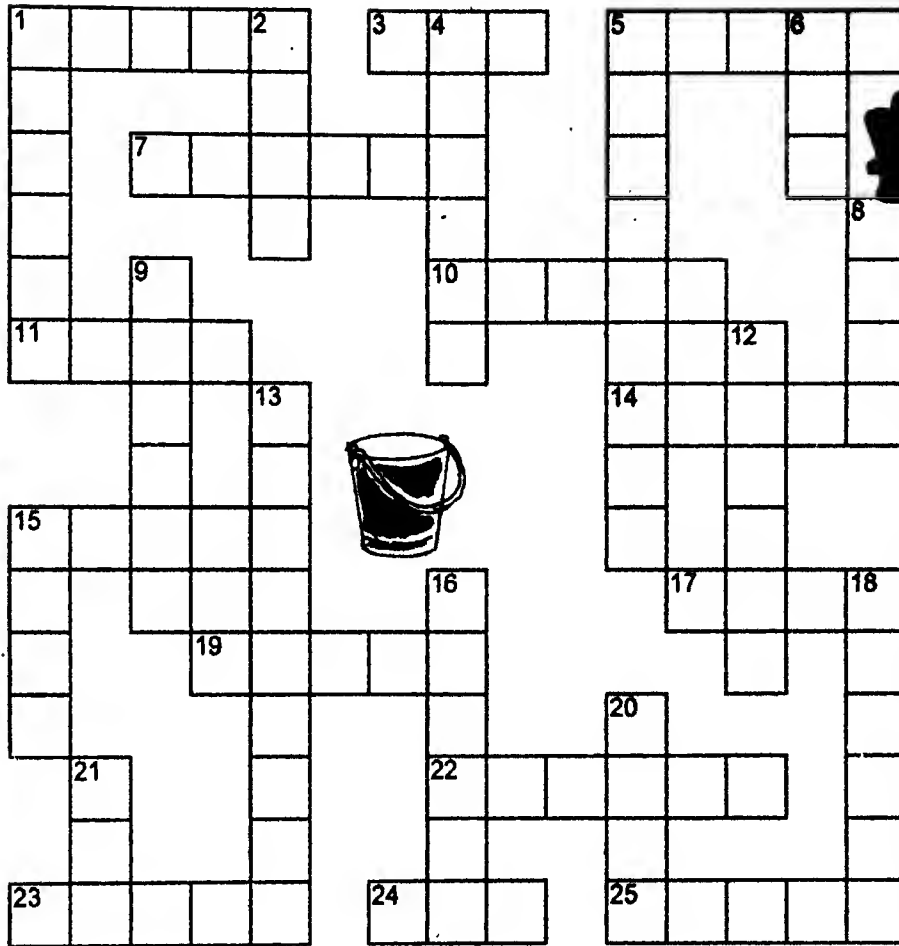
"They will know," he said, getting up and making his way into the auditorium. "We will tell them."

Concluded



A Way with Words

P.T.

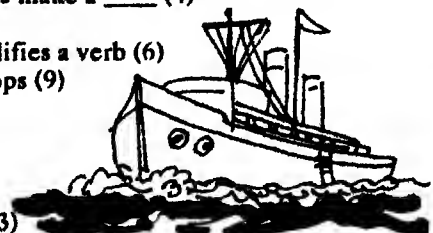
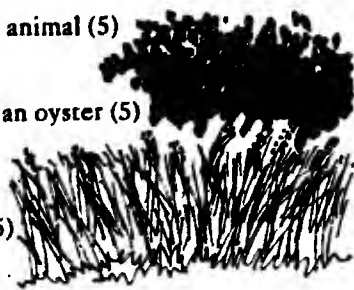


Across

Down

1. Prize (5)
3. Organ used for hearing (3)
5. Concerning the moon (5)
7. Frightens (6)
10. Slow-moving shelled animal (5)
11. Rooster (4)
14. Below (5)
15. That which grows in an oyster (5)
17. To cover (4)
19. Large ship (5)
22. Breathe out (6)
23. A joint in the body (5)
24. Poem (3)
25. Not light (5)

1. The sea near the North Pole (6)
2. Dull, unexciting (4)
4. Help (6)
5. Imaginary line running from pole to pole (9)
6. Used for cutting wood (3)
8. Twelve months make a ____ (4)
9. Loud cry (6)
12. Word that qualifies a verb (6)
13. Grow, as in crops (9)
15. Bucket (4)
16. Pal (6)
18. Beautiful (6)
20. Vow (4)
21. Guest-house (3)



Answers to A Way With Words, August 1998

ACROSS 1. Glutton 6. Solar 7. Inca 8. Tenant 10. Royal 11. Annual 13. Jumpy 14. Eerie
16. Query 18. Present 19. Slender

DOWN 2. Unicorn 3. Nest 4. Yesterday 5. Durable 9. Near 12. Accelerate 13. Jockey
14. Equator 15. Descend 17. Atlas

BLESS THE



Usha Bajracharya Verma
Illustrations : Prithvishwar Gayen

THERE ARE an infinite number of sneezes and they are infinite in variety. My mother says, "The bishop!" when she sneezes and has done so for as long as I have known. She stifles a sneeze as much as she possibly can; yet it has a pleasant, musical tone, like the call of a bird. My father's sneeze is impossible to represent phonetically. He delivers his with an open mouth, head thrown back. The tone, while not musical, is bold and triumphant.

When my father clears his throat, he produces a loud, sharp growl that, if you have your back to him, may make you jump and drop whatever you have in your hands. When my mother clears her throat, you can see a little balloon appear over her head containing the word 'ahem'. A person might think that these differences are based on gender—one masculine, one ladylike.

Interestingly, my mother's family sneezes like her while my father's family sneezes like him. One of his sisters (my paternal aunt) sneezes in the most peculiar manner. She is a dainty and soft-spoken woman, but when she feels a sneeze coming on, she grasps

the back of a chair and makes a series of loud and rhythmic cries. This culminates in a crescendo, clear and ringing, delivered from the chest, full voice "Choooo!" Hearing her, dogs jump to their feet and cats dash undercover.

My mother's side of the family prefer to sneeze in the 'rest room', in private and behind closed doors. They sneeze "Permission" or "Transmission" but it is definitely difficult to make out the exact word, because they are always trying to cover up their mouths and trying to be unintelligible.

I refer here not to the sneezing that comes from a bad cold or hay fever but to the occasional sneeze, the recreational

sneeze that the body works up simply to loosen the flesh, adjust the spinal column, jolt the brain, send a message to the extremities. My father sneezes every morning when he wakes and again when he walks into the bright sunlight. When he has a cold, he is as miserable as anyone else.

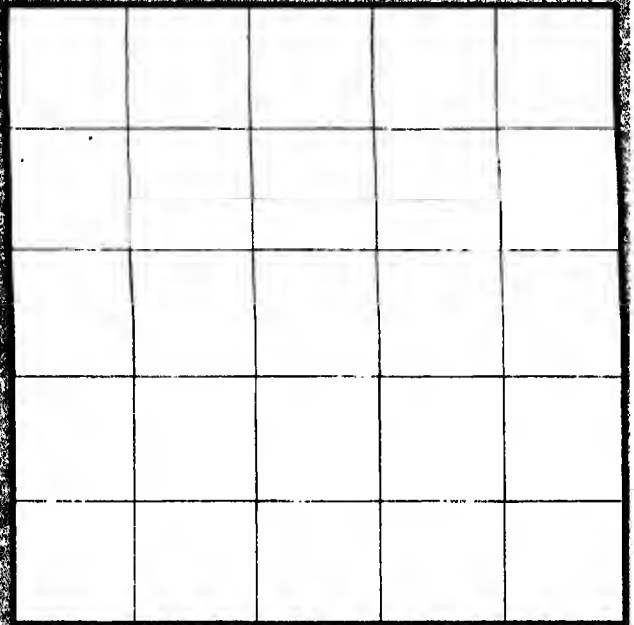
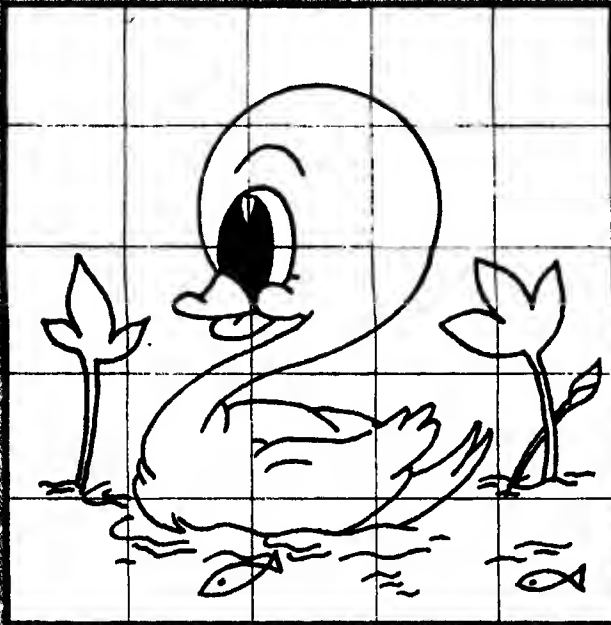
Over the years, my own sneezes have loosened up somewhat. In company, I try to rein them in, because there are some people with varying attitudes. Some enjoy a sneeze and others immediately see the old hygiene-textbook of a person releasing a cloud of diseases into the air. However, when I am alone, I cut loose. I give true voice to a sneeze. I make it as big as possible.

Not long ago, I walked out of the door of my flat on a clear, cold, wintry morning, thinking pure, creative thoughts when I suddenly felt that familiar pleasant wave in the chest. It was the magnetic field of a sneeze—the long intake of breath and the pulsation in the head. I wound up, reared back and delivered a sneeze. I stamped my foot as I felt the burst of the majestic cry of "A CHOOOOO!!" I thought, 'God bless me!'

I said good morning to the group of children waiting for their school bus at the corner of the street. They were awestruck. I lumbered into my car and drove off, and at the corner, the traffic light turned a luminous green.



FUN TIME



Look at the picture and colour it.

CREATIVE CRAZE

Write a story of the duck and the lily pads. Use words beginning with the letter 'L'.

A lily pad was floating in a pond.

The duck was swimming in the pond.

The lily pad was very happy.

The duck was very happy.

The lily pad was very happy.

The duck was very happy.

The lily pad was very happy.

The duck was very happy.

The lily pad was very happy.

The duck was very happy.

The lily pad was very happy.

The duck was very happy.

The lily pad was very happy.

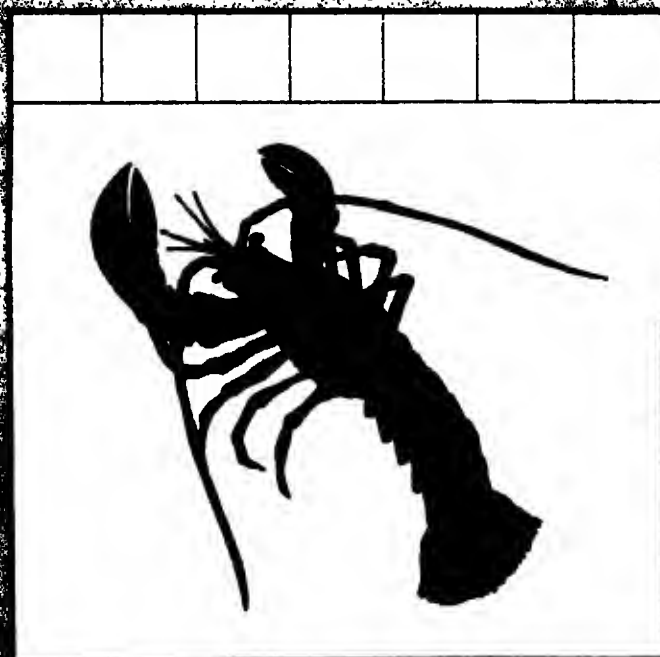
The duck was very happy.




*He teaches who gives,
and he learns who receives.*

JUMBLE-TUMBLE

Take the first letter of each object on the sides
and rearrange them to identify the one in the box.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW



Monideepa Sahu

Illustrations : Ajanta Guhathakurta

TWEET! Tweet! My name is Sunny. I am a soft, lemon-yellow budgerigar, the size of your middle finger. I have a hooked beak like a parrot's. I can sing very sweetly, when I'm in a good mood. The name Sunny is just right for someone like me, with my cheerful temper and sunny yellow colour. I peck at seeds and food, and test everything within reach with my pale orange beak and tiny, pink claws. My eyes are a deep maroon, like garnets.

I am intelligent, and very well educated, especially for a bird. You don't believe me? Well, I am writing my story for you on the computer. You see, I talk a lot, but it sounds like chirping to people. So, I have hit upon the method of hop-

ping from key to key on the computer keyboard. My brother, Siddhartha, opens the files for me, and does the hard things like saving and printing. I hop on the keyboard and press the keys with my delicate pink feet to write what I want to say.

I have learnt a lot by sitting next to Siddhartha while he studies. He is in the fifth standard. He knows so much. He puts my cage near his desk when he reads. I run from one end of my perch to the other, and follow the lines in his books. I can read a lot, but I don't understand all the big words. I also read the newspapers which Siddhartha puts at the bottom of my cage every morning to collect my droppings. I like to see the colour-

ful pictures. I only wish Siddhartha would put the latest newspapers, instead of old ones.

I live in a big house with Mummy, Daddy and Siddhartha. The house is like my cage, but much bigger. It has many rooms. Everyone moves freely from one room to another. They can even open the door of the house and go out. But I have to stay in my cage. Siddhartha takes me from room to room. During the day, my cage is hung in the veranda. I can see the trees and the flowers in the garden.

After sunset, Siddhartha covers my cage with a big clean cloth, so that I can sleep without being disturbed. In the morning he removes the cloth, changes the newspaper

and gives me fresh water and seeds.

I gobble up as much food as I can. I can eat upto ten or fifteen seeds at one meal! I also like to nibble at the green leaves that Siddhartha hangs in my cage, He is learning about the importance of a balanced diet in school. He feels that greens are good for me, and so they are. I like to nibble on spinach, lettuce, cabbage leaves, *methi* leaves, coriander and, of course, grass. Like you, I am not fond of the same things every day.

It's bath time next. First, I dip my feet into the water. I jump in and splash around like

a duck in a pond. I shake myself dry, and drink a few sips of water.

Siddhartha puts me on the lawn next to him and finishes his homework before starting for school. I love to see the bright blue sky, and the soft sunlight filtering through the trees. I feel so fresh, so happy to be alive. I run from one end of my perch to the other, and nod my head with joy.

Evenings are great fun. Siddhartha has built a 'Toyland' in one corner of the garden. There are forts, mountains, and even a lake made in a mud pot set into the ground. All this in a plot the

size of your bed. Sometimes Siddhartha brings out his toy soldiers and has a parade, or a battle for control of the fort. The fort is made of small pebbles, which he has fitted together with cement. I am placed inside, and become the beautiful princess. Prince Siddhartha always rescues me from the enemy.

Siddhartha's friends come to play. They admire me and try to touch me. They think I am a pretty doll. At times, they poke me with twigs. One day, Rahul, who is the naughtiest, plucked out one of my long, yellow tail feathers. Siddhartha was very angry, and





beat him up. "How would you like it if I pluck out your hair?" he said, and did just that. Hearing the noise, Mummy came out and stopped the fight.

"See what a sweet bird Sunny is!" Mummy said. "You should appreciate her beauty, and be caring and considerate, not only to her, but to all animals. And you shouldn't be fighting like savages. Shake hands now, and play nicely."

After that, the children never hurt me. Siddhartha's friend, Amit, has a little dog, Banjo. The children brought Banjo to play with me. I was frightened of him. Mummy explained that all animals know what to be afraid of, even if nobody has taught them. It is called instinct. Anyway, my instinct made me shriek and shiver when Banjo came near. Siddhartha took me inside the house and slowly I calmed down.

One day the boys decided to have a battle for the control of Toyland. Amit and Ashish

came as the enemy, led by their king, Rahul. They pelted twigs and pebbles at the fort, with me as the princess, cowering in my cage, inside the fort. King Siddhartha bravely defended Toyland with the loyal assistance of Rohit and Sanjit. This battle between equal forces would have continued for some time. Seeing the determination of the defenders, King Rahul decided to call for their terrible secret weapon of mass destruction. This was none other than Banjo.

As soon as Banjo was let loose, he began to wreak havoc. He dug up the villages and forests, perhaps hoping to find bones hidden underneath. The beautiful gardens and houses were destroyed in minutes. Banjo went on to the fort. Siddhartha, who had painstakingly built this kingdom, was reduced to rears. I was squawking with terror at the sight of Banjo.

Prime Minister Sanjit grabbed hold of Banjo's collar

and stopped him. He started peace talks with the attackers. By now, the boys were very sorry at seeing all the destruction and waste in Toyland. They consoled Siddhartha and promised to help him rebuild Toyland on Sunday. Rahul gave Siddhartha two colourful stamps as compensation. The two warring sides signed a peace treaty, and shook hands while munching biscuits. Siddhartha offered me a piece. I took a piece, but did not like it. Give me seeds any day!

I was so frightened when the children were having their 'war'. I am happy that they have made up and signed a peace treaty. Everyone, including Banjo, are my good friends now. That's the way I like it.

Today's adventure has made me very tired. The sun has set. I want to sleep now. I open my beak and yawn. This is a great deal of writing for a tiny bird. Some day I will hop again on to the keyboard and write some more about my adventures.

THE QUEEN'S TAX

Story: Shankar
Illustrations: Subir Roy

BUDDHU LIVED IN A
VILLAGE WITH HIS
WIFE AND FIVE
CHILDREN.

HE HAD TO WORK FOR
A LIVING.

I haven't got work for
a while now. At
this rate we'll soon
starve...What shall we
do...?

The pumpkins are
ready for the
market. There are 15
of them. We'll get
plenty of money
when you sell them.

THE NEXT MORNING AT THE
MARKET PLACE.

Ah! This is a good place to get
customers.

PUMPKINS!
FRESH PUMPKINS!

Give me one pumpkin.

Certainly, Sir. Here's a
big fat one. Now, how much
will you pay me for this?

Pay you?
Why
should I?

You have to pay me. This
pumpkin is the King's tax.

Take it then!

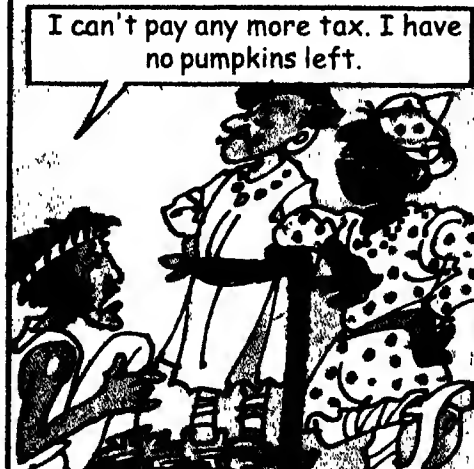
[Redacted title bar]



All my pumpkins are gone. I didn't sell even one.



SUDDENLY ONE MORE TAX COLLECTOR APPEARED BEFORE HIM...



Hmm...I see! In that case I will take away your basket and your turban.



AND SO...



LATER, WHEN BUDDHU RETURNED HOME

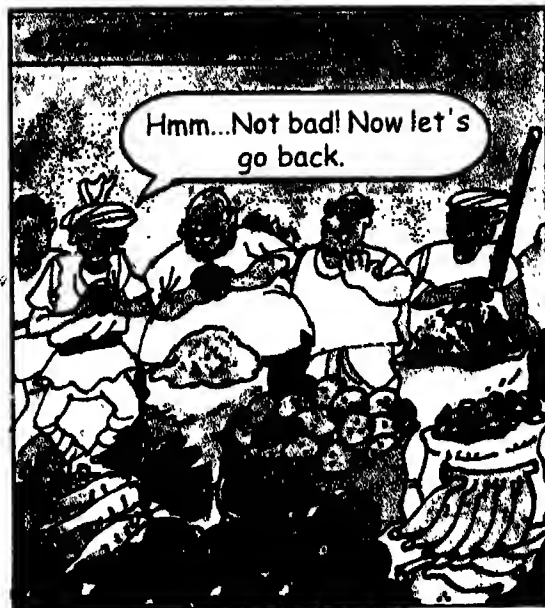


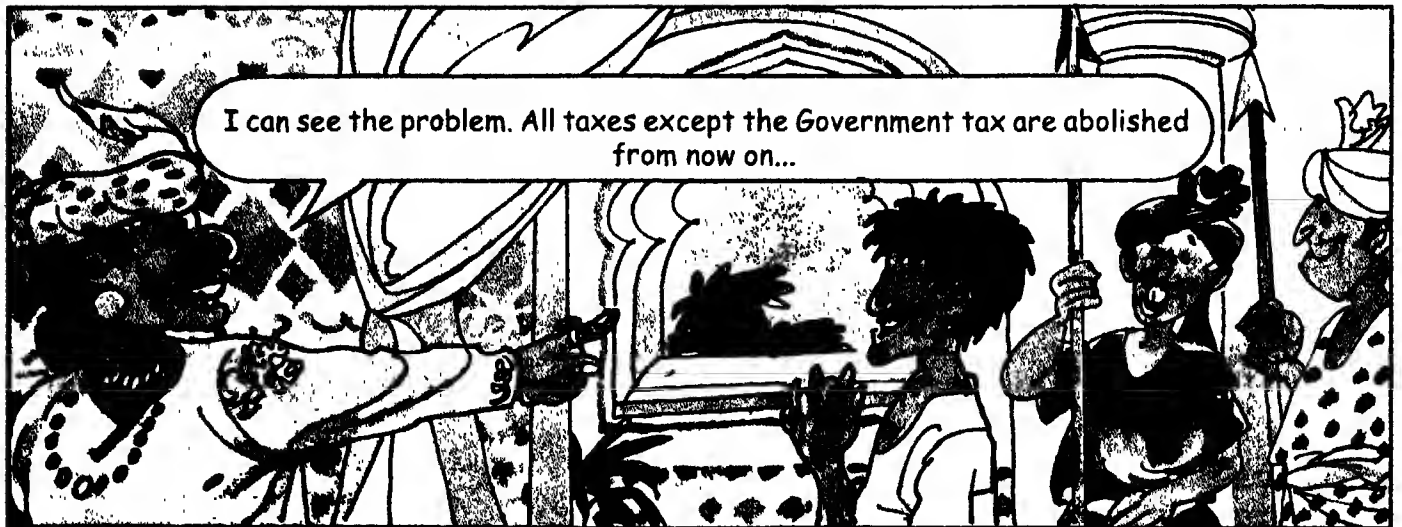
Put on this turban and these clothes and take six village ruffians with you!



NEXT MORNING







A TIME TO READ



SUCCESS STORIES OF ENVIRONMENTALISTS

SUCCESS STORIES OF WOMEN SCIENTISTS

By Dilip Salwi

Price: Rs. 29.90 each

The two books in the series, Success Stories, contain biographies.

There is so much awareness about environment these days—save trees, save water, discard polybags, recycle paper, don't kill animals and so on. Dilip Salwi's book, *Success Stories of Environmentalists*, covers 21 environmentalists who worked, lived and died for these causes. Rachel Carson made the world aware of the harmful effects of DDT not only on birds and animals but on human beings too. George and Joy Adamson raised abandoned and zoo

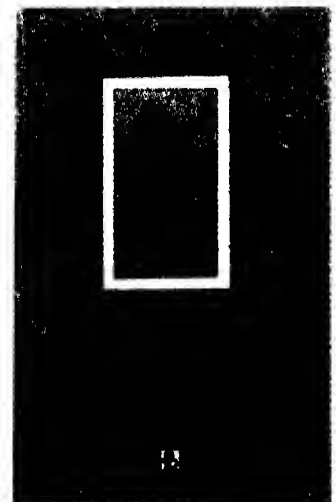
lions and introduced them into the wild. Be it Dian Fossey who saved mountain gorillas, or Richard St. Barbe Baker who planted 26 billion trees in 93 years of his life, or Sundarlal Bahuguna who started the Chipko movement to protect the Himalayas—their contribution to save our environment is of supreme value.

It is interesting to note that the author chooses to enlarge on the work of women scientists in his book, *Success Stories of Women Scientists*, probably because they deserve to be mentioned separately. And indeed so, as these women had to fight gender bias and family restrictions at every stage to go to school, to pursue their interests and to carry out experiments. Some, like Sofya Kovalevskaya, who went on to become a Professor of Mathematics, had to go in for a fictitious marriage to go to a foreign country to study. Many were denied recognition, for example, Lise Meitner was not given due credit for her role in the discovery of nuclear fission. In the field of experimental physics, which is dominated by men, Shiung Wu became the world's greatest experi-

mental physicist by disproving through mathematics a fundamental law of physics.

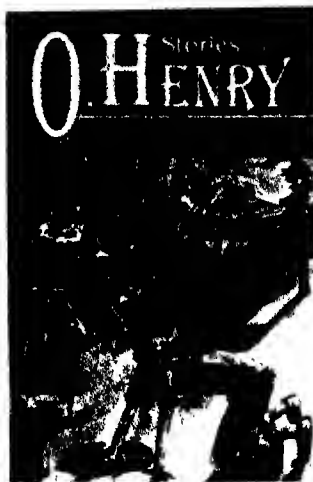
The two books are informative and read well. They also have a glossary of scientific terms at the end of the book. The portraits and illustrations are good. However, the placement of the biographies is very confusing. There are some which are in italics and in a box, there are also those which are in italics but without a box. At places, in the middle of one biography, a second one is given in a different font.

In the book on women scientists there is only one Indian scientist, Asima Chatterjee, whose investigations in the chemistry of medicinal plants have given mankind important medicines. This 81-year-old scientist definitely deserves to be writ-



ten about more than the one page that is given in the book. Published by Frank Brothers & Co. (Publishers) Ltd.

G.M.



STORIES FROM O. HENRY (4 volumes)
By Mary Joseph
Illustrated by Ashis Das
Price: Rs. 20.00 each

Ordinary people, ordinary places, ordinary situations—these make for ordinary stories. Or so one would think. Unless, of course, they come with the unexpected heart-warming twist in the end—a typical O. Henry touch. 'The Gift of the Magi', 'The Cop and the Anthem', 'The Last Leaf', 'After Twenty Years', and so many more of O. Henry's stories are familiar to most of us, thanks to countless adaptations, translations...

Here is yet another retelling of O. Henry's stories, in simple language for children. A collection of stories that ap-

peal to everyone, these volumes are an introduction to the world of O. Henry. An introduction that proves distracting as the print on the other side of the page shows through. The illustrations, too, do not do justice to the stories.

GREAT SHORT STORIES (8 volumes)
Price: Rs. 25.00 each

What better way to introduce a child to the greatest authors of all time than through their short stories, abridged and retold in simple, everyday language. Stories



like Maupassant's 'The Diamond Necklace', Saki's 'Dusk', Tolstoy's 'How Much Land Does a Man Need?' and many more timeless tales are included in this set. There are stories of all types—humour, romance, mystery, science fiction, fantasy.

The authors in this series include Saki, H.G. Wells, Edgar Allan Poe, Guy de

Maupassant, Mark Twain, G.K. Chesterton, Rudyard Kipling, and Leo Tolstoy. Each volume is dedicated to one writer and is prefaced by a brief biographical sketch.

The series is a good stepping stone for children into the world of literature. Proof-reading errors in the text could have been avoided. And the questions at the end of each book take the pleasure away from a good story.

Published by
Learners Press Pvt. Ltd.

DETECTIVE DNA
By Parvinder Chawla
Price: Rs. 40.00

DNA—the molecule of life, the molecule of the future—is the basis of the most hi-tech methods of detection today. Beware, criminals, your DNA is the most damning evidence against you!

Everyone has heard of DNA fingerprinting. But what exactly is it? How does it work? Did you know that it can help



in catching criminals of the microscopic variety as well—microbes, defective genes and the like?

It is an interesting subject but to the absolute beginner, it might just be Greek and Latin. *Detective DNA* is an attempt to bring biotechnology to the level of the layman, and in one book. The book presupposes a certain basic knowledge of molecular biology, and is suitable for the older reader.

The introduction of sub-headings would have made for easier reading, and also helped in highlighting important concepts. The glossary does not list out most of the scientific terms used in the book.

The book is, nevertheless, a step forward in making the subject popular. And who knows, after reading the book, you may decide to make a career of detection, DNA-style!

WHY?

Price: Rs. 40.00

Science may be one of the most disliked subjects at school. Yet, it is all around us—the answer to all the whys and hows.

Why do stars twinkle? Why do we feel thirst? Why is the sky blue? Why is rubber elastic? Why? Why? Why? Endless questions that plague every child's mind, and also the adult's.

Why? is a book where the



answers are given in simple language, and with lots of colour pictures and photographs. No scientific jargon that makes the head reel or puts us off.

Without realizing it, one learns many scientific principles, in a manner that is easy to understand and remember. A good effort at popularizing science and encouraging more questions.

At the end of the book one question remains—why are there so many questions still unanswered?

Published by
National Institute of
Science Communication
Pallavi T.

CBT BOOK NEWS

I LOVE YOU

By Ansu Naidoo

Illustrated by B.G. Varma

Price: Rs. 15.00

Words, words, words.
Harisha has spellings to learn

for her weekly test. She masters them, but what helps her do well are three magic words her mother tells her.

THE WATCHING FINGER

By Jaya Paramasivan

Illustrated by Subir Roy

Price: Rs. 15.00

Straggly is a little ant who wants to explore his surroundings. His friend, Paxy, tells him to stick to the line and beware of the Finger. Straggly lands himself into trouble.

MANAS

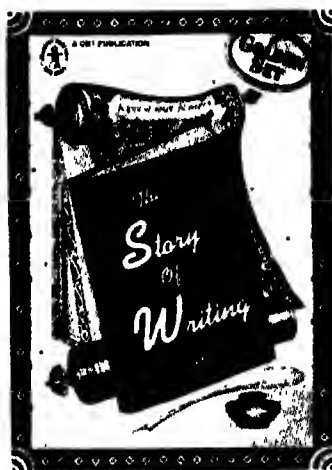
By Turat Sadykov

Illustrated by Subir Roy

Price: Rs. 20.00

Manas is an ancient classic of the Kyrgyz Republic in Central Asia. The feats of the child hero, by the same name, in the given tales are prodigious and the stories are told in every household without end. The heroic epic combines tradition, philosophy, wisdom, valour, legends, and it remains fresh ever.





**THE STORY
OF WRITING**
By Nita Berry
Illustrated by
Arvinder Chawla
Price: 55.00

Communities have developed, from old times to the new, different writing styles. The Chinese write from top to bottom and from right to left; the Japanese write from top to bottom but from left to right. Each language has evolved from the needs of the people and their environment. They all have their beginnings in cave drawings. From these to alphabets, to languages, calligraphy and printing with its technology—the journey has taken many long centuries.

FIRE POWER
By Hema Rao
Illustrated by
Ajanta Guhathakurta
Price: Rs. 15.00

Dino is a fire-spewing baby dragon. His friends do not want to play with him for fear of

getting burnt. Upset, Dino walks out of the forest and makes a friend who needs his fire.

MY FISH AND I
By Kalyani Rajan
Illustrated by
Prithvishwar Gayen
Price: Rs. 15.00

What fun it is to become a fish! To be able to swim lazily, to tumble down without getting hurt, to sleep with one's eyes open... Yet something tugs at you from the outside world... something you cannot live without...



**WHITEY AND THE
MONSTERS**
By Devika Rangachari
Illustrated by
Neeta Gangopadhy
Price: Rs. 15.00

A little boy, Ravi, finds a stray pup in the park and brings it home. The pup proves to be good friend. The boy protects him from all that he fears himself. But Whitey, the pup, can sense more. It is the story of how Ravi



overcomes his fear of monsters under his bed. A delightful picture book for tiny-tots.

**CHRISTOPHER
THE PILOT**
By Ravina Gandhi
Illustrated by
Debasish Deb
Price: Rs. 14.00

Christopher loves aeroplanes. He cannot wait to fly one himself. He is thrilled with the birthday gift his parents give him. Imagine his joy when he finds something equally precious to give his mother on her birthday.



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The Month That Was...

By Geeta Menon

July 1: The AIADMK and its allies decide not to withdraw support to the BJP government.

July 2: AIADMK supremo, J. Jayalalitha, invites Rashtriya Janata Dal Chief, Laloo Prasad Yadav, to discuss possible realignment of political forces.

Amarinder Singh elected Punjab PCC (Pradesh Congress Committee) Chief.

CBI directs Laloo Prasad Yadav to surrender on July 27 in connection with the fodder scam.

All Nigerian political prisoners will be freed, says UN Secretary General, Kofi Annan.

July 3: The second phase of the budget session of Parliament begins with the AIADMK and its ally, MDMK, boycotting it.

Congress President, Sonia Gandhi, removes Maharashtra PCC Chief, Ranjit Deshmukh, suspends MLA, Satish Chaturvedi, from the party membership, and issues show cause notices to ten others.

Third-seeded Jana Novotna of the Czech Republic wins the Wimbledon women's singles title beating Nathalie Tauziat of France 6-4, 7-6.

July 5: A.B.A. Ghani Khan Choudhary is the new West Bengal PCC Chief.

American Pete Sampras wins his fifth Wimbledon title, equalling Bjorn Borg's record, by defeating Croatian Goran Ivanisevic 6-7 (7-2), 7-6 (11-9), 6-4, 3-6, 6-2.

July 6: In an effort to make India an Information Technology (IT)

superpower over the next decade, the Prime Minister's task force recommends that every telephone booth be converted into an 'Information-kiosk'. The 108-point action plan aims at creating over 10 lakh jobs.

The eleventh Finance Commission is constituted by the President under the chairmanship of A.N. Khusro.

Salman Khurshid appointed UPCC President, T. Ramamurthy takes over as TNCC President, and Sat Mahajan is the new Himachal PCC President.

July 7: The Prime Minister rules out any discussion with Pakistan on the conversion of the Line of Control in Jammu and Kashmir into an international border.

The World Bank commits \$300 million through the Integrated Child Development Services (ICDS) for five years.

Mashood Abiola, 60, Nigeria's famous political prisoner, dies. Nigeria's military government dissolved following his death.

India wins the Independence Cup tri-series cricket tournament defeating Sri Lanka by six runs in Colombo.

July 9: Postal services across the country hit as employees go on indefinite strike.

No scrapping of SC, ST and Other Backward Classes quotas, says the Prime Minister.

Najma Heptulla elected Deputy Chairperson of the Rajya Sabha.

July 10: India willing to hold discussions on CTBT and

participate in the Geneva talks on nuclear disarmament, but the country will not give up its weaponization option, says the Prime Minister.

Ram Chandra Dwivedi, better known as, Kavi Pradeep, 83, receives Dada Saheb Phalke Award for his contribution to Indian cinema.

July 11: The fate of the 84th Constitution (Amendment) Bill—which seeks to reserve a third of the seats in the legislatures for women—hangs in balance with several parties and groups deciding to seek a fresh round of consultations on the Bill before it is introduced.

July 12: Pakistani troops shell 16 Indian positions and civilian areas along Line of Control.

July 13: A strong opposition by Rashtriya Janata Dal, Samajwadi Party, Bahujan Samaj Party, Muslim League, and the National Conference stalls the introduction of the women's quota Bill.

Japanese Prime Minister, Ryutaro Hashimoto, resigns.

Leander Paes wins his first ATP singles title defeating Neville Godwin of South Africa 6-3, 6-2 to claim the Hall of Fame tennis championship.

July 14: Women's Reservation Bill shelved for the time being.

Pakistan ready to discuss a regional test ban pact with India at the Colombo SAARC summit, says Pakistan High Commissioner, Ashraf Jehangir Qazi.

July 15: Finance Minister,

Yashwant Sinha, moves Finance Bill and announces concessions for info-tech sector which includes 100% tax deduction on software export earnings.

African National Congress stalwart, Walter Sisulu, awarded Padma Vibhushan.

July 16: Postal strike ends.

July 17: Lok Sabha passes the first budget of the BJP-led government.

July 19: J. Jayalalitha steps up pressure on the Centre to issue the notification for implementing the 1991 interim order of the Cauvery waters dispute tribunal.

US Deputy Secretary of State, Strobe Talbott, arrives for the third round of post-nuclear talks with Planning Commission Deputy Chairman, Jaswant Singh.

Fourth Goodwill Games begin in New York.

July 20: A Thai business executive, Sophon Suphapong, who helped rural community organizations and cooperatives become gasoline dealers, wins the 1998 Ramon Magsaysay award for public service.

July 21: James Joyce's novel, *Ulysses*, adjudged the best novel of the century by a panel of experts of Modern Library, New York.

July 22: India will not buckle under pressure on the nuclear non-proliferation issue, and will face sanctions imposed on it following the Pokhran tests, says the Prime

Minister.

India gets one Gold, three Silver and eight Bronze medals in the Asian Athletic Championships held at Fukuoka, Japan.

July 23: Seven Indian scientists asked to leave US as a reaction to the Indian nuclear tests.

July 24: The Union Cabinet extends Parliament Session to August 4.

The Patna High Court dismisses Laloo Prasad Yadav's prayer seeking quashing of the surrender order issued to him by the designated court in the conspiracy angle case of the fodder scam.

The Union Cabinet clears the Foreign Exchange Management Bill (FEMA), the Anti-Money Laundering Bill and the new housing policy.

July 26: Cambodians go to polls in the country's first self-organized elections.

July 27: The B.B. Lyngdoh ministry in Meghalaya resigns. Lyngdoh swings back to power as Chief Minister following a new power-sharing accord with the Congress.

Pratapsing Rane Government in Goa faces crisis as 10 MLAs revolt. Rita Verma is BJP's nominee for the post of Deputy Speaker of the Lok Sabha.

Cabinet okays amendment to Lokpal Bill which states that if a sitting Supreme Court Judge be appointed Lokpal, he would have

to resign from office.

The ASEAN Regional Forum in Manila expresses 'grave concern' and 'strongly deplores' the nuclear tests conducted by India. England wins the fourth Test against South Africa by 8 wickets in Trent Bridge.

July 28: Pratapsing Rane proves majority.

Militants gun down 16 people in Doda district in Jammu.

BJP nominee, Tara Bhandari, elected Deputy Speaker of the Rajasthan Legislative Assembly.

July 29: India announces lifting of restrictions on the import of 2,000 products from SAARC countries, thereby substantially increasing opportunities and access for these countries to the Indian market.

Pratapsing Rane Government sacked by the Governor, Lt. Gen. J.F.R. Jacob. Rebel Congress leader, Wilfred D'Souza, appointed Chief Minister of Goa. July 30: Pakistan's 'indecision' delays resumption of an official dialogue between India and Pakistan.

Goa Governor's dismissal of the Pratapsing Rane Government rocks both houses of Parliament.

July 31: In Colombo, India and Pakistan fail to agree on talks. SAARC endorses India's stand, calls for nuclear disarmament.

The Lok Sabha passes Prasar Bharati Bill.

FRANCE '98	PRE-QUARTER-FINAL				QUARTER-FINAL				THIRD PLACE	
	June 29		June 30		July 3		July 4		PLAY OFF	
	GERMANY vs 2		HOLLAND vs 2		FRANCE vs 4(0)		HOLLAND vs 2		July 11	
	MEXICO 1		YUGOSLAVIA 1		ITALY 3(0)		ARGENTINA 1			
	DENMARK vs 4		CROATIA vs 1		BRAZIL vs 3		CROATIA vs 3			
	NIGERIA 1		ROMANIA 0		DENMARK 2		GERMANY 0			
	FRANCE vs 1		ARGENTINA vs 6(2)		SEMI-FINAL				FINAL	
	PARAGUAY 0		ENGLAND 5(2)		July 7		July 8		July 12	
	ITALY vs 1		BRAZIL vs 4		BRAZIL vs 5(1)		FRANCE vs 2		FRANCE vs 3	
	NORWAY 0		CHILE 1		HOLLAND 3(1)		CROATIA 1		BRAZIL 0	
FRANCE '98										

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(Report on page 26)



*Mrs. Gauri Chatterjee, Joint Secretary,
Ministry of Social Justice and Empowerment,
releases the large print books.*



*Onward we march—children from the National Association
for the Blind*



*Ms. Namita Malik of the National Association for the Blind
receives copies of the large print books from
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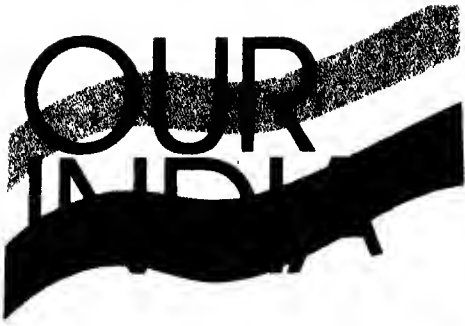
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OCTOBER 1998

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Newsletter Inside



If you have ever paused for a minute under a peepul tree on a breezy day, you would have heard the swish and rustle of the leaves as they allow passage to the wind. You would also have noticed a circular, cement structure around the tree where people often seem congregate to chat or rest awhile in the shade. You may have even seen men and women making an offering to the peepul, eyes closed in prayer. Considered holy, the peepul (*Ficus religiosa*) is one of India's common trees.

The peepul is found in most parts of India including the lower slopes of the Himalayas. The tree grows in Bengal, Orissa, coastal Andhra Pradesh and in Central India. It seems to spring up at any spot that provides it the basic growing conditions. So you can see it growing in the unlikeliest of spots like cracks of walls, on ledges and terraces, on window-sills, on other trees...

The peepul can be grown by planting seeds or cuttings. It has a long life span. It is said that a tree taken from India to Sri Lanka centuries ago survives to this day.

For many, the peepul represents Lord Vishnu. Lord Brahma and Lord Shiva too reside in this tree, according to popular belief. Therefore, going



The Peepul

round the peepul is like praying to the Trinity of the Hindu pantheon.

Referring to the tree, the *Vishnu Purana* says that just as a tiny seed holds within it the giant peepul, so is Lord Brahma omnipresent in the universe.

In the Buddhist temple at Bodhgaya, Bihar, stands an enormous peepul. This tree, say devotees, was the one under which the Buddha attained enlightenment. Thereafter, the peepul has also been called the Bodhi tree and is sacred to the Buddhists as well.

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Dear Readers,

There are a number of festivals in India. The festivals in the last quarter of the year seem to be more enjoyable because they come at a time when the weather gods have turned benign, when the year's toils and roils are coming to a close, and you feel like letting your hair down. The parade of festivals has begun...celebrate!

Last week I heard a story.

In the suburbs of a big town, there lives a family—granny, father, mother, and three children. A family, like many in our country, that survives on a fixed income. A fixed measure of dal and another of rice is cooked daily. There is no way of increasing the measures, perchance a guest arrives, for it would mean starving at the end of the month. The same amount of food is cooked—everyone in the family just eats less. One day, after a meal, the mother noticed her daughter of thirteen crying silently, uncontrollably. Concerned, she asked her what the matter was. "Oh, Ma! I am always so hungry. I don't know what to do. I can't bear it."

Are any of us aware that such a stomach-cramping hunger exists? We are, at most, pleasantly hungry around meal times. We waste what is put on our plates without a second thought. And when a choice dish is not on the table, we retire in a sulk or throw a tantrum.

Are we thankful for what we have? In school, we pray before and after recess, in gratitude for our food. When we hear stories like the above, the relevance of the prayers we say strikes home. Each time you begin a meal, pause for a second, and be grateful for what you have.

Share what you have. Give, give, give...all you can, whenever you can. Don't talk about it. It takes away from the worth of your act. Let this Diwali be illumined by the light of your generosity. Happy Diwali.

Dear Editor,
We, my brother and I, bought a copy of the CW 'Comics Annual' at the Delhi Book Fair recently. We enjoyed the comics immensely. Are there any more coming?
Beena M.
New Delhi

Dear Editor,
I have been reading CW for quite some time and, indeed, the magazine has everything that a child could dream of in his own imaginative world. However, the most admirable fact about your magazine is that it caters to a wide range of readers: teenagers, adults, old people and the like. The best part about CW is that it not only provides entertainment but is also a storehouse of knowledge, facts about India and the very children of India.

Vivek Pradeep
United Arab Emirates

Dear Editor,
The stories in the August issue were really nice, especially 'A Thousand Moons'. I really loved the illustrations of 'A Bird's-eye View'. My younger brother who's six years old loves to colour the 'Funtime' page.
Kanika Kumar
Pune

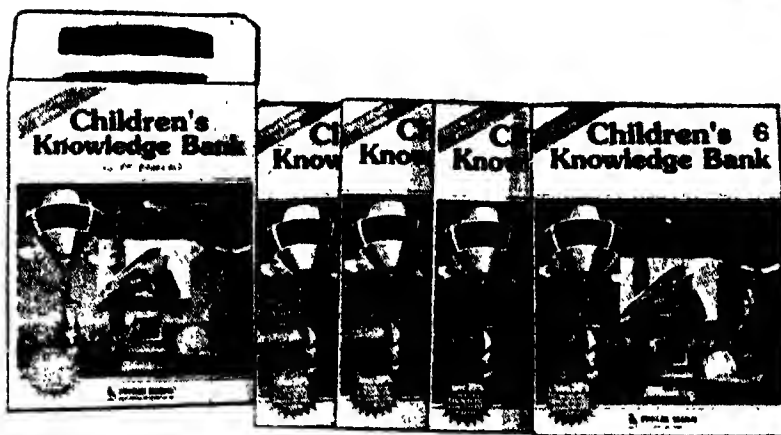
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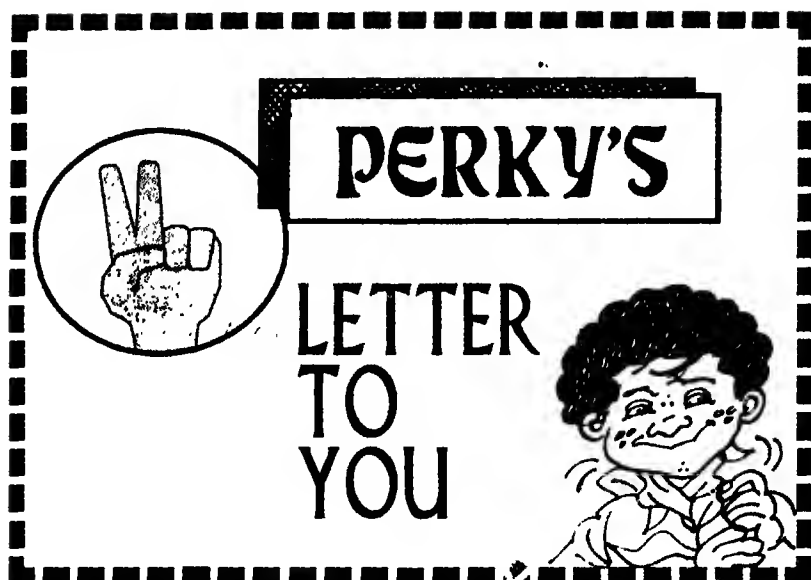
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Dear ties and tries,

Sometimes, some people get really crazy ideas. When I say people, I mean teachers and when I say crazy ideas, this one is really crazy. When I say teachers, I also mean this really funny lady who is our new English teacher and has a whole heap of crazy ideas. Mix up an English teacher with crazy ideas with a Raghu with crazier ideas and you wonder how this planet still lives.

Last week, our English teacher with the c. ideas asked us with a sweet smile how we tied our ties. How we tied our ties, I ask you! How do I tie my tie? Well, I just tie it, that's all. I don't think about it. I just fling it around my neck and tie it while gulping my milk and crunching my toast and grabbing my bag and running to school.

"But that's not what I mean," said our c. English

teacher, sorry our English teacher with the c. ideas. "I want you to tell me exactly how you tie your ties, from the beginning to the end, step by step."

Wow! I didn't think that tying a tie was done step by step. I just fling my tie around my neck while putting on my shoes and flying my books in my bag and...Step by step! Wow!

"And," continued our English teacher, "while one person gives the step by step method of tying a tie, another person will follow the instructions and tie his tie step by step."

What? What? What? What? What?

"While," she explained, the lady with the crazy ideas, "one boy gives instructions on how to tie a tie, another boy follows those instructions, step by step. Let's see whether he manages to do it according to

the instructions given. So, may I please ask for two volunteers?"

"Me, Ma'am," shouted Raghu and jumped off his seat. "Me and Perky, Ma'am."

I couldn't even gasp out that I did not want to be a volunteer. Raghu had dragged me out and yanked my tie off my neck before I could say King Ashoka. Though why I should want to say King Ashoka at that point of time I have no idea. Anyway, there I was, in front of the whole class with my tie off and my neck unprotected. And there was Raghu, licking his lips for some reason, and there was our English teacher smiling crazily, sorry sweetly, at both of us.

"Start, Raghu," she said. "Start giving your instructions. And Perky, you do exactly what he says."




"He might know how to make a loop," said the teacher, "but you still have to give him the instruction. That is the

The class was in uproar by

“Perky! Raghu!” screamed the teacher. The door opened and Mr. Krish walked in. The rest is silence.

"Perky! Raghu!" screamed the teacher. The door opened and Mr. Krish walked in. The rest is silence.

*Yours step by step,
Perky*



“OUT!” a delighted Poonam cried.

“Who says so?” asked Shabnam angrily.

“I do,” Poonam shot back, equally agitated.

The game of Kho-kho stopped and children gathered around the quarrelling duo.

“You never touched me,” protested Shabnam.

“I did,” countered Poonam, “I touched your sleeve.”

“But you didn’t touch my hand,” Shabnam held her ground.

“You cheat,” Poonam shouted, “stop lying.”

“You are a liar and you are the one who is cheating,” Shabnam shot back.

Both of them turned around scowling, and started walking towards their homes. The rest of the kids just shook their heads and the group broke up.

This was nothing new; it happened almost everyday. Till just about two months back, everything had been

very nice and quiet amongst the kids of Apna Ghar Housing Society. Poonam was the undisputed leader of the gang and all the other kids looked up to her for every decision that was made. What they should play, what the rules should be, who all should play, who is not to be talked to...everything was decided by her.

Life was going pretty smoothly till Shabnam came along. Her father had also bought a house in their Society and when they shifted into their new home, the problems began. Shabnam’s parents were very nice and everyone liked them. Since there were not many flats occupied in the Society, the residents welcomed every newcomer.

Things were very different with the kids. Though Shabnam was a likable girl, she was very strong-willed and just not in the habit of being bullied by anyone. Poonam, on

the other hand, was used to always having her way. Since both of them were good at sports, the others liked playing with them. These games invariably ended in a row, nowadays. The rivals never lost an opportunity to show each other down.

One day, while coming back from school, Poonam’s bicycle suddenly swerved. She hurriedly dismounted only to find the rear tyre deflated. It was very hot and the roads were almost deserted. Poonam looked around for help, but none was forthcoming. Finally, she decided to walk the rest of the way home.

Halfway back, she suddenly heard the loud ringing of a bicycle bell behind her. Poonam’s heart skipped a beat. Dreading the worst, she slowly turned around only to discover that her nightmare had become a reality. There was Shabnam, with her younger sister, Mehnaz. They were returning

from school on their bicycles.

"So, the queen of airs has run out of wind," Shabnam said in a mocking tone.

Poonam felt embarrassed. She didn't know where to look, or what to say. She simply lowered her head and struggled on with her punctured bicycle. Shabnam was not the one to let go of such an opportunity. She continued

to follow Poonam, tormenting her with one taunting remark after another.

Mehnaz felt bad for Poonam. "*Didi*, this is very bad of you," she told Shabnam. "Instead of teasing Poonam*di*, why don't you try and help her?"

"You just shut up," Shabnam snapped. "This is none of your business."

By the time they reached the gate of their apartments, Poonam was in tears. She dumped her bicycle near the watchman and ran to her house, only to drop on her bed and cry her heart out. After a lot of tears had been shed, Poonam's embarrassment was replaced by seething anger. 'I won't let her get away with this,' she thought. 'I'll make





Shabnam pay for this.'

From that day, the two girls could not tolerate each other's presence at all. A single word from either would send the other in a fit of anger and slander. Their friends tried their best to improve matters between the two, but nothing helped. They talked ill about each other and tried to instigate other kids to stop talking to the other. Here Poonam had an upper hand, since she had been with them for a much longer time than Shabnam. One by one, all the children stopped talking to Shabnam. Poor Mehnaz also had to suffer the same fate, through no fault of hers.

Yet this was not enough for Poonam. She wanted the punishment for Shabnam to be severe, more drastic. One day, as Poonam was returning home from a nearby shop in the

evening, she heard Shabnam talking to the owner of the shop. "Please give me a new eraser, Uncle," Shabnam was saying. "I have a very important test in the first period tomorrow."

An idea flashed across Poonam's mind. 'If it is that important, my dear,' thought Poonam smiling wickedly, 'you will never make it to school in time.'

A plan was taking shape in her naughty mind. But to put it in action, she needed a few accomplices. Help was easily found. Sweet-talking Reema and notoriously naughty Sunny, two of the ablest generals of Poonam's army, had taken the insults to her very personally and therefore agreed to help with much enthusiasm. Poonam arranged a group meeting, and the plan was discussed at her place over

tall, chilled glasses of orange squash. Poonam spelled out the details.

Shabnam's flat was in a rather isolated part of their complex. Shabnam's immediate neighbours had gone out of town. It was decided that after dinner Reema would come over to Poonam's block with a torch. The three would wait till the lights were put out at Shabnam's place. If anyone spotted them, they would pretend to look for some lost money with the help of the torch. Then, when no one was watching, Sunny would quietly move up the stairs to Shabnam's third floor flat and bolt the door to her house from outside.

"Nobody will notice it till late in the morning when the maids start to come, and by that time it will be too late for Shabnam to go to her school,"

Poonam concluded.

"Suppose they scream for help from the balcony," Reema inquired.

"Nobody lives in that block," explained Poonam, "and they will not be heard."

No phone had been installed at Shabnam's place as yet, so the chances of their plans succeeding were further enhanced. The last details were discussed, deliberated upon, and given final shape. Giggling with excitement, the three children parted.

The plan proceeded smoothly. That night, immediately after dinner, Poonam complained of having over-eaten. Minutes later Reema came over to ask her out for a walk. Poonam's unsuspecting parents had no reason to ask her not to go.

"But make it short," her mother called out as they left, "or you won't get up in the morning and will be late for school."

'Well, somebody else will definitely be,' thought Poonam as they left.

Sunny was already there. The trio didn't have to wait for long. Nobody came by, and soon the lights in Shabnam's house were switched off.

"Thank God they sleep early," chuckled Sunny as he winked at the girls and tiptoed up the stairs for the final act. It was no problem at all. The well-oiled bolt noiselessly

lifted and slid into place, to secure the door from the outside. Sunny came down; and each of them made for their respective houses after shaking hands with each other.

"Are you feeling any lighter, *beta*?" asked Poonam's mother as she entered the house.

"Oh yes, mom," she chirped, "as light as a bird." It was time for bed.

Next morning Poonam woke up to a lot of commotion in the house. She had almost forgotten about last evening's incident when a voice from the drawing room left her panic stricken. It was Shabnam's mother's voice. What is she doing here so early in the morning? ...Who let her out? ...Have Reema or Sunny confessed to someone...? So many questions suddenly crossed Poonam's mind. But then, what she heard, left her totally stunned.

"God knows who did it and why," Shabnam's mother was close to tears, "but it became our worst nightmare. We would not have noticed it till the morning had Mehnaz not taken ill suddenly. When she became delirious with fever, her father decided to call a doctor. He was planning to come down and use somebody's telephone, when he found the door bolted from outside. He tried everything possible to get out, but nothing worked. The balcony is too



high for him to jump down, and no one heard his calls for assistance. The whole night passed with him trying to figure out a way to get out of the house. Mehnaz drifted in and out of consciousness. It was only in the morning that an early jogger heard his frantic shouts and was good enough to inform the watchman. It was the watchman who rushed over and let us out of the house," Shabnam's mother said.

"I fail to understand who could be so irresponsible as to play such a prank," Poonam heard her own mother say. "But it was good that you came straight to us. Dr. Kapoor is a very good friend of Poonam's father and I am sure that Mehnaz will be fine very soon."

"You're right," said Poonam's father as he entered the room with Shabnam's dad carrying Mehnaz in his arms. "Dr. Kapoor has examined Mehnaz and she will be fine before long. There is no need for worry."

"Thank you for your help," said Shabnam's father.

"Oh, that's all right," Poonam heard her own father say. "We should take pleasure in being of some assistance to our friends and neighbours. That is what I've been trying to teach Poonam. Come now, it has been a tough night for you, and I insist that you join



us for tea before you go."

"I'll get it," said Poonam's mother hurrying to the kitchen.

"Let me help you," said Shabnam's mother as she followed her.

Poonam felt very wretched. Not that her plan had failed. But because she was very ashamed of herself. How could she have been so stupid? If something had happened to Mehnaz, would she have ever been able to forgive herself? Tears flooded her eyes as she entered the drawing room. Shabnam was sitting there in a corner with a blank look on her face. Poonam went right over to her, took her hand into hers and said, "Don't look so worried, Shabnam. Mehnaz will be fine. Daddy says she will be okay in a couple of days. We'll all look after her very well."

Shabnam, who loved her younger sister dearly, suddenly broke down. She flung her arms around Poonam and

started crying. "I am so sorry," she said, "for not having listened to Mehnaz and being so mean to you the other day. All of you are so nice, please forgive me."

"You forgive me too," said Poonam crying herself. "I've also been very mean, more than you can ever imagine."

Their parents, aware of their children's discord, were very relieved to see them becoming friends at last.

Suddenly Poonam said, "Shabnam, you have a test today..."

"Oh, yes," Shabnam gasped, "I almost forgot. But how did you know...?"

"Never mind that," Poonam said hurriedly. "Just get ready and leave, or you will never make it to school in time. And wait for me, or you will ride your bicycle too fast and I don't want you to hurt yourself."

The two girls smiled at each other and rushed to get ready.

LIVE!

Usha Bajracharya Verma

Illustration : Subir Roy

SEVERAL years ago, I received a postcard from a school chum who was vacationing in Switzerland. "I'm skiing with abandon!" Sumati wrote. I wondered what she meant, for when and if I'd ever ski, it would probably be with trepidation. I believe Sumati meant that she was skiing skillfully, joyfully, peacefully and confidently. Although I have no hopes of ever skiing that way, either in Switzerland or in Jammu and Kashmir, I do dream of living with abandon—living my life to the fullest.

In order to live life in fulfillment, it is important to:

Have a self that you respect. Which means

- having a deep sense of responsibility for your thoughts and actions.
- keeping your word and being faithful to yourself, your family members and your work.
- setting your own standards and not comparing yourself to others. For, it is not a question of being better than someone else but being better than you thought you could be.

Commit yourself to others. This means

- believing in others.
- taking time to nurture their dreams.
- providing nutrients of gratitude and encouragement.
- investing time and energy in their aspirations.

Turn disappointments into strengths. Those who live with abandon have discovered that

- all achievements are linked to diligence and disappointments.
- personal trials make them more sensitive and loving, building endurance and character.

Live one day at a time, realizing that life is an endless journey in self-discovery and fulfilment. This means

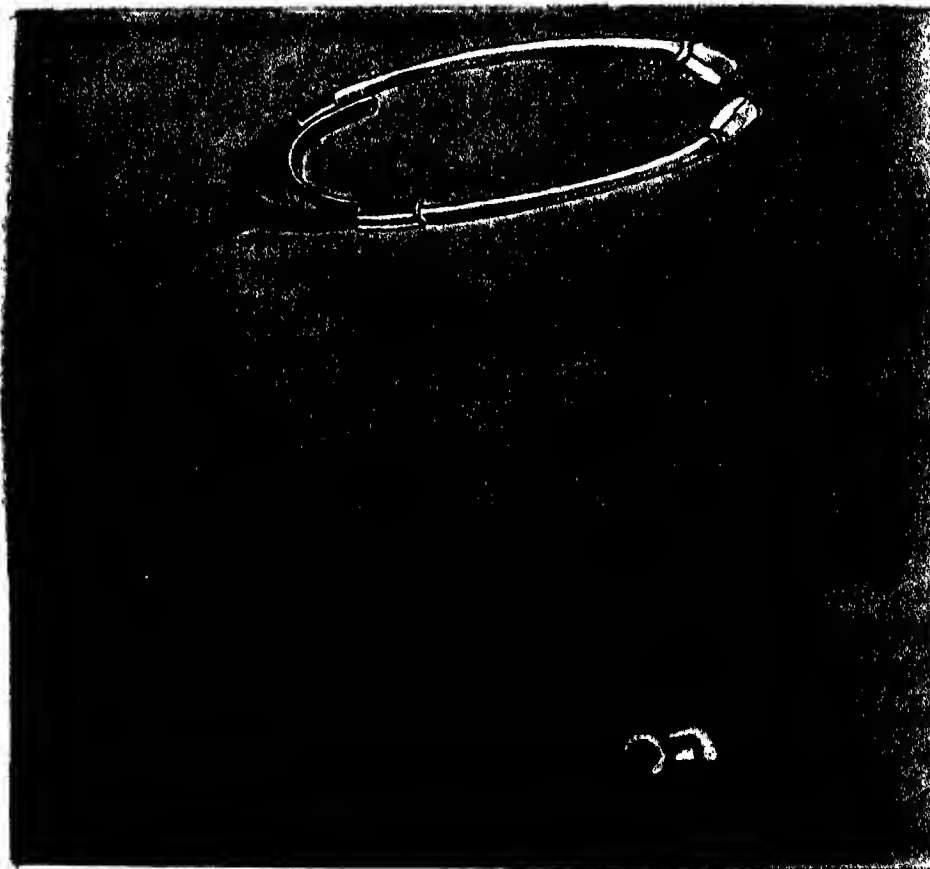
- taking time off to be with family and loved ones.
- sharing experiences by talking and contributing to each other's welfare.

Become involved in something bigger than yourself.

- See your goals through the end.
- Work on a cause bigger than you till it becomes a part of you.

Always remember, success is measured not by what you have done, but by what you could and can do!





chest. Unlike the abdomen, the rigid, bony thorax held on to its secrets. At an autopsy, he saw chests filled with fluid or pus or cavities in tubercular patients. If only he could hear the sounds within the chest, he could perhaps unravel some of its mysteries and help his patients!

The ancient Greeks practised 'auscultation'—the practice of listening to the chest sounds and heartbeat by pressing the physician's ear to the chest wall. One of Laennec's teachers, Bayle, had taught him the same method. But this was hardly the best way to examine patients! Some patients were too obese and no sounds could be heard, or if heard, they were muffled. Some patients did not bathe, some were infested with vermin, and some were too shy.

One day, while strolling in the gardens of the Louvre, Dr. Laennec noticed some children playing with a pile of cylindrical beams. One was listening from one end, with an ear to the beam, while the other scratched the opposite end. It was obviously a lot of fun. The sound could be heard well at the other end of the cylinder. Dr. Laennec rushed back to his plump patient, a young woman with a heart condition. Rolling a bit of paper into a cylinder, he placed one end of it over the

LESS than two hundred years ago, the forerunner of the modern stethoscope was invented in France. Before that, physicians listened to the mysterious sounds of the human chest by placing their ears directly on a patient's chest, an approach which presented obvious disadvantages, not only to the physicians, but also to their patients.

Rene Theophile Hyacinthe Laennec, the inventor of the stethoscope, was born in Quimper, France, on February 17, 1781. Before he turned five, his mother died of tuberculosis. The young Laennec was raised by his uncle, who gave him a sound education

despite turbulent times. At nineteen, Laennec went to study medicine in Paris. He was a keen and hard-working student and won many prizes.

In those days, tuberculosis was a common disease. When Laennec became a physician in the Necker Hospital in Paris, two-thirds of his patients had tuberculosis. But examining the chest was not easy and this was important for proper diagnosis of tuberculosis. Laennec practised 'percussion'—tapping the chest with fingers to get different sounds in different disease states—in his repertoire of diagnostic tools.

Laennec became deeply absorbed in the study of the

patient's heart, and the other end to his ear. It worked! Dr. Laennec became the first man to clearly hear the sounds of the human chest.

Over the next few years, Dr. Laennec tried many improvements of his 'stethoscope' and studied many patients. Rolling paper became boring, so he used a wooden tube. He learned to recognize pneumonia and other lung diseases from the sounds he heard with his stethoscope. He received many honours and became Professor at the College of France.

Laennec studied many

chests, comparing his observations with post-mortem findings. He described the dreaded sound of 'pectoriloquy', a sign he attributed to advanced tuberculosis. In 1819, he published *A Treatise on the Diseases of the Chest and on Mediate Auscultation* in two volumes, while his own health was failing.

In May 1826, one of his pupils who examined him, heard the ominous pectoriloquy. Ironically, the disease he helped to understand and elucidate with his invention took his own life. Dr. Laennec died of tuberculosis on August

13, 1826, at the age of 45.

He gave the name 'stethoscope' to his own invention. Laennec's wooden tube was the first true stethoscope. It was about 9 inches long and 1.5 inches in diameter. The stethoscope we are familiar with came later. Wooden stethoscopes were used until about 1850, when rubber tubing came along. An American physician, Dr. George P. Cammann, added the ear pieces.

Dr. Laennec's invention lives on, and today, it is difficult to imagine medicine without the stethoscope.



Figure It Out

1. Nikki went to bed at 9 p.m. and she set her alarm clock so that she would wake up the next morning at 10.00. How many hours of sleep would Nikki get before the alarm woke her?
2. Arun and Anita have the same parents. Arun and Anita look identical. Arun and Anita are the same age, yet they are not twins. How is this possible?
3. Two mothers and two daughters went to the store and each bought a brand-new bicycle. Yet only three bicycles were sold to them. How is this possible?
4. Which is better—an old one-hundred rupee note or a new one?
5. There are five words in the English language that end in 'cion'. Can you think of one such word?
6. Can you name an eight-letter word that contains 'kst' in the middle, 'in' the beginning, 'and' at the end?
7. What is the third hand on a watch or clock called?
8. Can you arrange four 5s so that they equal 6?
9. Can you prove that half of 8 is 3?
10. Is it physically possible for you to stand behind your mother, and for your mother to stand behind you at the same time?
11. If three hens lay three eggs in three days, how many eggs will 300 hens lay in 300 days?
12. If three hens lay three eggs in three days, how many hens will be needed to produce 300 eggs in 300 days?
13. How many feet are in an arm?

(Answers next month)

LIGHTING THE LAMPS...

Nidhi Gambhir

Illustrations: Prithvishwar Gayen

*Two little eyes, made the world for me
They let me know, they let me see
The lamps are lit, the light glows
The eyes are important, now I know.*

*I would have assumed so many things
I would have missed a lot without them
I would have been totally unaware
I would have been blind without them.*

*I thank God. He gave me two
I thank God I can give them further.
Yes, I will donate them and light a lamp
I will let somebody see through them.*

*Let somebody's life not be dark any more
Let him know the world, let him explore
The moment I die, I will give him life
I will light his life with my two little eyes.*



Laugh A Minute

Illustrations: Prithvishwar Gayen

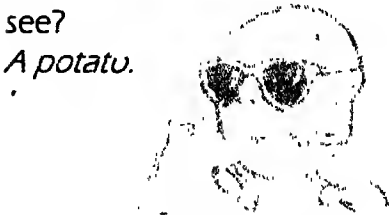
Why does a baby pig eat so much?

To make a hog of himself.



What has eyes but cannot see?

A potato.



Why is the letter U never serious?

It is always in the midst of fun.



Why is a wild horse like an egg?

It must be broken before it can be used.



Why are ghosts like newspapers?

Because they appear in sheets.



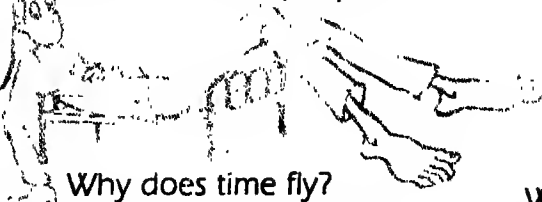
What musical instrument should we never believe?

A lyre.



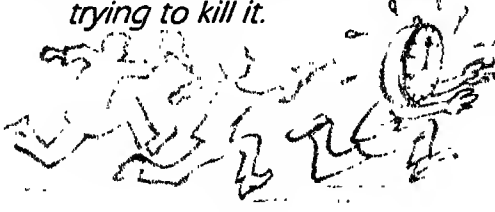
Why are tall people always the laziest?

Because they are longer in bed than short people.



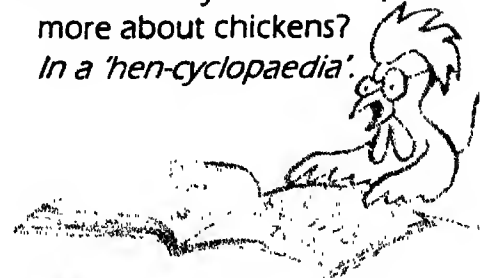
Why does time fly?

Because so many people are trying to kill it.



Where can you find out more about chickens?

In a 'hen-cyclopaedia'.



What kind of cars do rich cats drive?

'Cat-illacs'.



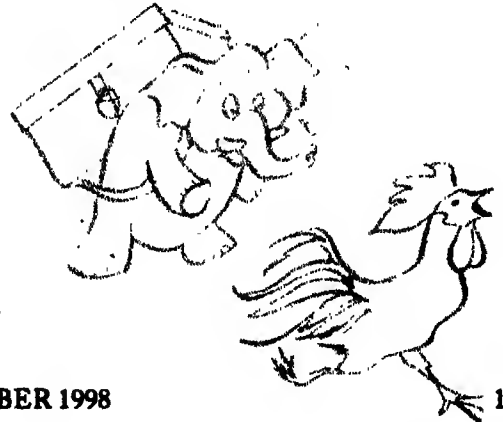
What can you hold without touching?

Your breath.



Who takes less time to get ready for a trip—an elephant or a rooster?

The rooster. He takes only his comb, while the elephant has to take a whole trunk.



Which month does a soldier hate?

A long march.



When does a boat show affection?

When it hugs the shore.



Down Memory Lane

Anju George (18) Illustrations: Beejee

"THE best things in life are free"—I pondered about it again. Yes, it was so for my father, who belonged to North Paravur—a place of picturesque beauty on the outskirts of Ernakulam district in Kerala. What an adventurous and fun-filled time he had when he was young!

When my father sees me enter the room, dragging my heavy school bag, only to be reminded by my mother of the Maths test the next day, he says, "You know, Anju, things were different, very different in my time. I used to walk two miles to school through a paddy field. Actually it was not walking; it was running most of the time. School was a happy combination of work and play. Loving, caring teachers, who only wanted to bring out the best in us."

I visited India last summer. My Dad had promised to take

my brother and me on a trip to Mulanthuruthy, Paravur and Kandanad. The journey, he said, would be by bus. Going in a car would kill the fun.

Not having travelled much by public transport (except by our school bus—and I do not know whether to call it public transport), my mother was



hesitant to send us on this trip. When she saw Dad was determined, she gave in.

The first visit was to my father's ancestral home. The family had sold the house many years back. The new occupant told us that this was the only house in the area with such tall doors—that was because my grandfather was very tall and he had the house constructed to suit him. She told us of the reputation our family had in that area. My father went to the well, it was in an unkempt condition—it didn't take long to find out that nobody used the water from that well.

"It became dirty and could not be used, so I have fixed a motor and pipes." My father stood there, and mused over the happy days he spent near the well.

"Where is the jasmine twine on the bread-fruit tree?" All had gone, gone for ever. We thanked the lady for her hospitality and continued our trip.

The next destination was my father's Alma Mater—Mulanthuruthy Government School. The building was in a dilapidated condition—no proper furniture, dried leaves scattered everywhere. I could not believe that this building could ever have been termed a school. (My impression of a school is stately buildings, a grand auditorium, a huge well-equipped library, a big can-

teen—as in my school—The Indian High School, in Dubai.)

My father showed us a room with a few benches. "This was X B, my class in 1963. I used to sit here," he said, pointing to the back bench. Thirty-five long years had passed since he passed out from this school.

The peon recognized him,

and called out, "George!" He was my father's old classmate. They talked for some time. I saw my father giving the peon some money. This was just a small help from an old mate.

Though long years had flown past, some people in wayside shops recognized my father. Some asked him about





his elder brothers, some about his father. My father showed me the path he used to take everyday to school. The path no more exists; it has been transformed into a paddy field. Many people about whom he enquired were dead.

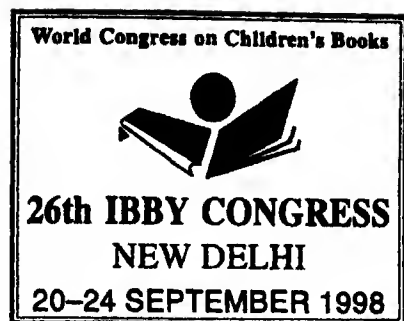
The most noticeable features were not the buildings but the winding lanes and grassy fields. I saw trees and more trees. Years ago, when my father was young, there were more than 20 varieties of

mangoes in his compound. He told me their local names—*prior*, which is not sour when unripe and can be eaten like an apple; *chungiri*, green and red at the tip with unique taste; *moovandan*, which is very fleshy and used in curries; *ottu*, which is the tastiest when eaten ripe; and many, many more. The mangoes are plucked from the tree when they mature, spread on a paper and left to ripen. An old lady in the neighbourhood

recognized my father. Years had passed...but memories still linger on.

Bidding goodbye to everyone there was a heart-rending experience. My mind went back to what Dad had told me earlier—"All good things in life are free."

Here I saw loving and caring human beings, brimming with the milk of goodness, kindness—simple village folk. Truly, God exists in this universe.



A CONGRESS FOR PEACE



A report by Navin Menon

SEPTEMBER 20-24, 1998—a memorable period for those associated with children's books. New Delhi is the centre for the 26th biennial meet of the International Board on Books for Young People (IBBY). A non-profit organization, it was founded by Jella Lepman in 1953, in Switzerland.

Jella Lepman brought together publishers, librarians, educators, illustrators and authors of children's books and formed this worldwide organization. Today the IBBY comprises 62 National sections operating at national and international levels.

The host of this year's (1998) Congress is the Indian section of IBBY—the Association of Writers and Illustrators for Children (AWIC), headed by its President, Mr. Ravi Shankar. Mrs. Manorama Jafa is its Secretary-General. The Association was founded by the late political cartoonist, K. Shankar Pillai and is supported by the Children's Book Trust (CBT), New Delhi.

Contact among colleagues is the essential ingredient of every IBBY Congress. The five-day programme, with over 400 expected participants, will strive to bring together all people with similar career backgrounds—children's books—to meet, review and exchange ideas. There will be seminars on different aspects of children's literature, exhibitions,

and story-telling sessions. All plenary sessions will be held in the mornings, the afternoons being devoted to seminars, workshops and meetings of professional groups.

The theme of this year's Congress is 'Peace through Children's Books'. "Children," the organizers feel, "are constantly being exposed to violence in real life as well as through the media..." which "may lead to bruised minds and bodies and consequently to a much more disturbed world in the future." The aim, therefore, of this Congress will be "to introduce, encourage and promote the concept of 'peace' in children's literature...to ensure that it reaches children in every corner of the world".

The highlight of the Congress will be a special ceremony to hand over the Hans Christian Andersen Awards to the best children's writer and the best illustrator of children's books. Also on the agenda are the honours list presentations and an exhibition of books on the *Panchatantra*—the first collection of children's stories in the world. An exclusive section, 'On the Wings of Peace', will exhibit books, pamphlets, artwork and posters on peace—thus fulfilling IBBY's mission to stimulate research, promote international understanding and encourage the publication and distribution of quality children's books.

For everyone who loves children's books, the IBBY Congress is certainly a significant event.



Diwali Delights!



RAVA LADDU WITH COCONUT

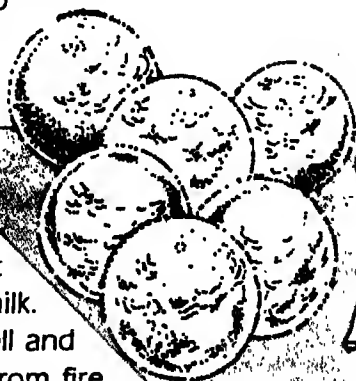
Serves 5

Ingredients

Semolina 125gms
Coconut 75 gms
Castor sugar 75 gms
Ghee 100 gms
Milk 5 tsp
Cardamom 3

Method

1. Grate coconut and dry in the sun.
2. Roast semolina in ghee till light brown; sprinkle milk.
3. Stir well and remove from fire.
4. Mix semolina with grated coconut and powdered cardamom.
5. Add castor sugar and shape into neat balls.



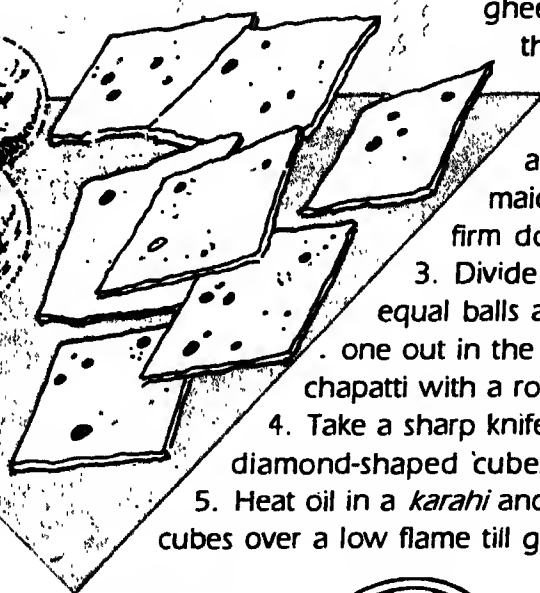
DIAMOND CUTS

Ingredients

Maida 1 cup
Ghee/oil (warm) 1 tbsp
Salt to taste
Ajwain 1 pinch

Method

1. Rub warm ghee/oil into the maida.
2. Add a little water and knead maida into a firm dough.
3. Divide dough into equal balls and roll each one out in the shape of a chapatti with a rolling pin.
4. Take a sharp knife and cut into diamond-shaped cubes.
5. Heat oil in a *karahi* and fry the cubes over a low flame till golden brown.



FRUIT PUNCH

Serves 2

Ingredients

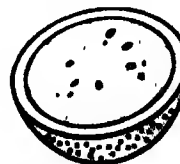
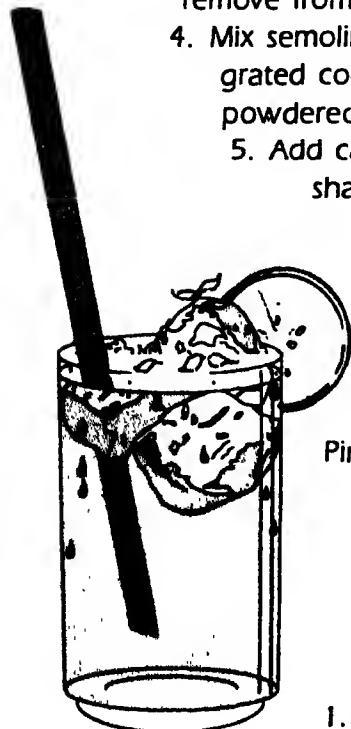
Black tea ½ cup
Pineapple squash 2 tbsp
Sugar 2 tbsp
Water ½ cup
Orange squash 2 tbsp
Lemon squash 2 tbsp
Ginger extract ¼ cup
Soda ¼ bottle (optional)
Crushed ice 6 cubes

For decoration

A slice of apple, a sprig of mint, a slice of lemon

Method

1. Mix cold, strained tea with the squashes and water.
2. Stir in sugar. Chill.
3. Mix ginger extract just before serving the punch. For ginger extract, crush 10 gms ginger and boil in ½ cup water for about 10 minutes or till its volume reduces by half, and strain.
4. Serve in tall glasses over crushed ice. Add diced apple, mint or a slice of lemon for decoration. Soda may be added at the time of serving to give a sharp taste.





PYTHAGORAS

Father of Mathematics

Adi Merchant

Illustrations : Beejee

PYTHAGORAS was born in about 582 B.C., a native of Samos, Greece. Nothing is known of his personal life. He probably travelled through the Mediterranean, visiting the Egyptian centres of learning. In 529 B.C. he was driven from Greece to Southern Italy by the tyrant king, Polycrates. Pythagoras founded a kind of brotherhood devoted to mathematics as well as religion and philosophy with his followers. The members of the Pythagorean group were aristocrats and were sworn to secrecy. As a result, the brotherhood was looked upon with suspicion by the common people.

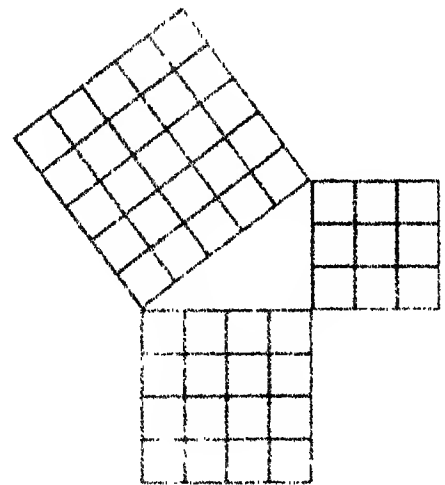
The Pythagorean theorem is probably more widely known than any other concept in mathematics. This theorem was, as far as is known, first

used by the Egyptians who used it without any mathematical proof that the idea was correct, Pythagoras is credited with being the first to show precise proof of this mathematical idea.

Pythagoras's theorem, which is the cornerstone of all technology, proved that the sum of the squares of the two shorter sides of a right triangle is equal to the square of the hypotenuse. (A right triangle has one angle of 90° , a "right" angle.)

One of the important right triangles in the history of measurement is the one that has one side 3 units long and the other 4 units long. The hypotenuse, or the side opposite the right angle, is 5 units long. The squares on the sides, as can be seen from the drawings, contain 9 small squares

and 16 small squares. The square on the hypotenuse contains 25 small squares. This



shows that 3×3 plus 4×4 equals 5×5 . The theorem is also true for every other right triangle. This geometric problem has been so interesting to mathematicians that there have been over a hundred different proofs of the Pythagorean theorem!

Pythagoras and his followers believed that the human soul is immortal and returns to earth again and again, in different people. He believed that animals and men are related and that a human soul might be born in an animal. This, he taught, could be avoided if man lived a pure life. As a result, discipline in the society was very severe; self-discipline, purity, temperance and obedience were the watchwords.

The Pythagorean theorem gave Copernicus the first inkling that the sun was at the centre of the universe. Pythagoras believed that the paths of the planets must be

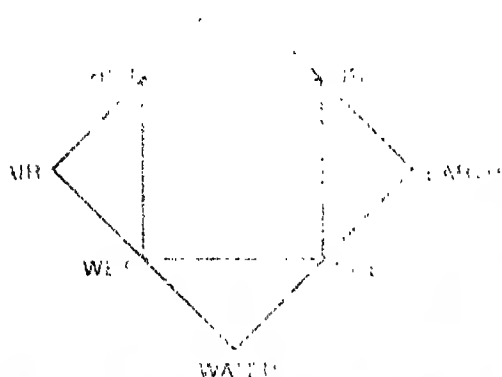
discovered the optic nerves and the Eustachian tubes.

The Pythagoreans brought their mathematical science into music. A musical note is a pure sound that is pleasing to the ear. Certain pitches, when played together, are pleasing, while other combinations are jarring. Pythagoras discovered that simultaneous notes produced by strings that had lengths in simple ratios to one another were harmonious. For example, if one string is twice as long as another (and both had the same thickness and stretched in the same tightness), the sounds would be pleasing. This is true, too, if the

lengths are 2 units and 3 units, or 4 units and 3 units. In musical terms, 2 to 1 represents the octave, 3 to 2 the perfect fifth, 4 to 3 the perfect fourth. Musicians know these combinations of tones as the purest.

Two hundred years later, Aristotle said, "The Pythagoreans applied themselves to the study of mathematics and were the first to advance that science. Having been brought up in it, they thought its principles must be the principles of all existing things."

Present-day scientists are still trying to reduce the universe to the certainties of mathematical formulae.



The four elements and the four qualities according to Pythagoras.

circular. The circle, he argued, is the most perfect path. The earth, the stars, the planets, and the universe as a whole were spherical, he argued, because the sphere is the most perfect solid figure.

In addition to astronomers and mathematicians Pythagoras's brotherhood had biologists and anatomists. They

LET'S DO IT!

(June 1998)

The CEE-NFS awarded the Green Gift each to

*Amrita Sabat, Bhubaneswar
R. Veena, Dehradun
Akanksha Gaur, New Delhi
Arpit Gupta, Delhi*

Keep up the 'green work', everyone.

Encourage recycling and reuse.

Say 'No' to polybags.

Save water and electricity.

Make sure your environs
are clean and green

for a healthy and safe future
for our planet.



Also seen in the skies of Singapore, Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur, Colombo, Male, Dhaka, Muscat, Kuwait, Sharjah, Fujairah and Ras-al-Khaimah.

भारतीय वायुसेवा
Indian Airlines
 WELCOME ABROAD

Decorative Diya

YOU NEED

4 large earthen diyas



Mirrors

Beads



Poster
paints



Gold thread (zari)



Glue



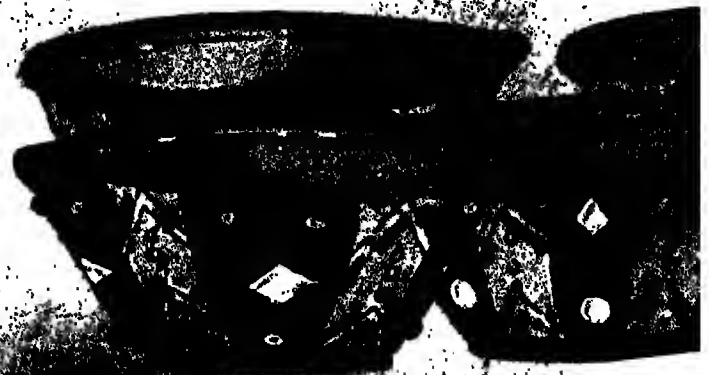
1. Soak the diyas in water for an hour.



2. Paint a design of your choice or as shown, on the diya.



3. Paste the mirrors, beads and the zari.





PANDA CLUB OF INDIA

Newsletter Vol. 2 No. 9

Dear friends,

"If music be the food of love, play on.

Give me excess of it, that surfeiting, the appetite may sicken, and so die."

So said Shakespeare in his play, 'As You Like It'. The English language of his times is now known as Shakespearean English. Earlier, Latin prevailed all over Europe. India had Sanskrit in ancient times. Now Hindi is widely spoken and the Devanagari script commonly used. With the advent of the foreign invaders, the parallel languages were Persian and Urdu. The Dravidian scripts and dialects, prevailing in South India, have been in existence since time immemorial. Paleography is the study of writings and documents from the past. A fascinating subject, it will take you deep into the realms of ancient history and civilization. The dictionary meaning of 'language' is "a system of communications which consists of a set of sounds and written symbols which are used by the people of a certain country or region for talking or for writing".

India has twenty-two developed languages, of which eighteen are official. And myriad dialects numbering over one thousand six hundred! Yet, India is a land that embodies unity in diversity. Its people live in harmony and celebrate festivals with enthusiastic fervour.

Talking of festivals, I am eagerly waiting for the delightful festival of Diwali, when there will be lights, fireworks, new clothes and lots of goodies to eat. While you celebrate this great festival with your family and friends, remember the deprived, and make this festival a special one by kindling hope and joy in their hearts. Begin by keeping aside a small portion of whatever you buy, for your servants' and drivers' children or by donating clothes, sweets and fire crackers to children in remand homes or a blind school. I assure you, you would be on your way to becoming a caring human being.

My best wishes to all of you. Have a great time and convey my wishes for a happy Diwali to all the members of your family.

Love,



Panda



- The Festival of Lights, Deepawali or Diwali, falls on *amavasya*, the darkest night of the Hindu calendar month of Ashwin.
- The Sikhs celebrate Diwali because Guru Hargobind, their sixth Guru, reached Amritsar on his release from captivity on that day. A fireworks display at the Golden Temple marks the occasion.
- In South India, Diwali is celebrated to mark the destruction of the demon Narakasura by Krishna.
- Victory of good over evil is the message of Diwali.

FSE



A Guest for Diwali

Someone is all set to celebrate Diwali.

Join the dots to find out who the mysterious person is.

And if you are in the mood, colour him and stick the picture on your pinboard.



Answers to Jumbo Quiz

FLASH GORDON a. In a flash b. Alex Gordon c. Dr. Zarkov d. Prince Talon. SONIC THE HEDGEHOG a. Dr. Robotnik b. Tails. SUPERHUMAN SAMURAI SYBER-SQUAD a. Sam Collins b. "Let's Samurize, guys." c. Sam Collins' sister d. Sidney, Amp and Tanker. PHANTOM a. Phantom b. Kit Walker c. Rebecca Madison d. Baudelaire. DEFENDERS OF THE EARTH a. Flash Gordon, Lothar, Mandrake, Lothar Jr., Rick Gordon, Jen b. Lothar c. Ten tigers d. Ming. DENNIS THE MENACE a. Henry Mitchell b. Hank Ketcham.



Monday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—
FLASH GORDON : On a vital mission to save planet Earth from 'Ming the Merciless', Flash Gordon makes a rocket journey to the planet Mongo. Join the adventures of Flash Gordon.



Tuesday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—
ADVENTURES OF SONIC THE HEDGEHOG : Sonic the hero is up against his enemy Robotnik, the robot expert. Does he succeed?



Thursday 5.00 P.M. on DD II—
SUPERHUMAN SAMURAI SYBER SQUAD : Sam Collins, a video game champion and leader of a teenage garage band, fights an alien warlord 'Kilokahn' who has infected the digital world with monster "megaviruses".



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Thursday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—
PHANTOM : The legendary Lord of the jungle—Phantom, is incredible. Phantom uses the secrets taught by the natives of the deep woods to fight and conquer crime.

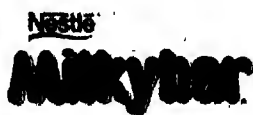


Saturday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—
DEFENDERS OF THE EARTH : Led by the Phantom, Flash Gordon and Mandrake the Magician challenge 'Ming' in a series of great adventures. They use powerful computers and space age technology to combat and overpower him.



Saturday 6.00 P.M. on DD II—
DENNIS THE MENACE : Irrepressible Dennis and his unwilling best friend, the grumpy Mr. Wilson will enthrall you with their hilarious antics and send you into splits.

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DISNEY CHANNEL METRO		PLANET DISNEY 8:00 PM	ADVENTURES OF SAM THE HEDGEHOG 8:00 PM		DISNEY CHANNEL SUNDAY SPECIAL 8:00 PM FRONTIER 8:00 PM		DISNEY CHANNEL SUNDAY SPECIAL 8:00 PM DISNEY THE UNDISCOVERED 8:00 PM

BUTTERFLY

Rimina Mahapatra (11)
Illustration: Prithvishwar Gayen

*Fluttering over daffodils
Was a butterfly, bright and vivid
Enamoured was I
By the myriad hues
Of its wings that quivered in the breeze
It danced, it twirled
It fluttered and trembled
Over roses and lilies.
Not able to resist the urge
I moved towards the pretty being
As it dropped lazily
Sucking nectar from a flower
After moments of careful effort
I caught hold of it ... Ah!*

*Delighted was I
But the butterfly struggled
It twirled, it shivered
It quivered and trembled
Out of sheer agony
Its freedom had been curbed
Its joy was lost
It was in bondage
Between my fingers...caged.
I couldn't bear
As it grew sorrowful.
So I let it fly once more
Under the blue sky
And the merry sun.
I saw it happy
Fluttering over vibrant pansies
With kaleidoscopic wings
That quivered with the wind.*



FESTIVE ASWIN

Sudha Sanjeev

Illustration: Prithvishwar Gayen

Come September-October—the beginning of the Hindu month of *Aswin*—and it's time to celebrate. The monsoons recede. As do the floodwaters, the dark clouds, the thunder, the lightning and the constant downpour. The skies are clear and the intense heat of the summer is a thing of the past.

On the first night of *Aswin* begins the ten-day festival of Dussehra and Durga Puja. Both celebrate the victory and power of good over evil. The virtuous King Rama, in exile, wages war with the demon King Ravana who has abducted Sita, his wife. The ten-headed Ravana, having secured a boon from Shiva, is invincible. Repeatedly, Rama attacks but is unable to kill Ravana. It is believed that Rama worshipped Goddess Durga for seven days and nights. Vibhishana, who rebels against his brother Ravana's evil ways, tells Rama to shoot an arrow at Ravana's navel. Rama follows the advice and Ravana is killed. The victory of Rama is celebrated on the tenth day as Vijayadashami.

Dussehra is celebrated as Durga Puja in Bengal, and the celebrations are unparalleled. It is believed that Mahishasura, a powerful demon, drove away Indra and other *devas* from their abode. Even Vishnu and Shiva were helpless. They met to find a solution. Out of their combined divine force emerged Ambika who battled fiercely and destroyed Mahishasura, earning the name *Mahishasuramardini*. During puja, resplendent idols are made of Durga, trident in hand, an avenging fury, vanquishing the arch-demon in a bloody encounter.

The nine days preceding Vijayadashami are called Navaratri, sacred to the Mother Goddess, Shakti. This is a period of fasting and worship for most Hindus. Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning, Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth, and Durga, the Goddess of Strength are worshipped on the seventh (*saptami*), eighth (*ashtami*) and ninth (*navami*) days respectively. On the tenth day, *dashami*, the idols of Durga are carried in procession and consigned to a river, pond or sea. Durga is bid farewell by her people to the reverberation of drum beats and the auspicious notes of conch shells that reach a joyous and resounding crescendo.



JUST FOR KICKS

Cheryl Rao

Illustrations: Subir Roy

SHEKHAR MEHRA peeped into his mother's room. She was out. "Great!" he muttered to himself happily. He opened the box where she kept her keys and helped himself to the one he wanted. Then he sped to the garage, started the Kinetic and raced to Girish's house.

"What's the plan for this afternoon?" asked Girish as he hopped on behind him.

"I haven't planned anything yet. Let's take it as it comes."

They checked their wallets and found that they only had thirty rupees between them. "That's not even enough for a burger and a Coke each," grumbled Shekhar, "and I'm hungry."

"So am I. Mum made *khichdi* today and I didn't eat much."

"Tell you what," Shekhar suggested. "Let's go home and look around for some money. Ma always keeps change lying about and there'll be some food too."

Soon Girish and Shekhar were raiding not only the fridge, but also the cigar and trinket boxes that Mrs. Mehra liked to collect. To their delight, in addition to Rs. 50 in change, they found half a dozen chocolate doughnuts tucked away behind a pan of milk. Within ten minutes, the doughnuts were devoured—and a trail of crumbs lay on the carpet.

Girish fiddled with the music system and the sound of music filled the room. "Let's stay here, *yaar!*"

"No...this is my only

chance to use the scooter. When Ma's here she won't let me ride it. She wants me to be old enough to get a licence—she's so old fashioned!"

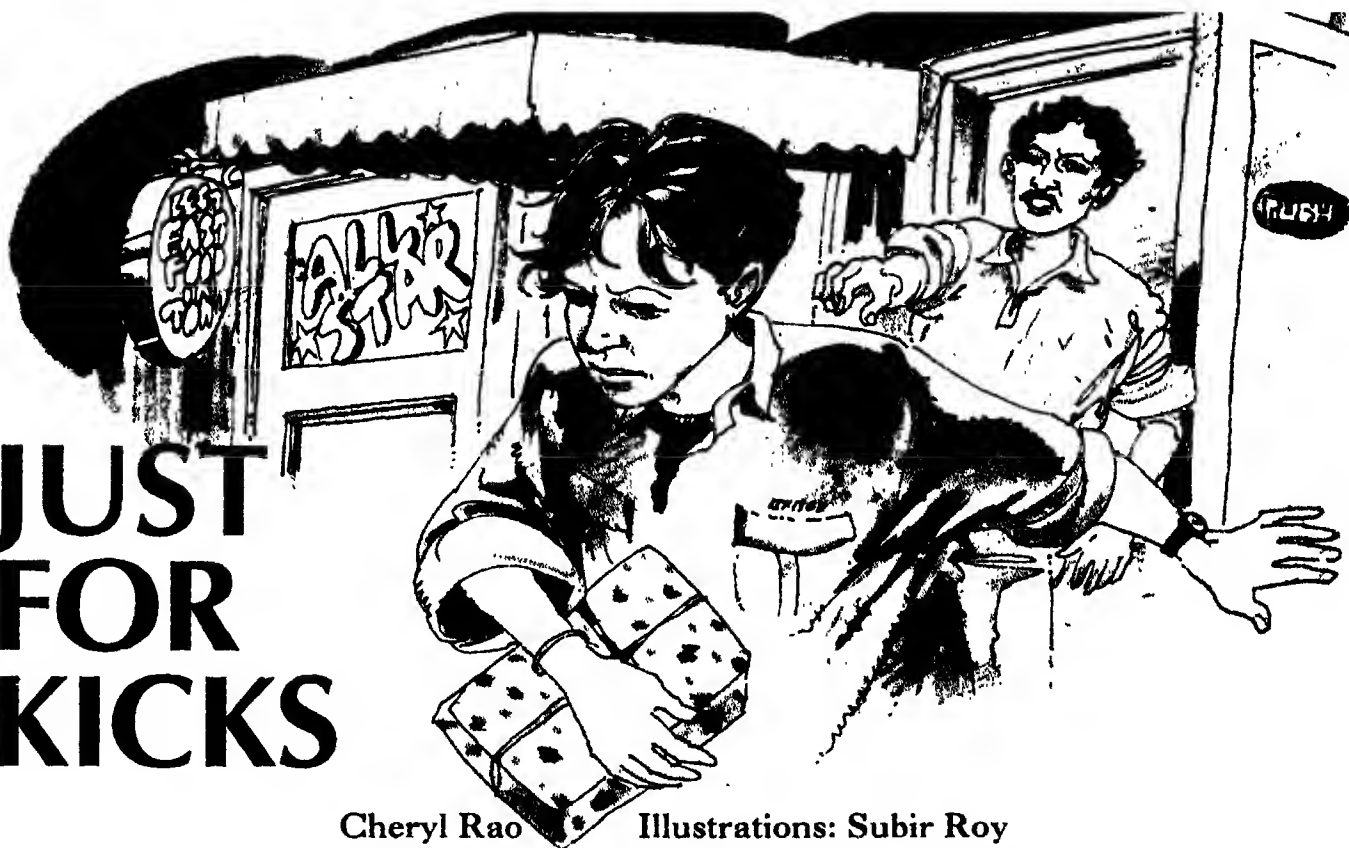
"So's my Mom!"

"I wish they'd change with the times. Look how Deepak and Mohit have their own bikes. Proper motor bikes, not sissy scooters."

They got onto the vehicle and went to the neighbouring colony, their stomachs and pockets full.

"Hey, Shakes! Girish!" called Rajat, Binoy and a group of their school-mates who were playing cricket there. "Join us!"

Shekhar skidded to a stop but didn't get off. "No. Cricket's a bore." He looked beyond the cricket game to three



boys, about 12 years old, kicking a football around the field aimlessly.

"Hey, pass that ball here!" Shekhar yelled making his 15-year-old voice as gruff as he could. The younger boys ignored him.

Shekhar and Girish stayed near the Kinetic. Suddenly, the football bounced near them. Quick as a flash, Shekhar picked it up, thrust it into the basket of the scooter and started up. Within seconds, they were out of sight, leaving an astonished group behind.

The younger boys were in tears. "My football!" cried Tariq. "They've taken my football!"

The cricketers comforted him. "Oh, they'll be back. We know them. They're from our school. They must be just playing the fool."

Tariq, Amit and Roy sat down on a boulder to wait for the football. But minutes passed and turned into half an

hour; the red scooter did not putter back into their colony.

Meanwhile, Shekhar and Girish headed home. "Oh, I loved the look on those kids' faces!" chortled Shekhar. "Serves them right for not passing the ball to us when I asked them to. Now they can cry for it!"

"But you will give it back, won't you?" asked Girish worriedly. Suppose those kids got to know his name and address and told his parents what had happened?

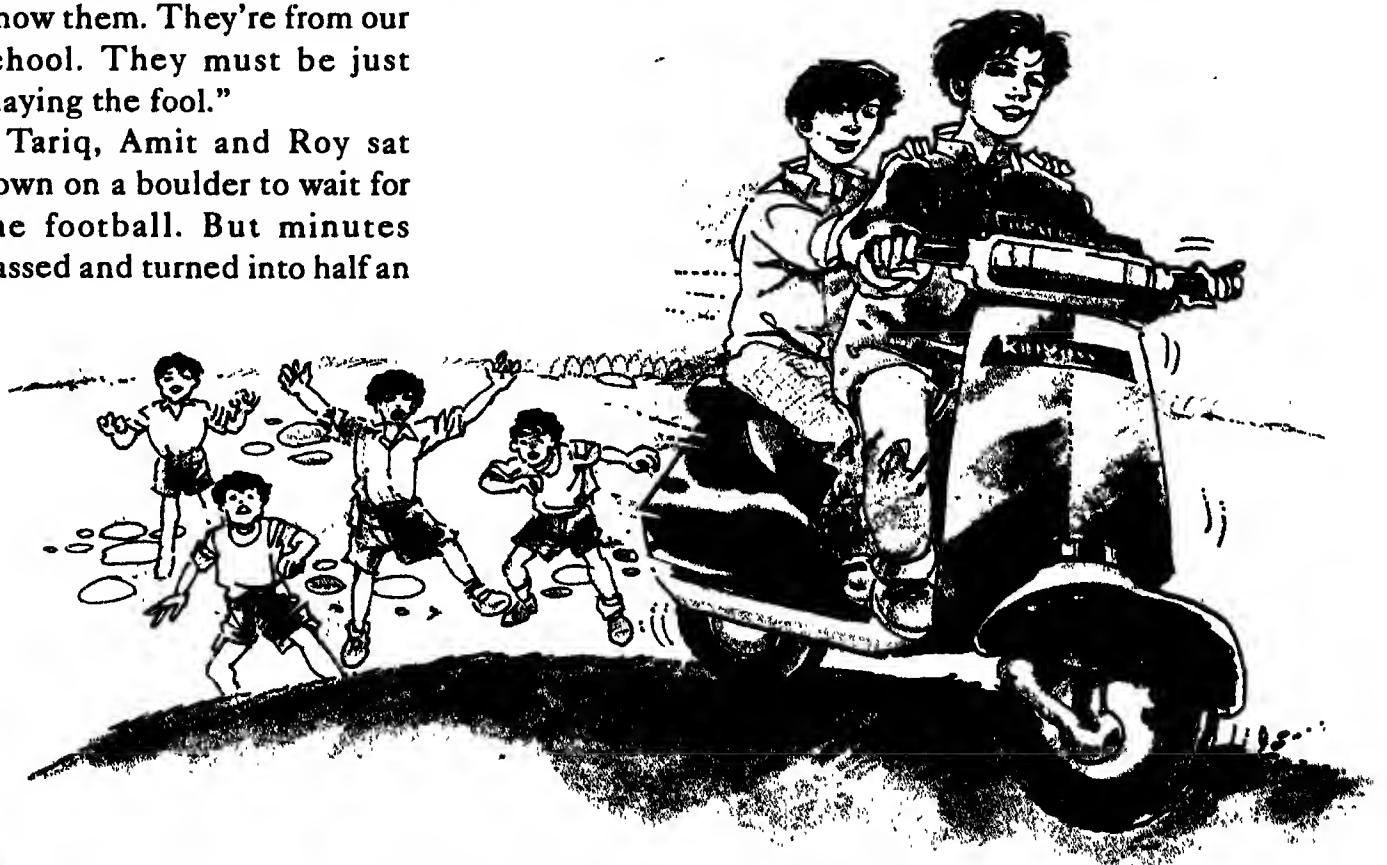
Shekhar seemed to have no such worries. He threw the football into his yard and followed it. "Let's play," he cried.

Girish let himself get caught up in his friend's playful mood and soon they were racing

around madly, using up all the energy they had in pounding the new ball here and there until it—and they—looked quite limp and tired.

It grew dark. Shekhar's mother returned and she called out to him. He went in transformed, all of a sudden into a lamb. Girish jogged home, and the football lay forgotten in a corner of the yard.

The following week, in school, Shekhar and Girish were called aside by their teacher. "Rajat told me that during the holidays, both of you went to his colony and made off with a football belonging to some of the younger children there. He says that, as soon as school reopened, he asked you to re-



turn the ball, but you ignored him. Is that true?"

Girish hung his head, unable to speak. He'd forgotten about the ball and he had no idea that Rajat had spoken to Shekhar. He assumed Shekhar would have given the football back to those kids.

He heard Shekhar's voice, "Oh no, ma'am! Rajat must be mistaken. I haven't got any football. You can come home and see."

"Are you sure?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am. Sure, ma'am."

As soon as they were out of her hearing, Girish pounced on Shekhar. "Did you give it back, Shakes?"

"Don't be silly! It's lying around somewhere at home."

"Then how could you tell ma'am to come and check your house? Suppose she really does and she finds it?"

"Use your head, Girish, and don't be a scaredy-cat! One football looks like another. And to you think she's going to bother to come and check?"

Comforted, Girish did nothing and Shekhar carried on with his 'double' life. To his teachers and parents, he was all wide-eyed innocence and integrity. When alone, he was a different person.

"You can't get a kick out of life unless you do something daring," he explained to Girish.

They were speeding along

the road on the scooter, when they saw a girl with a couple of books in her hand. Taking the scooter close to her, Shekhar grabbed a book, put it between his teeth and revved the engine for all it was worth. The scooter shot forward and they were soon out of sight of the dazed girl.

"What did you do that for?" asked Girish.

Shekhar dropped the notebook into his shirt for safe-keeping, and shrugged, "Wasn't my driving great?"

"She may have seen the number," said Girish.

"Impossible! It happened

too fast for her, and it was almost dark."

Before he dropped Girish home, Shekhar took out the book, leafed through it under a street light, then casually tore it at the seams and flung it into the gutter.

"What did you achieve by that?" exclaimed Girish, aghast at his friend's destructive behaviour. "The girl may need her book. It may have important schoolwork in it."

"Well, go and return the bits to her if you're so bothered," snapped Shekhar, jumping on to his scooter and zooming off.

Shekhar was getting more adept at this game he had started. He tried it at a big supermarket a few days later, picking up a couple of pens and walking off while Girish sweated beside him.

"You don't need a pen," Girish muttered, looking guilty, as if he'd picked them up instead of Shekhar.

"I don't need a companion who panics and draws attention to me either!" said Shekhar. His eyes were snapping angrily, yet he smiled sweetly for the sake of whoever glanced in their direction.

"You may be getting a kick out of all this," murmured Girish, "but I'm not."

"Well, run away then," replied his friend airily. "A drag like you is no friend of mine!"

Girish was hurt by Shekhar's attitude. The two of





them had been friends since they were eight. When Shekhar's father had gone to the Middle east, Girish's Dad acted as a substitute father. Shekhar had been included in every picnic, movie and outing for which the family went. After so many years of companionship, was it so easy for Shekhar to reject him?

It seemed that indeed it was, for after that, Shekhar never bothered to take Girish on his jaunts. He didn't even say 'Hello' to him in school. Girish was troubled. He knew that he must put a stop to Shekhar's escapades, but how could he do so? If he told the

teachers or Shekhar's mother, they would not believe him, for Shekhar behaved quite differently in their presence. It would be just his word against Shekhar's.

The pre-board exams were coming up and Girish tried to put all thoughts of his friend out of his mind and concentrate on his studies. But a worm of doubt kept niggling him. Shekhar wasn't attending the Maths tuition they'd been going for together. Girish knew that Shekhar was weak in Maths. If he didn't work at it, he might even fail.

He went to Shekhar's house. Mrs. Mehra answered the door. "Why, Girish, how nice to see you! Have you come to ask about the Maths class?"

Amazed that Shekhar's mother knew all about Shekhar's not attending the tuition classes he waited as she called out to Shekhar. Then she said to him, "Why haven't you been for the tuition, Girish? Isn't it helping you to do better?"

Girish stared. What was this? It seemed that Shekhar had told his mother a different story about the tuition. Shekhar saw the confused look on his face when he entered the room.

"Ah, you want the assignment, I guess. Come to my room." He turned and went upstairs. Girish followed.

When the door was safely closed, Shekhar spat out, "Stay out of my business, pal!"

Girish turned and rushed out. "I don't care! I don't care!" he repeated to himself under his breath all the way home. "Let him fail! Let him get caught by the police when he's stealing something! Why should I bother?"

The day after the results were out, Girish was at the bakery, collecting a cake for his sister's birthday and to celebrate his 88%, when he saw Shekhar sitting at a table, eating the last bit of a hamburger. Shekhar had barely managed to scrape through in the exams, but from his face, you couldn't make that out. There was a box next to him. Girish watched as Shekhar gulped down the final mouthful, picked up the box and walked out.

"Hey!" called the attendant at the counter. "You haven't paid!"

Shekhar quickened his step and Girish knew what his next move would be. A quick getaway on his scooter, not giving anyone a chance to see the registration number; or if they did, being ready to claim at some later stage, if anyone took up the matter, that he had forgotten to pay!

Girish watched, expecting Shekhar to duck behind a car, start his scooter and zoom

away. But, no...something was wrong! Shekhar stopped and looked from side to side. The counter clerk caught up with him and clapped him on the shoulder. "You haven't paid," he repeated. "You owe us sixty rupees."

Shekhar looked at him in wonder. "What are you talking about?" He looked down at the box in his hand, then back at the kerb. There was no red Kinetic standing there! His face changed. "Are you sure I didn't pay?" he asked. "I'm sure I did!"

"No, sir, here's the bill in duplicate." It was sticking out of the box.

Shekhar withdrew his wallet from his pocket and looked inside. He knew he had only twenty rupees there.

"Look, I had a hundred-rupee note when I left the house and now it is gone. I have paid you!" he insisted.

The counter clerk would not let go of his shoulder. People were staring, and the owner of the bakery had come out. Shekhar began to sweat.

Girish put down the box he carried and went over to Shekhar. "I'll pay," he said to the counter clerk softly. "Let him go."

Girish handed over the money his mother had given him for Giriya's cake. "I'll come back later to collect my cake," he added.

Shekhar waited for him

without a word.

"How did you come?" asked Girish.

"On the Kinetic."

Girish looked from side to side but the familiar red scooter wasn't in sight. He was puzzled.

Shekhar growled. "It's disappeared! The Kinetic has gone! Some crook has made off with it!"

Girish was alert at once. "Come on, we'll lodge a complaint. It isn't far to the Police Station."

Shekhar shook his head. "How can I? I don't have a licence and I shouldn't have been on the scooter. I can't bring Ma into it because she doesn't even know that I take the Kinetic out on my own."

"She'll know now. The Kinetic won't be in the garage when she returns home."

"Maybe...maybe...whoever took it will bring it back here!"

said Shekhar hopefully.

Girish looked at him disbelievingly. "The same way you returned the football and the book and the pens and all the other things you took just for 'kicks'? Well, now someone else is getting a kick out of life at your expense. How do YOU like it?"

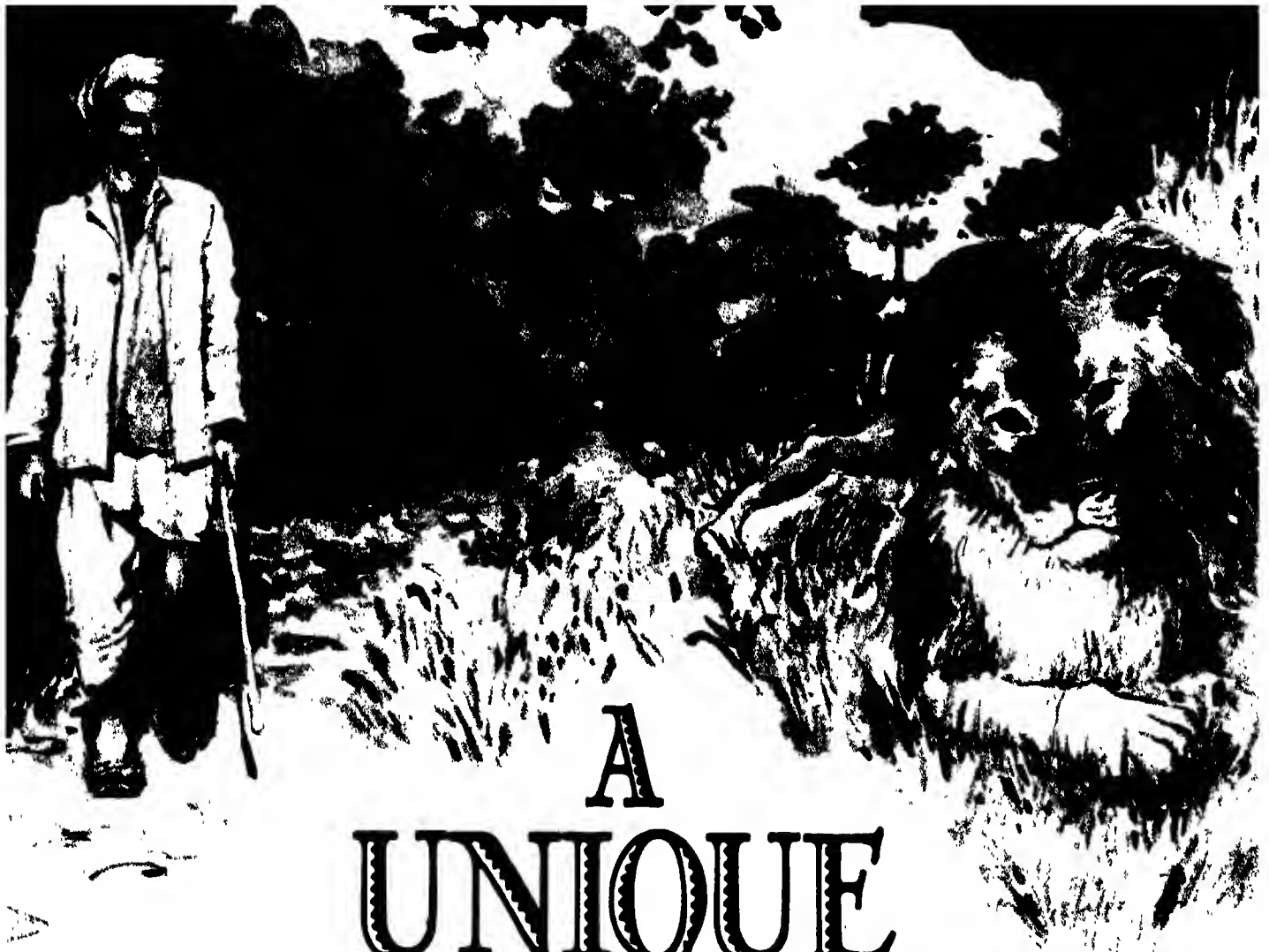
Tears came to Shekhar's eyes. "What'll I do? What'll Ma say? Yesterday it was the results, today the scooter..."

"And tomorrow you can make a clean breast of everything else," Girish suggested. "Then you can start again with a clean slate."

Tears spilled down Shekhar's cheeks. "I have so much to rub off," he choked. "Where do I begin?"

"I'll help you," said Girish. "I may not be an exciting friend, but I *am* a friend!"





A UNIQUE RELATIONSHIP

Neera

Illustrations: Prithvishwar Gayen

HOW WILL you react if a stranger were to take away your favourite toy, story-book or dress? Most of us would oppose it, resent it and act aggressively. This is an obvious human reaction. But, there are certain places in India where people tolerate such intrusions in their lives, giving rise to the most exemplary of con-

servation sagas. The survival of the Asiatic lion in India is the outcome of one such relationship between the Maldharis of Gir and the king of animals.

The Gir Wildlife Sanctuary and National Park has the last surviving wild population of the Asiatic lion. This patch of forest protects and supports nearly 500 species of plants, of

which 16 are endangered; 32 species of mammals, of which nine are endangered; 300 species of birds, of which 15 are endangered; 26 species of reptiles, of which three are endangered; and approximately 2,000 species of insects. In addition to the wild flora and fauna, the system supports nearly 1.6 lakh human beings, more than one lakh heads of

cattle, 22 religious sites and 600 km of road along with four dams and a number of houses.

'Maldhari' is a general term that is used for various communities like Rabaris, Charans, Bharwars, Ahirs, Kathis, Balochis, Makranis and Siddhis. This is a religious pastoral community that has been living in Gir for the past 125 years. It is extremely difficult to pin-point the first Maldhari settlers in Gir, but the local populace believes that the Charans, who used to sing songs in praise of local kings, may be the first. They are robust, courageous and amiable nomads who survive on a vegetarian diet.

This nomadic tribe is not localized in Gir, but is spread all over the Saurashtra peninsula of Gujarat. They settled in this forest because of its famous grasslands, and good breed of cows and buffalos. They earn their livelihood by selling milk and milk products (mainly ghee) and manure in the nearby towns. Availability of good quality grass and ample water has attracted them to Gir. As other parts of Saurashtra have erratic rainfall, and more area is being brought under cultivation, they prefer this forest, despite its remoteness, malarious climate and the presence of wild carnivores.

Their tolerance towards the Asiatic lion in and around their

nesses (small hamlets) stems from this preference. They are aware that solitary, old and injured lions or lionesses with cubs depend on their livestock for food as they are easy prey. Herbivores like sambhar, cheetal and bluebull are always alert and difficult to kill, especially during the monsoons as when the grass is high and forest dense. Whereas cows, when attacked, panic, run helter-skelter and get caught easily.

Maldharis, by and large, regard the lion as a part of their life. They are aware that their cattle will be attacked by carnivores. It is accepted as fate and destiny. There have been cases when Maldharis have deliberately let loose a buffalo for an old or injured lion to feed on in order to sleep peacefully at night.

When the same lions venture into the adjoining villages and land surrounding the forest, there is pandemonium.

Those villagers are not used to the presence of a lion. It is only then that one realizes the tolerance of the Maldharis.

The lion, on the other hand, is a bold animal, least bothered by human presence. It attacks cattle, but there are no reports of man-eaters. The attacks on human beings, if ever, have invariably been cases of mistaken identity, that is, a man crouching in the bushes and so on.

It is amazing to see a Maldhari, dressed in a typical white attire and turban, walking alone on a muddy forest road in the darkness of night, armed with only a *lathi* and torch. What is it—fearlessness, bravery, or foolishness? It is understanding—a mute unwritten understanding that the lions and the Maldharis of Gir have shared since ages—the belief in 'live and let live'. They are symbiotic partners, the heroes of Gir's conservation saga.

This Diwali

Don't buy loud fire crackers.

Help Mom spring-clean the house.

Make a *rangoli* at your doorstep.

Give your friends and relatives

sweets and savouries you've made.

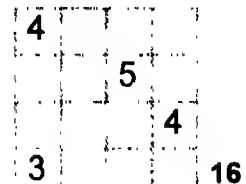
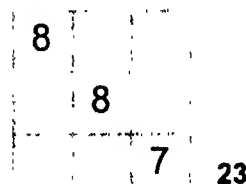
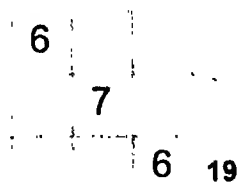
Pretty up earthen *dias* instead of

buying fancy ones.

FUNTIME

PLUS PUZZLE

Using the numbers given in the squares, fill the blanks in each box such that vertically and horizontally their sum adds up to the number shown alongside.



*It is easier to point the finger
than to offer a helping hand.*



CANNED!

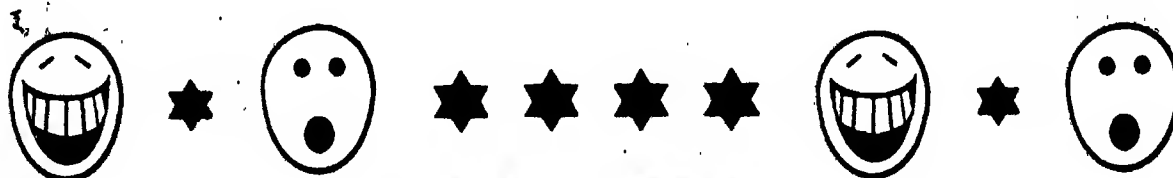
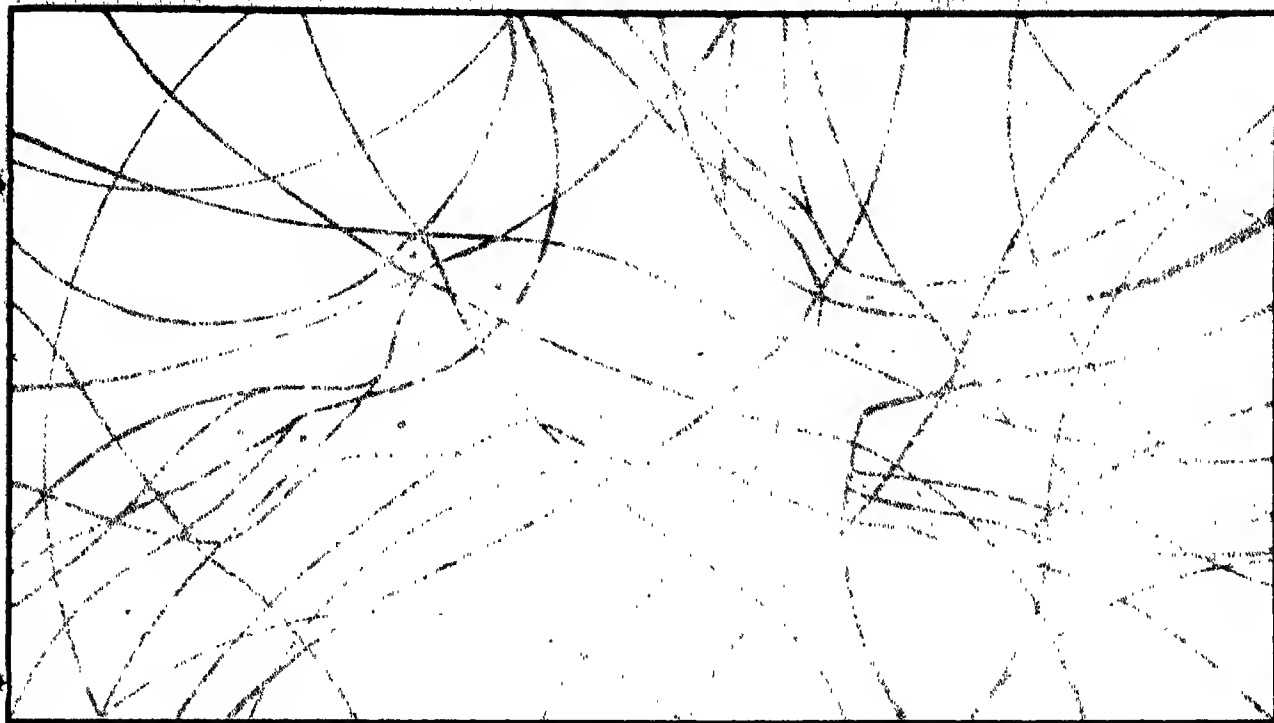
With the help of clues, form words which have 'can' in them.

1. CAN _ _ _
2. _ _ _ CAN
3. _ _ _ CAN _
4. CAN _ _ _ _
5. _ _ CAN _ _
6. CAN _ _ _ _ _
7. _ _ CAN _
8. CAN _ _ _ _ _
9. _ CAN
10. CAN _ _

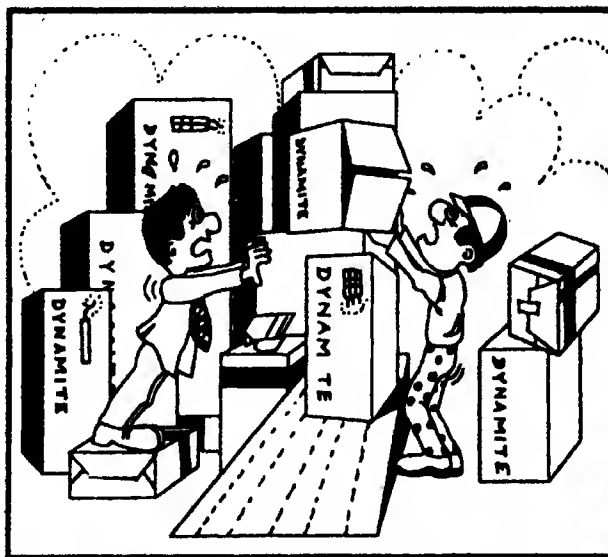
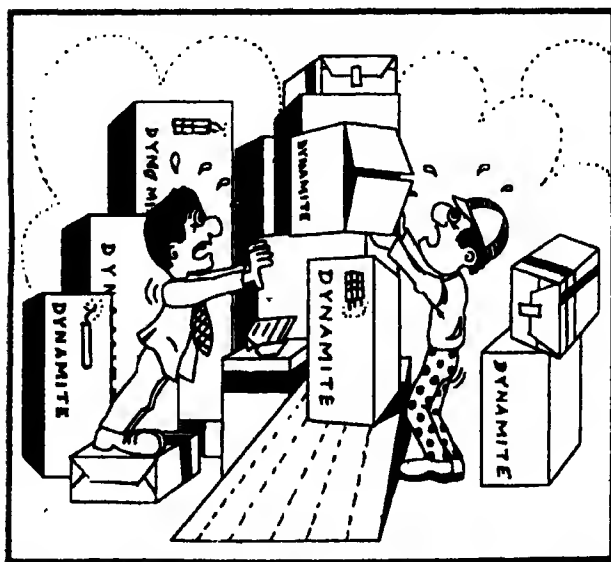
- Stick of hard wax
- A water bird
- A mountain from which hot, molten lava emanates
- To campaign
- Strange, odd
- Speak honestly
- Unused, empty
- An area where soldiers live
- Scrutinize
- A sweet



Dotting fun!
Fill the sections with dots and discover a hidden picture.



Spot the ten differences





SON OF THE SOIL

Thangamani

Illustrations: Surendra Suman

K. Kamaraj, the son of a trader, rose to national stature by sheer dint of hard work. His simplicity and earnestness earned him the nickname 'Kala Gandhi' (Black Gandhi).

Though he lacked formal education, his vast knowledge of the country's problems and strengths put any highly educated person to shame. Little wonder that he became the right hand man of Pandit Nehru and went on to become the Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu.

Kamaraj's death anniversary falls on October 2.

KAMATCHI was a popular boy who lived in the small town of Virudupatti in Tamil Nadu. He was always surrounded by a group of boys, whom he regaled with stories and magic tricks.

"Kamatchi, make the egg dance," one boy pleaded.

This was a favourite trick of Kamatchi's. He filled an egg with mercury, after carefully emptying it. When placed in the sun, the mercury heated up and the egg 'danced'. The boys, of course, did not know the secret and applauded Kamatchi.

"Want to see this knife bleed?" asked Kamatchi, pulling out a kitchen knife from the folds of his dhoti. "Get me

a lemon!" he ordered.

The previous evening he had smeared juice from a particular flower on the blade of the knife. He cut the lemon with a flourish. The dried juice mingled with the fresh lemon juice and turned red. Drops of 'blood' dripped from the blade.

"Kamatchi is so clever!" said his friends admiringly.

The boy had a great following yet did indifferently at school. Born on July 15, 1903, he grew up to become a national leader. 'Kamatchi' to his friends and 'Raja' to his family, he became the beloved leader, Kamaraj, in later years.

At that time, when he went about playing pranks, no one

dreamt of such a future for him. His mother and grandmother were worried. His father died when Kamaraj was six and his mother struggled to feed the family with the meagre interest she got from pledging her jewellery.

Finally, when he was just 11, he had to drop out of school. Kamaraj was not unhappy, because he did not particularly enjoy school. He went to work for his maternal uncle in his cloth shop. Over the next few years, he became interested in the happenings around him. He loved to read *Swadesa-mitran*, the Tamil nationalist paper.

"Where is Kamatchi?" his uncle had to ask often, as the

former read the newspaper and forgot the shop.

"He is in that corner, reading the paper," an attendant pointed out helpfully.

Blissfully unaware of his uncle's ire, Kamaraj read with mounting concern about the atrocities of the British, the struggle of the nationalist leaders for freedom and their imprisonment.

The echoes of the struggle were reverberating throughout the country, even in Virudupatti (now, Virudunagar). Several leaders of the South came to that town to give speeches and organize meetings and processions. Kamaraj was interested.

"Uncle, I have to run an urgent errand," he would tell his uncle before slipping out. Or, "I'm not feeling too good. Can I take off?" he would ask.

He would slip out and make his way to the place of the meeting, or take part in the procession through some circuitous route. He would return the same way.

It was not long before both his uncle and mother came to know of his activities.

"Sivakami, you must control your son, or he'll become a useless person," Kamaraj's uncle told his mother.

"Yes. Of what use is his participation in the freedom struggle? He would do well to take more interest in the family business," said his mother.

"There is only one way to keep him in check. We have to get him married," concluded his grandmother. The other two agreed.

Kamaraj was about 16 when the Jallianwala Bagh massacre took place. Absorbing every word about the incident from the newspapers, he was shaken to his core. Gone was the playful youngster of a few years ago. In his place was a concerned young man, filled with a determination and resolve to be part of the struggle to throw out the British.

It came as a shock when he came to know of the arrangements for his marriage.

"I am not getting married," he told his family. "If you force me to, I'll run away."

This quietened his grandmother. She had already lost her son and did not want to lose her grandson too. Plans of marriage were shelved.

As a last ditch effort to wean Kamaraj away from politics, he was sent to Thiruvananthapuram in Kerala to work there. As chance would have it, there was an ongoing agitation in nearby Vaikom. The Congress, under Gandhiji's leadership, was fighting the inhuman treatment meted out to Harijans by upper caste Hindus. Kamaraj jumped wholeheartedly into satyagraha, which was a great success. This gave impetus to his involvement in the freedom struggle, much to the dismay of his family.

He courted arrest several times. Yet there was one time when he evaded arrest—a time when many prominent leaders across the country were courting arrest to public acclaim. The incident marked out Kamaraj as a dedicated worker of the Congress party, which he joined at the young age of



20. This happened immediately after the Congress Committee meeting in Bombay in 1942. During that session, the historic 'Quit India' resolution was passed and adopted. Kamaraj was charged with excitement at the possibility of overthrowing the British.

Carrying a load of propaganda material, he took the train to Madras (now, Chennai). Had he continued upto his destination, he would have been arrested like other leaders who were returning to their home states. He got down at a small station called Arakkonam, before Madras.

"I must evade arrest till I spread the message to every nook and cranny of my State," he told himself, as he made his way to Kalyanarama Iyer, a

colleague's house in Ranipet, a nearby town. No one noticed the peasant-like Kamaraj.

"Oh! It's you! I thought the police had come for me! Come in!" exclaimed Iyer, when he opened the door.

"Look, I've a lot of work to do..." The two sat and discussed the strategy, but before long Iyer was restless.

"We have to hide you. If the police come for me, you'll get caught too," he told Kamaraj.

"Won't they be glad of the unexpected 'catch'?" laughed Kamaraj. He never lost his nerve. "But where do I stay?"

"You can stay in the travellers' bungalow. No one will look for you there!"

While they were there, a sub-inspector strolled in. Iyer left hastily, and Kamaraj dived

to a nearby bench, lying on it with his upper garment covering his face and body. He began snoring gently. Iyer marvelled at his resourcefulness.

The sub-inspector, in the meanwhile, inspected the bungalow, completely unaware of either the drama of a few moments ago, or of the identity of the figure on the bench. He left a while later, dissatisfied with the place which was to have hosted his visiting senior officer.

Iyer emerged from his hiding place outside, with a sigh of relief. The two of them continued working. The next few days saw Kamaraj tour all the districts clandestinely, spreading the message of 'Quit India'. He returned to Virudupatti, his hometown, a tired man. He went home for a much-needed rest. The next morning he went to the local police station.

"Please arrest me," he told the sub-inspector, who was his friend. When he hesitated, Kamaraj said, "Do your duty, as I have done mine."

Deeply feeling guilty about it, his friend arrested him.

During the next three years in jail, first at Vellore and then Amravati, Kamaraj educated himself, reading the classics, history and other literature.

Never one for publicity or show of pomp, Kamaraj remained an earthy, simple and sincere servant of the people of our country.



THE UNGRATEFUL MAN

RETOLD BY SHIV KUMAR

ILLUSTRATIONS *Bejee*

A POOR BRAHMIN SET OUT
IN SEARCH OF WORK.



HE REACHES A WELL DEEP IN THE FOREST.



OH, NOBLE BRAHMIN, PLEASE
PULL US OUT.



OH, NO. YOU'LL EAT ME OR BITE ME
WHEN YOU ARE OUTSIDE.



WE WON'T EAT YOU.
WE PROMISE.





THANK YOU, KIND MAN.
REMEMBER US WHEN
YOU ARE IN NEED.



DON'T PULL OUT
THE MAN OR YOU
WILL BE IN TROUBLE.



BUT THE BRAHMIN TAKES PITY ON THE MAN
AND...



HOW CAN I THANK YOU?
I'M A GOLDSMITH. COME TO
ME WHENEVER YOU NEED
HELP.



MANY DAYS LATER,

DEAR TIGER! I HAVE
NO MONEY. MY FAMILY
IS STARVING. CAN
YOU HELP ME?



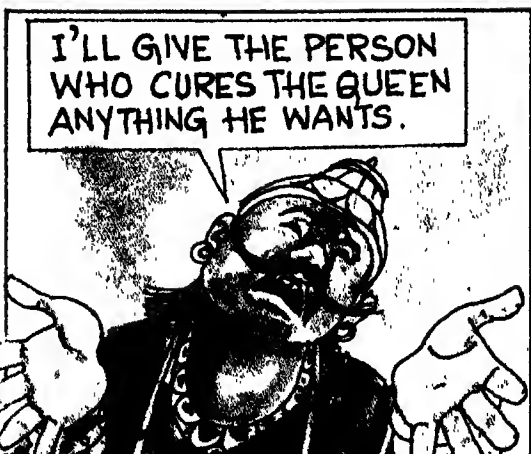
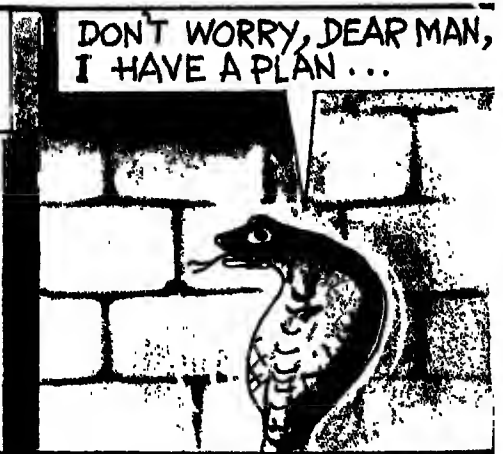
TAKE THESE GOLD ORNAMENTS
I GOT FROM A PRINCE I ONCE
KILLED. MAY BE YOU CAN
USE THEM.



THE BRAHMIN GOES
TO THE GOLDSMITH
IN THE CITY.

I WANT TO SELL
THESE JEWELS.







BRING HIM HERE.



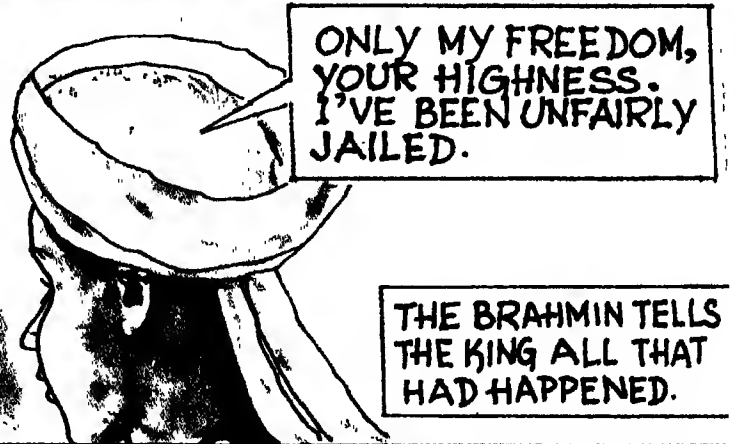
THE BRAHMIN TOUCHES THE QUEEN'S FOREHEAD AND SHE RISES...

MY LORD?...

OH! THANK GOD, YOU'RE AWAKE.



ASK FOR ANYTHING, IT SHALL BE YOURS.



ONLY MY FREEDOM, YOUR HIGHNESS. I'VE BEEN UNFAIRLY JAILED.

THE BRAHMIN TELLS THE KING ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED.



FORGIVE ME, NOBLE BRAHMIN...



...ACCEPT THIS REWARD AND LIVE HAPPILY HERE.

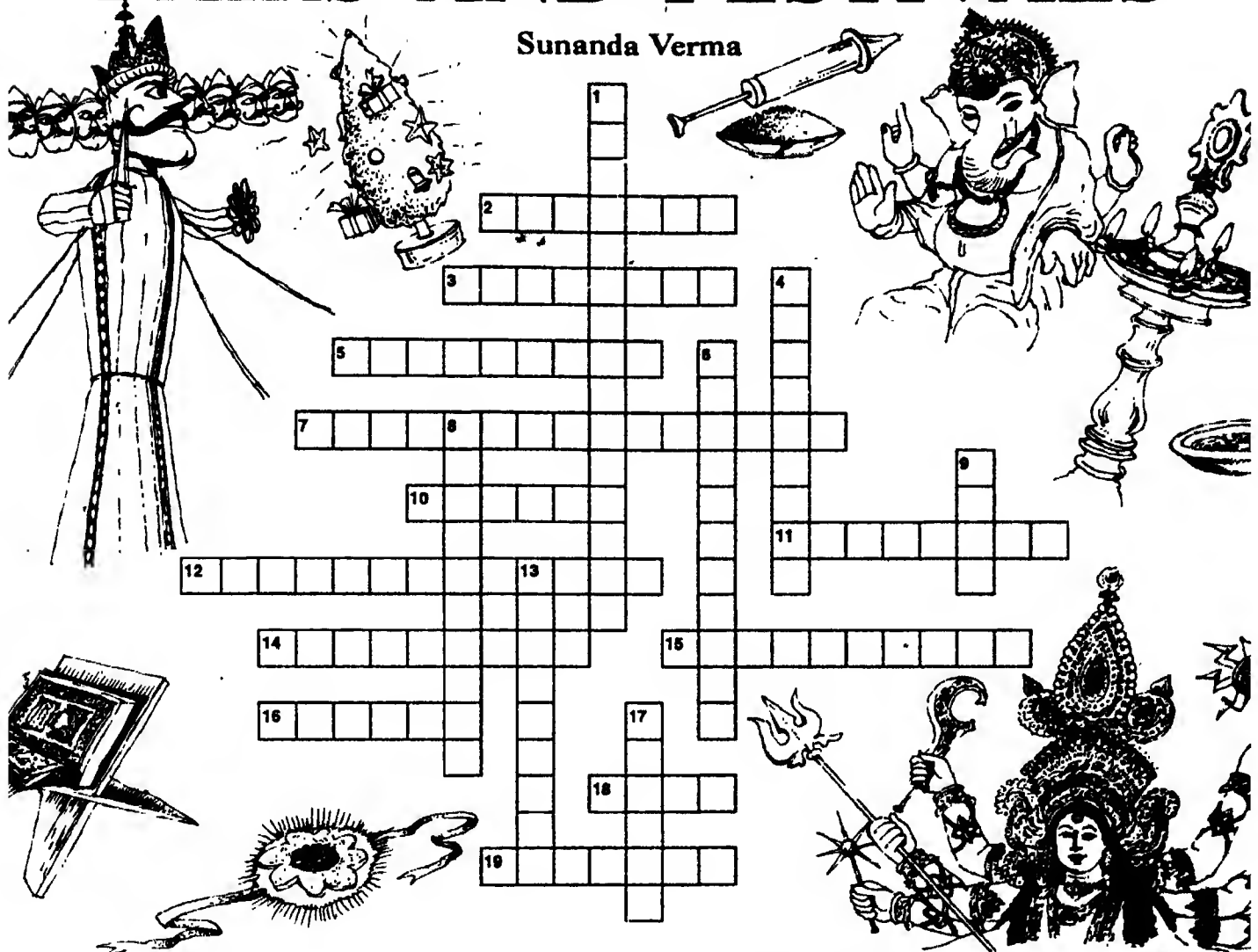


PUT THIS WICKED GOLD SMITH IN JAIL!

END

FAIRS AND FESTIVALS

Sunanda Verma



ACROSS

2. The Indian name for Christmas (7)
3. Festival in the month of April (8)
5. Celebrated at the end of Ramadan (3,2,4)
7. Ganapati puja (6,9)
10. Festival of lights (6)
11. Celebration of victory of Rama over Ravana (8)
12. The celebration of love and duty between brothers and sisters (6,7)
14. Procession of Lord Jagannath (4,5)
15. The fair held every 12th year on the banks of the Ganga (6,4)
16. Celebration of the resurrection of Christ (6)

18. Celebrating Mahabali's annual visit to Kerala (4)
19. Festival of married women of Rajasthan (7)

DOWN

1. The Hindi name for India's Republic Day (10,5)
4. The fair at Meerut (9)
6. The day married women fast for the long life of their husbands (5,6)
8. The festival of Lord Shiva (5,5)
9. A festival of Assam (4)
13. Celebrating the slaying of Mahishasura (5,4)
17. Harvest festival spread over three days celebrated in Tamil Nadu (6)

Answers to A Way With Words, September 1998

- ACROSS** 1. Award 3. Ear 5. Lunar 7. Scares 10. Snail 11. Cock 14. Under 15. Pearl
17. Wrap 19. Liner 22. Exhale 23. Ankle 24. Ode 25. Heavy
- DOWN** 1. Arctic 2. Drab 4. Assist 5. Longitude 6. Axe 8. Year 9. Scream 12. Adverb
13. Cultivate 15. Pail 16. Friend 18. Pretty 20. Oath 21. Inn

THE ELEPHANT AND THE BIRDS



Savita Ravindra

Illustrations: Beejee

A RIVER twisted its way amidst the thick greenery of the jungle. All the animals daily walked upto the river for a drink of water; a path had been paved towards the river.

On one side of this track was a big *champa* tree. Different birds had built their nests on it. Tricky Vixen, who lived nearby, had her eye on these nests. Most of those nests had eggs, and her mouth watered at the thought of them.

Tricky, however, could not reach any of those nests. She thought hard. A cow-elephant, Mayavati, took the path by the *champa* tree to the river everyday. Mayavati was a friendly and good-natured elephant. Tricky decided to take advantage of this and hatched a plan.

Tricky dug a hole in the soft soil near the river. Walking down to the water, one day, Mayavati's huge foot got stuck in the hole. She tried hard, but could not get her foot out.

Tricky, who was waiting just for this to happen, jumped out

of the bushes. "Mayavati, don't struggle. I will free you of this painful torture in a moment." She dug around Mayavati's foot to widen the hole.

Mayavati's foot came out easily, and she thanked Tricky, "Oh, you've saved me so much

trouble, Tricky! I would like to do something for you in return. Please tell me, what can I do to repay your favour?"

"That will not be necessary, I did not do anything great," Tricky said with false humility. Then Tricky continued



hurriedly, "Well, maybe you can help me. You know how religious I am. I want to offer a garland of *champa* flowers at the jungle shrine every day. If you can shake that tree every morning, I will get enough flowers for a garland."

Simple by nature, Mayavati did not suspect Tricky's motive. "Is that all?" she asked. "Come, I will shake the tree right now; you can collect as many flowers as you wish." She walked up to the *champa* tree, wound her trunk around it, and shook it forcefully.

All the birds in their nests cried out in alarm, "Why are you shaking the tree, Mayavati? Our nests and eggs will fall off!"

"I did not know that," Mayavati said. "I wanted to return Tricky's favour by giving her *champa* flowers daily."

"No, we won't allow that!" the birds yelled in unison.

Tricky could not get any eggs that day. The next day, she tried again. "Mayavati, let us gather flowers after the birds leave for their work," she suggested.

"But then what about their eggs and small babies?" Mayavati did not want to hurt the young ones.

"You can do one thing," Tricky said. "You are tall and

you can reach the nests with your trunk. Remove the nests one by one and place them on the ground. After shaking the tree, you can put the nests back safely."

Simple Mayavati agreed.

After the birds flew away to gather food, Tricky and Mayavati approached the *champa* tree. However, the birds, being suspicious of Tricky, had requested the monkeys to help them. As soon as the monkeys saw Tricky and Mayavati coming, they leaped from tree to tree and called the birds back.

Once again Tricky's plan was foiled. The birds tried to tell Mayavati that the cunning vixen was making a fool of her. But Mayavati insisted that Tricky had saved her, so she had to repay the favour.

The birds had become alert, and took turns in going out to collect food and in keeping watch on the nests. Tricky fumed, but could not carry out her wicked plan.

One morning, the birds heard rifle shots, followed by Mayavati's loud trumpeting. The trumpeting grew louder, and they saw Mayavati come running and crying.

"Tricky! Oh, my friend Tricky," Mayavati called out, "please come and save my

calf. You rescued me, now do something for my baby. Hunters have captured and taken him away."

Tricky came out of the bushes shaking her head, "What can we do against the hunters and their guns, Mayavati?"

The cow-elephant sobbed even more on hearing this.

The birds, who had young ones of their own, understood her plight. "Tell us what happened, Mayavati," they said.

Mayavati told them that the hunters had trapped her baby and had taken him away forcibly in a truck. When she had charged at them, they had fired at her. Mayavati showed them a wound near her ear. Startled and frightened, she had retreated.

"Don't worry, we will find a way out," the birds said. They got together and discussed the problem. The pair of eagles who lived at the top of the *champa* tree went in search of the hunters' truck.

After a while they returned with some news. The hunters had taken Mayavati's calf to a nearby village and had locked him up in a barn.

"Show me the way," Mayavati trumpeted. "I will bash down the barn and bring back my baby."

"Have some patience, Mayavati," the birds persuaded her. "You are so big. If you go anywhere near the barn, the hunters will spot you and shoot at you. We will go and try our best. As we are small and quick, they cannot harm us easily."

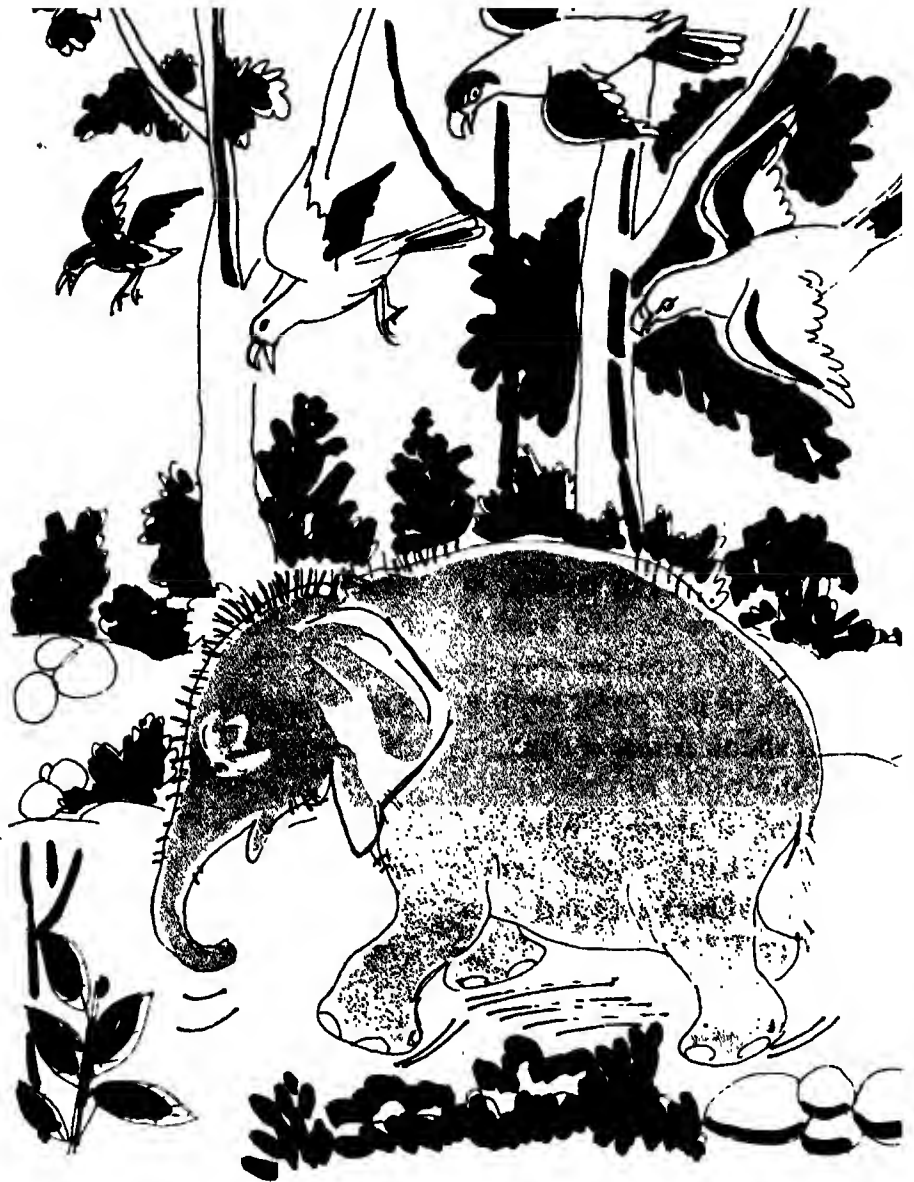
Mayavati was doubtful. Her calf was a lot bigger than all the birds put together. So how could they rescue him? With difficulty, the birds convinced the cow-elephant to stay back in the forest, and then they flew towards the village and the barn.

The eagles showed them the barn. Its roof was thatched with hay. At once, the birds got to work. They pulled the hay and made a hole in the roof. The woodpeckers started pecking hurriedly at the door, around the lock.

The noise brought the hunters out of the house. "What a nuisance!" they shouted, and threw stones at the birds. The birds flew away, only to return as soon as the hunters went back into the house.

From the hole in the roof, the birds went into the barn. The calf was tied to a pole with a thick coir rope. The birds pulled and pecked at the rope with their pointed beaks. When one batch of birds got tired, another batch took their place.

By evening, the rope was



ready to snap. The woodpeckers had also finished pecking the wood around the lock. Soon it was dark.

The birds cautioned the calf to move silently. They told him to pull at the tattered rope, push open the door and run towards the jungle. He did as he was told, without making too much of noise.

The birds flew low, guiding the calf to the forest. Mayavati, who was waiting impatiently at the edge of the jungle, trumpeted happily on seeing her calf.

"I troubled you so much, although unknowingly," Mayavati said emotionally, "and yet you saved my baby..."

"We understand a mother's feelings, Mayavati," the birds said. "We don't blame you for troubling us, because we know Tricky was taking advantage of your simple nature."

They told her about the hole that Tricky had dug to trap Mayavati's foot.

"Oh, that cunning vixen!" exclaimed Mayavati, and charged in search of Tricky, who ran quickly to hide.

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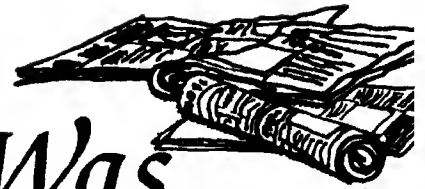
If you think that you have a lifetime ahead of you to plan for her future, think again. Because sooner than you think, you'll be printing the invitations and shopping for the Kancheepurams. And hoping against hope that you had saved something substantial.

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The Month That Was...

By Geeta Menon

August 1: In Colombo, India offers the most favoured nation (MFN) status to its SAARC partners to enable them to make use of the vast Indian market.

August 2: Congress Working Committee (CWC) accepts Jain Commission Report but rejects the government's Action Taken Report.

The Chief Election Commissioner, M.S. Gill, suggests radical changes in the electoral system including an 'open vote' for Rajya Sabha elections and polling of minimum percentage of votes to make any election valid.

August 3: Jammu and Kashmir militants gun down 35 people in Chamba district in Himachal Pradesh.

The Union Cabinet defers the Bill granting Statehood to Delhi.

The Prime Minister, A.B. Vajpayee, introduces the Lokpal Bill which seeks to check corruption in high places.

Election for Lok Sabha Deputy Speaker's post put off.

Meghalaya Chief Minister, B.B. Lyngdoh, wins vote of confidence.

India successfully test fires the indigenously built, multi-target, surface-to-air missile (SAM), *Akash*, in Chandipur-on-Sea (Orissa).

August 4: Home Minister, L.K. Advani, rejects the Congress demand for a further probe into

certain findings of the Jain Commission Report.

The Lok Sabha passes four Bills to hike MPs' salaries.

August 5: Commerce Minister, Ramakrishna Hegde, announces special package to boost exports.

August 6: Finance Minister, Sartaz Aziz, appointed Foreign Minister of Pakistan, replacing Gohar Ayub Khan.

The Akali Dal threatens to withdraw support to the BJP-led government at the Centre if the Union Cabinet's decision to include Udham Singh Nagar in the proposed hill state of Uttaranchal is not reversed.

Lalit Mansingh appointed India's new High Commissioner to the UK.

The Srikrishna Commission Report, tabled in the Maharashtra Legislature, blames the Shiv Sena-BJP government for the 'organized attacks' on the minority community in January 1993.

August 7: Twin bomb explosions in US embassies in Kenya and Tanzania kills at least 90, injures over 1,200 and causes extensive damage.

Broadway cinema reopens in the Valley in Srinagar after a gap of nine years. All cinema halls were closed down in 1989 due to a threat from the militants.

August 8: The Supreme Court says that no sanction is needed to prosecute a delinquent retired

public servant involved in a corruption case.

August 10: AIADMK supremo, J. Jayalalitha, threatens to review her party and allies' support to the BJP government at the Centre if it does not notify the 'original' draft scheme for implementing the interim award of the Cauvery Water Tribunal by August 12.

England wins a Test series after 12 years, defeating South Africa 2-1 at Leeds.

August 11: The Centre notifies the revised scheme approved by Chief Ministers of four Cauvery basin States to facilitate the implementation of the seven-year-old interim award of the Cauvery Water Tribunal.

August 12: Landslips triggered by heavy rains in the high altitude Rudraprayag district kills 15.

Sachin Tendulkar bestowed with Rajiv Gandhi Khel Ratna Award, the highest recognition for achievement in sports in India, for the year 1997. Veteran athletics coach, Joginder Singh Saini, gets the prestigious Dronacharya Award; 20 other sportsmen get the Arjuna Award, 1997.

August 13: Nineteen persons killed and 24 injured when a speeding train hits a State Roadways bus stuck on the track at a railway crossing near Karur in Tamil Nadu.

August 14: Noted singer of yesteryears, Shamshad Begum,

passes away.

Chief Minister of Goa, Wilfred D'Souza, and nine other MLAs disqualified by the Speaker, Tomazinho Cardozo.

August 15: The President, K.R. Narayanan, addresses the nation from the Central Hall of the Parliament.

In a major secretary-level reshuffle, government shifts Revenue Secretary, N.K. Singh, to Prime Minister's Office, Enforcement Directorate Chief, M.K. Bezboruah, to Delhi Government and Finance Secretary, M.S. Ahluwalia to Planning Commission as Member. The Chairman of the Traffic Commission, Vijay Kelkar, is the new Finance Secretary. Javed Chaudhury, Secretary, Sugar, replaces N.K. Singh.

August 16: The Tamil Nadu unit of the Indian National Trade Union Congress (INTUC) suspends Union Petroleum Minister and Trade Union Leader, Vazhapadi K. Ramamurthy, from its party membership for a period of six years for acting against the interests of the trade union.

August 17: The Prime Minister asks J. Jayalalitha to furnish all evidence to substantiate her charges regarding 'financial misconduct' by persons close to him for the transfer of M.K. Bezboruah and other officials.

The US closes down all American centres in Pakistan to public and pulls out staff.

Russia devalues rouble to restore confidence in its economy.

Vijay Singh of Fiji wins the Wanamaker Trophy in the 80th

PGA Golf Championships in Redmond, Washington.

August 18: Noted danseuse, Protima Bedi, among the 180 people feared killed in UP landslides.

August 19: The rupee plunges to all-time low of 43.53 per dollar.

August 20: Eminent musicologist, N.P. Seshadri, honoured with the Rajiv Gandhi Rashtriya Ekta Award for promoting Indian culture.

August 21: Twenty-eight people die in US missile strikes in Afghanistan and Sudan.

CBI raids houses of RJD chief, Laloo Prasad Yadav, and some of his relatives.

Leander Paes defeats top seed Pete Sampras in straight sets 6-3, 6-4 in the Pilot Pen international tennis championship at New Haven.

August 22: Commenting on the US attacks in Sudan and Afghanistan, Mr. A.B. Vajpayee says that his government is all for global action against terrorism.

Saudi dissident, Osama Bin Laden warns the US of strong retaliation.

August 24: The fourth round of talks between India and the US on the controversial nuclear issue ends.

Boris Yelstin recalls Viktor Chernomyrdin to head the government.

August 25: The government issues an ordinance constituting a multi-member Central Vigilance Commission with statutory powers and a fixed term of office. National Games, to be held in Manipur from October 4 to 14, postponed indefinitely due to incessant rains.

August 26: Enforcement Directorate Counsel, K. Kumar, handling FERA violation cases against Sasikala, a close associate of J. Jayalalitha, sacked.

August 27: Dropsy, caused by the consumption of adulterated mustard oil, affects many in the country. A country-wide alert sounded to check the quality of mustard oil.

Sachin Tendulkar meets Sir Donald Bradman on his 90th birthday in Adelaide, Australia.

August 28: The Prime Minister of Pakistan, Nawaz Sharif, introduces a law to create a new Islamic order and establish a whole legal system based on the *Koran*.

August 29: The Prasar Bharati Ordinance ends the tenure of Chief Executive Officer (CEO), S.S. Gill. O.P. Kejriwal, Director-General, All India Radio, appointed as interim CEO of the Prasar Bharati Board.

August 30: At least 78 people killed as a Cuban plane crashes while take off at Quito international airport.

Steffi Graf stages a comeback defeating Jana Novotna 6-4, 6-1 in the Pilot Pen championship.

August 31: The Russian Parliament, Duma, rejects the candidature of Chernomyrdin; Boris Yeltsin renominates the acting premier.

Thirty people die as a passenger train hits a van at an unmanned railway crossing in Udaipur.

Sri Lanka defeats England in the one-off Test at the Oval by 10 wickets. Off spinner, Muttiah Muralidharan takes 16 wickets for 220 runs.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

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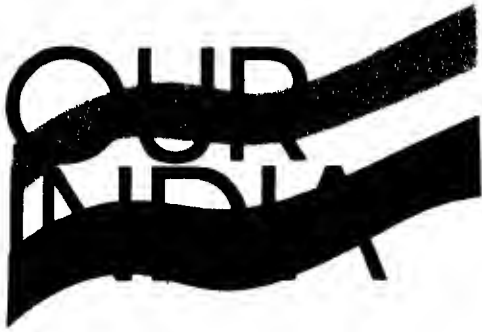
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CHILDREN'S WORLD

NOVEMBER

Newsletter Inside





Reviving the Sabarmati

The river Sabarmati has a special place in the hearts of Indians. The old city of Ahmedabad grew on the eastern side of the river but over a period of time, life spilled over to the western side. Seven bridges over the Sabarmati connect the two sides, with the volume of traffic using the bridges increasing daily.

The Sabarmati is associated with Mahatma Gandhi and our freedom movement. The Gandhi Ashram is located on the western banks of this river, and it was from here that Gandhiji started the historic Salt March. With the passing decades, Sabarmati has borne the brunt of increasing pollution, as the city on its banks grows in an unplanned fashion. The 'Amdavadis' live in one of the most polluted cities, and next to one of the dirtiest rivers in the country.

The Sabarmati is the seventh largest river in India. It originates at a place called Wekaria in Rajasthan. It is not a perennial river, though it tends to burst its banks every monsoon, flooding the shanty towns along its banks, throwing life out of gear.

The dry banks of the river have become an open ground where Sunday bazaars and circuses set up shop regularly. Many small scale units close to the river discharge their effluents

into storm drains or sewage lines which finally end up in the river. The little water in the river that is visible through plastic bags and sundry garbage, has a revolting black colour not unlike an open sewer.

In the wake of the Ganga River Action Plan of the Ministry of Environment and Forests, many rivers were surveyed to initiate similar projects. The Sabarmati was one of the rivers identified as being highly polluted by the National River Conservation Plan and was placed in the 'D' category.

The most important polluting factor is sewage and discharge of waste by the slums lining the banks. Twenty-seven outlets discharge sewage from the eastern and western sides of the city into the Sabarmati. Ahmedabad has one of the oldest sewage systems set up more than 150 years ago. The old area of the city had an extensive network of storm drains and sewage lines. With the demands of the growing population, the sewage system is under great pressure. Overflowing manholes empty their noxious contents into storm drains meant to carry rainwater to the river. Sewage drains have silted up due to the overload. Pumping stations cannot keep up with the demand, and effluent treatment plants do not have the capacity to treat the waste generated.

The river, in its dirty state, could have become the source of many water-borne diseases, leading to epidemics.

The city planners have woken up to the Sabarmati River Cleaning Programme and the Sabarmati River Front Development Project just in time.

The efforts reflect the concern the people have for a clean environment in a city that has seen rapid growth with little attention paid to the effect on the environment. Yet it may be a while before Amdavadis can see a sparkling, rejuvenated Sabarmati.

*Preeti Ramesh
(CEE-NFS)*





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Cover: Subir Roy

Dear Readers,

Here it comes...the long-awaited Your Pages, 1998! Can you hear the sound of bugles and drums and pipes? A bumper issue, it has 96 pages by you and for you.

For November 14, Children's Day, we take a walk down memory lane, with a very personal and endearing glimpse of Jawaharlal Nehru by the Hon'ble President of India, Shri K.R. Narayanan.

This year we received a great number of entries for the Competition. And, just as it has been every year for a decade, the evaluation put the Jury in a dilemma over what to retain and laud, and what to put aside. Yet, decisions have to be made, prizes have to be given.

After selecting the prize-winners, the Jury felt it just had to give some of the writings a 'Pat on the Back!' (a special prize). The rest, the Jury voted, deserve a 'Well Done!'. Every contributor to this issue also gets a Certificate.

And what of the contents? There are poems as usual, yes, but there are a number of stories, too. The writings reflect current concerns, environment, poverty, animals, aliens, the supernatural and humour...a wide range of topics that will keep you glued to the issue.

As for the contributors, you will find some of our regular writers from previous years. While it's always good to read them, the new entrants are more than welcome to the CW family. We hope we shall see more of them in future issues. We have tried to put in every contributor's photograph. No longer are they faceless, and that is always interesting.

For some of you whose work appears in this issue, it may be another step in your journey of writing. For others, a beginning. Do stay on the path and send us whatever you write.

As for us, we enjoyed and admire your powers of imagination, depth of feeling and fluidity of expression.

Congratulations! Thank you for making this issue a success.

Let's move on to a bonanza of reading.

Dear Editor,
The cover of the October issue was excellent. I plan to make the rangoli given at the back of the magazine at my doorstep this Diwali. I have traced out the design and am practising hard so that I can draw it with ease on Diwali.
Vaishali
Jamshedpur

Dear Editor,
I have been reading CW for a number of years now. My mother makes it a point to gift a year's subscription of CW to any two students of our school (of which she is the Headmistress) who have done well in academics. Many children complain that they don't get enough reading time during the Library period for whoever gets the new issue first, fills in all the answers of 'Funtime' much to the irritation of the other readers.
Jyoti Prasad
Allahabad

Dear Editor,
I have a class-mate who is very like Shekhar in 'Just for Kicks' (October 1998). We get CW in our school library. I hope this class-mate will go through the issue and realize that he needs to change his devil-may-care attitude.
Chetan Kumar
Assam

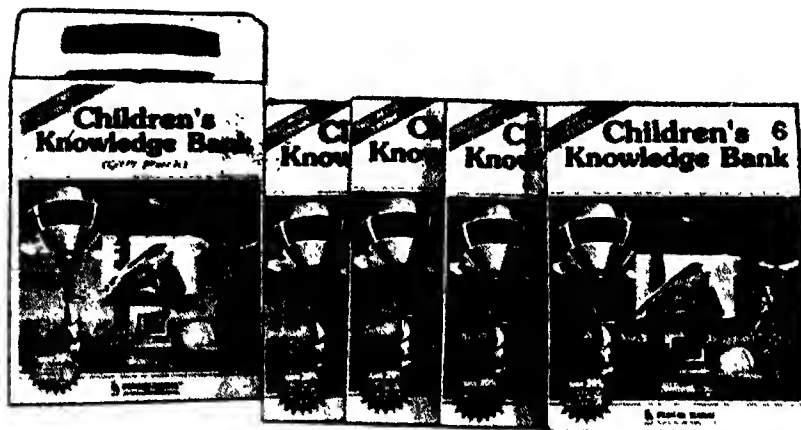
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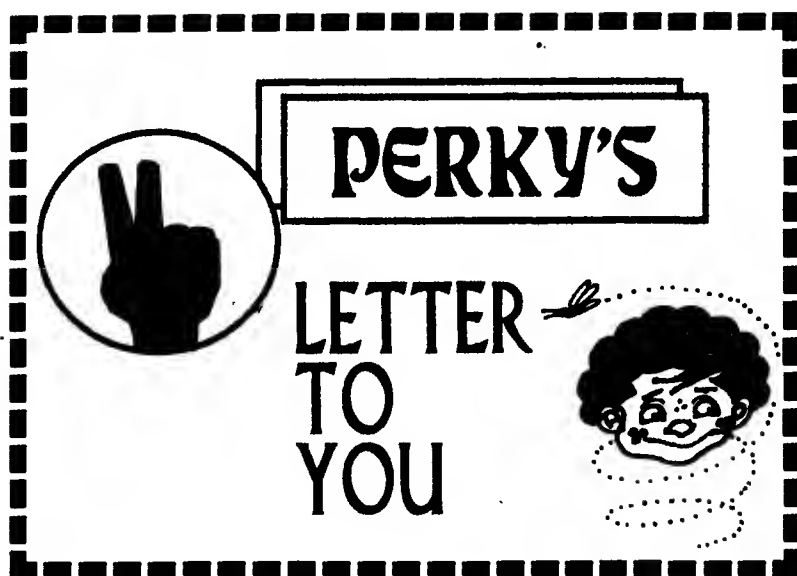
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Dear cuts and nuts,

It was clear that the doctor who was teaching us First Aid thought that we were all decent, quiet fellows. He must have said to himself that all the warnings he was given about us need not have been given. In fact, he probably thought... Anyway, whatever he was thinking, the doctor had a sweet smile on his face and he was looking at us as if he were patting us on our little heads. Little did he know.

Little did he know, in fact, about Raghu. Little did he realize that Raghu's head is not just not little, it is also full of devilish matter. And however good and decent the rest of us are, Raghu, in some strange way, makes us all behave like him. I don't know how it happens but it does happen, all the same.

So there we were, pretending to be decent, quiet fellows,

listening to a talk on First Aid by a doctor with a sweet smile. "So, dear boys," the doctor said, beaming at us, "the most important thing to remember is not to panic. Not to panic, remember. Whatever happens..."

Suddenly one of the boys at the back leapt out of his seat and screamed a long, train-like

scream, "Looook!" he screamed, pointing with his long finger to some spot under his bench. "Looook! There's a snake there! It bit me!"

The smiling doctor became a shaking doctor. "Ssssnake?" he asked. "Ssssnake? No. No. It can't have been a snake, dear boy. It must have been..."

By this time about a dozen fellows had jumped out of their seats and were scrabbling about on their hands and knees under the benches. They were also laughing a whole lot, which, of course, the poor doctor did not realize.

"Don't, don't, boys," the shaking doctor was saying. "Don't do it. Don't do it! Please!"

"Don't do what, doctor?" one of the boys asked cheekily. "We are only looking for the ssssnake!"

"Please!" continued the



doctor, "please go back to your seats, boys. Please, dear boys. The snake will go away soon. Leave it alone."

"But you said there was no snake, sir," said another boy. "I mean, no sssnake."

"Boys, dear boys," the doctor went on, shaking the table also, "if there is a sssnake, you have to be careful, very careful. Please."

You must be wondering where Raghu was in all this fine mess. Raghu, who is always in the centre of action, where was he?

Well, he was there, right there. He was the one who had jumped up and pointed to a spot under his bench with a long, bony finger and said, "Looook! There's a snake there. It bit me."

Now whatever else there may be in school, skeletons and bones and pencil boxes, there really is no snake. Snakes can't stand being in a school, I know that for sure. If I were a snake, I would never go to a school, especially not to a school with Raghu in it.

This same above-mentioned Raghu was now jumping up and down, sucking his finger. "It bit me, it bit me," he kept crying out like an ass.

And the shaking doctor, shaking the table, was saying, "Please, please, boys. Please go back to your seats."

Suddenly, the boys who were laughing under the



benches whipped up and twisted back into their seats. Only Raghu went on yelling, "It bit me, it bit me," and sucking his finger. He had not seen Mr. Krish.

Mr. Krish came into a silence that was as dead as yesterday's toast. The doctor stopped shaking; Raghu stopped bawling and sucking his finger. For the rest of the time, Mr. Krish stayed at the back, watching our big heads with no smile and no kindness. The mosquito that may have bitten Raghu drifted away—I think it got scared of Mr. Krish.

Somehow, after that, the First

Aid class became rather dull.

Yours bandaged in boredom
Perky

PS Raghu was made to say sorry to the doctor and to do all the bandage diagrams in his book three times.

PPS None of us who were laughing under the benches were punished. Mr. Krish must have realized that Raghu was the one who made us do it.

PPPS Actually we *were* punished. We had to own up and then had to go to see Mr. Krish in his office. What happened there, I don't have to tell you.

PPSSSS It was very bad.

A Wonderful Human Being

By Shri K.R. Narayanan, Honourable President of India



I had heard so much about the daily morning audience that Jawaharlal Nehru used to give to the public. Only once had I the occasion to witness it, indeed to be a part of the visiting crowd at Teen Murti House. It was in 1960. My eight-year-old daughter, Chitra, had won the first prize in the Shankar's International Children's Competition, for a poem she wrote. She was to receive the prize from the hands of Prime Minister Nehru at the colourful and exciting function Shankar used to arrange every year in Delhi. I was, however, posted abroad and we had to leave India before the date of the prize-giving ceremony. Chitra was disappointed that she could not get her prize from Nehru's hands.

Therefore, one morning, my wife and I took her to Teen Murti House in the hope Chitra might be able to meet and talk to Nehru. She had her poem copied out to be shown to him. There was a large crowd in the reception room and in the lawns of the Prime Minister's house. We had placed ourselves at a strategic point at the entrance to the reception room. As Nehru came briskly down the stairs, he noticed me and asked me quizzically, "What are you doing here?"

When I explained and introduced my daughter, he took the poem from her hands and read it saying, "Very good, very good", adding that he had already seen it in the *Shankar's Annual*.

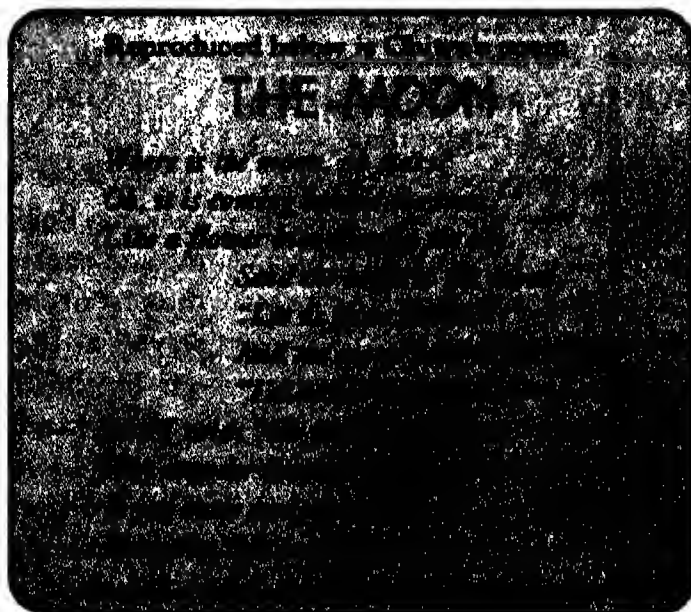
There were a number of students from the

Delhi University to see him, and looking at them he told Chitra, in a sudden and spontaneous gesture revealing his subtle understanding of child psychology, to read out the poem to the students.

It was almost like a prize-giving ceremony, indeed much better and spontaneous, when Chitra standing next to Nehru read out her poem to an assembled and admiring audience. No actor or dramatist could have brought up a more charming and touching situation than that at the spur of the moment to give so much joy and pride to a child, and a lasting, beautiful memory for her to cherish. It was a great little gesture by a genuine human being who understood and loved the human race, especially children.

I then watched him go into the garden like a grand Mughal, meeting and talking to women and children, peasants and workers, who had come from different parts of India to have the 'darshan' of Jawaharlal Nehru. But his manner was not that of a Mughal descending from the throne to hear the complaints of the people, but of a great democrat and wonderful human being wanting to meet and understand the people. It was for Nehru a dip into the ocean of India's humanity, a peep into the minds and hearts of the Indian people.

(Courtesy: *Images and Insights*, published by Allied Publishers Ltd.)



Roll of honour

1st Prize

Wriju Bharadwaj (15), New Delhi

2nd Prize

Avijit Shastri (17), Indore

3rd Prize

Vikas Sivadasan (10), Jabalpur

Highly Commended!

Nishita Paul (10), New Delhi
Vivek Subramanian (11), Yol Cantt.
Tara Bhargava (12), New Delhi



Pat on the Back!

Deepti Sachdeva (16), New Delhi
Disha Rupayana (15), Indore
Amrapali Hazra (15), New Delhi
Ayesha Sindhu (13), New Delhi

Well Done!

Bernadette Mable Morris (13), Lucknow

Amiya Sharma (12), Delhi

Franali Goswami (16), Assam

Neethi Ramakrishnan (10), Delhi

Perna Sharma (12), Delhi

Jyoti Basral (16), Delhi

Amruta Joshi (12), Indore

Deepti Sachdeva (16), New Delhi

Neha Gambhir (13), New Delhi

Ragini Sethi (14), New Delhi

Iti Sahai (13), Ghaziabad

Resham Sarkar (15), Ghaziabad

Manvendra Davar (14), Hisar

P. Priyadarshini (12), Chennai

Chinha Raheja (15), Jamnagar

Nidhi Bassi (10), New Delhi

Devika Sethi (15), Kanpur

Amrita Sabat (13), Bhubaneswar

Rahul Jindal (12), New Delhi

Vaibhav Rajan (14), New Delhi

Kanupriya Arora (14), New Delhi

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Silika Mahapatra (11), Ghaziabad

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R. Veena (16), Dehradun

Vivek Pradeep (15), UAE

Meghana Kirtani (14), Indore



THE LAW OF THE WILD



Wriju Bharadwaj (15)

Frank Anthony Public School, New Delhi

Illustrations: Prithvishwar Gayen

THE YOUNG lynx stared, his eyes full of fright. Suddenly he leapt into a run. He ran as fast as he could, as if death were after him. And indeed

death was. A predator, a hungry she-wolf.

The lynx kitten made a quick turn of a large rock. The wolf also followed him but she lost balance and ran into the

rock. She recovered quite soon and ran after the lynx. The lynx now realized that the turn he took was a big mistake. It led him to a patch of high grassland, and he was now at

the mercy of the wolf. There was a sudden deathly silence in the jungle, and all that the lynx could do was wait, wait for his end. Then it happened. The wolf sprang from his left and struck him down.

Back in the cave the she-wolf brought her cub the dead pieces of meat. It was a strange kind of meat, unlike any she had brought. The lynx kitten was partly grown, like the cub, but not so large.

And it was all for him. His mother had satisfied her hunger elsewhere. The cub did not know that it was the rest of the lynx kitten that had gone to satisfy her. Nor did he know the desperateness of her deed. He knew that the vel-

vet-furred kitten was meat, and he ate and grew happier with every mouthful.

His stomach full, the cub lay in the cave, sleeping against his mother's side. He was woken up by her snarling. Never had he heard her snarl so terribly. In the full glare of the afternoon light, crouching in the entrance of the cave, the cub saw the lynx mother. The hair rippled up along his back. Here was fury, and it did not need his instinct to tell him of it. And if the sight were not enough, the cry of rage the intruder gave was convincing.

The cub felt something stir within him, and stood up, snarling valiantly by his mother's side. But she thrust him

behind her. Because of the low-roofed entrance the lynx could not leap in. When she came in a crawling rush, the she-wolf sprang upon her and pinned her down.

The cub sprang in and sank his teeth into the hind leg of the lynx. He clung on, growling savagely. Though he did not know it, the weight of his body slowed the attack of the mother lynx, and thereby saved his mother much damage.

A shift in the battle crushed the cub under the two mothers. He was wrenched away and had to loosen his hold. The cub attacked again, but this time the lynx spotted him

**YOU
PAGE**



**YOUR
PAGES**

and dodged the attack. Then, with her fore paw, she ripped his shoulder open to the bone and sent him hurtling against the wall. The she-wolf meanwhile attacked the lynx's hind leg, making both hind legs difficult to use.

The cub was angered. He made a third attempt, sprang up and sank his teeth into the lynx's neck. The lynx tried and tried but could not loosen

the cub's hold. After one desperate attempt, she shook him off.

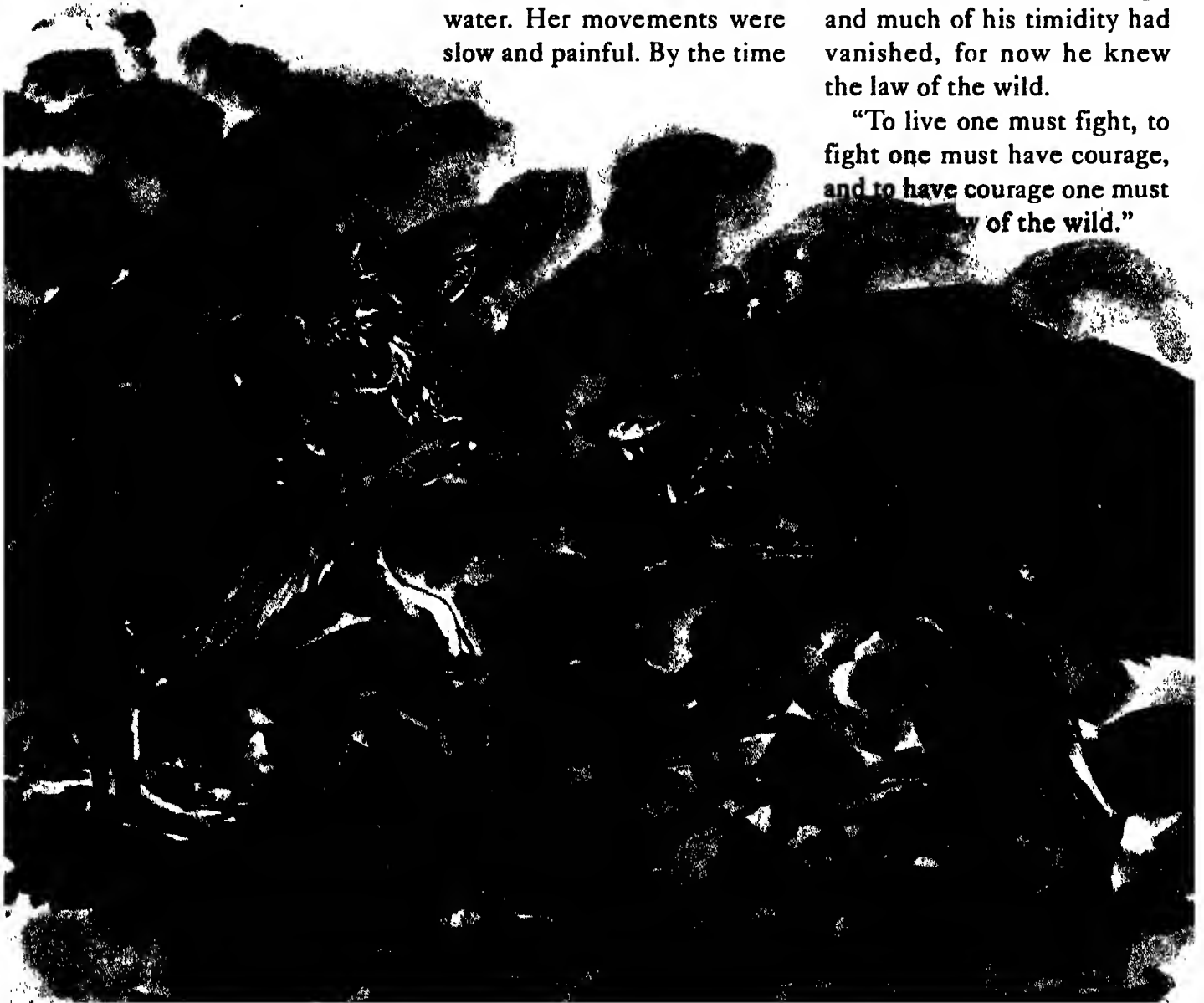
Then it happened. The lynx fell dead right beside where the she-wolf lay.

The lynx was dead. But the wolf was sick and very weak. At first, she caressed the cub and licked his wounded shoulder, but the blood she lost had taken away her strength. For a whole day and night she lay by her dead foe's side, without movement, scarcely breathing. For a week she never left the cave, except for water. Her movements were slow and painful. By the time

the lynx was eaten fully, the she-wolf's wounds were healed sufficiently for her to take the meat trail again.

The cub's shoulder was still sore, and for some time he limped from the terrible slash he had received. But the world now seemed changed. He went about in it with greater confidence, with a boldness that had not been his before the battle. He had fought and survived. And because of this, he carried himself boldly, wherever he went. He was no longer afraid of minor things, and much of his timidity had vanished, for now he knew the law of the wild.

"To live one must fight, to fight one must have courage, and to have courage one must know the law of the wild."





CHILDREN'S DAY



Bernadette Mable Morris (13)
La Martiniere Girls' College, Lucknow
Illustrations: Surendra Suman

*In remembrance of Chacha Nehru,
 We celebrate Children's Day.
 And so it's time for all kids
 To be happy and gay.*

*But in the midst of our happiness,
 We mustn't forget those children
 Who have become victims
 Of some people's selfishness and sin.*

*Children are considered the light of tomorrow;
 And the future of our country;
 Then why are they made to work
 In a glass, crackers or carpet factory?*

*To make both ends meet
 Some have to labour day and night,
 They have lost their childhood
 And their future is left in doubt.*



*Some are ill-treated and molested
 But there is no one to hear their cry.
 Those innocent hearts which have committed no crime
 Are merely left to die.*

*Some are kidnapped and
 Sold off to foreign lands.
 We must help all these children;
 Their future is in our hands.*

*Born in the midst of poverty
 They lead a life of torture and fear;
 Let us try, and from their eye
 Remove that tear.*

*They have not known
 What it is to study and play...
 Let us try and bring a smile on their faces,
 For a happier Children's Day!*





Amiya Sharma (12)
Rukmini Devi Public School, Delhi
Illustration: Ajanta Guhathakurta

*Once when I was sleeping all alone,
My bedside clock noisily struck one,
Suddenly in my room light seemed to flow,
And the whole place was set aglow.*

*All at once, from nowhere at all,
Stepped a green man, oh so small!
He was no bigger than my arm,
And I could do nothing but stay calm.*

**YOUR
PAGES**

*To my amazement, he spoke to me
In English, and was fluent as could be,
"Don't be scared, I won't hurt you,
I'm an alien from planet Czpbqnkyu."*

*By now, I was composed and calm,
And lifted this little man on my palm,
On being asked his name, he replied, "Bzkdcmqob,"
But unable to repeat it, I said, "I'll call you Bob."*

*Bob and I soon became good pals,
Though I hid him from my fellow gals,
Together we enjoyed and had good fun,
Laughing, playing and roaming around in the sun.*

*Then, one day, he told me the purpose of his visit,
He became very grim, his voice hollow like a spirit,
"Back on our planet, nothing is natural,
From greenery to water, everything is artificial.*

*"No trees, no plants, only sand,
Everything there is barren land,
To us green and pulses are loaned,
So much so, even babies are cloned."*





The poor alien paused between his speech,
Then understood he wanted me to teach
The Czphakysians how to grow plants,
And breed, not clone, animals like dogs and elephants.

He continued, "Earth has nature in abundance,
But we thought you realized its importance.
In fact, I came here just to have a view
Of how you conserve nature in this century too.

You on earth are very lucky indeed,
Trees, oceans—you have everything you need.
Nature is kind and generous towards you all,
Timely set in summer, winter and fall.

"But during my visit here, I found
Pollution, pollution everywhere around.
Don't you realize the value of natural resources,
The way you upset nature with man-made forces?

As you hope to become my friend, I advise you,
Let not the same miseries befall earth, too,
For Heaven's sake, don't abuse Mother Nature,
Else, like us, you would suffer the same future."

I listened quietly to all he said,
My mind going over and over it.
I helped Bob as he got ready to go,
By a mini spacecraft, ordered a week ago.

We both cried bitterly as he bid goodbye,
And his spacecraft, got ready to fly.
Now as I sit here, filling my notepad,
I still wonder over what Bob had said.

"Don't you realize the value of natural resources,
The way you upset nature with man-made forces?"

YOU
PAGE



TIPU, DEAR TIPU



Pranali Goswami (16)
Don Bosco High School, Baghchung, Assam
Illustrations: Subir Roy

TIPU! The name comes again and again to my mind. Molly, our cat, had given birth to a litter of five kittens. Tipu was one of them.

He was all bones and scrawny. He would blink at us with his right eye, for his left eye was often shut tightly. I was quite apprehensive of Tipu's chances of surviving.

However, this 'scared and skinny' little kitten survived while the others died. Soon, he lost his fear of the world and was a regular sight during lunch-time at home. He allowed us to pat him. But he still couldn't open his left eye.

This gave him a sort of 'piratish' look. Because of his eye, he would sometimes stumble and had to be guided towards the food. It was only after I had painstakingly cleaned his eye with eye-drops that he could see through it clearly. Soon, Tipu began to stay more at home.

Sometimes, Father held a biscuit at a height near the door. Tipu would jump for it. Tipu soon understood and whenever he saw someone near the door, he would immediately jump up and cry for food. Tipu began to look healthy too.

Tipu had an unusual habit.

He loved to run in through the door of the living room to the kitchen, if it happened to be open. In the kitchen, instead of nosing about for food, he would wait patiently until one of us opened the door to let him out. He would then walk out with great dignity.

While playing, Tipu loved to catch the ball which we threw towards him. He would grab it and proceed to gnaw on it until we pulled it away from him. We laughed, seeing Tipu going with Ma when she went for a walk in the evening. He would always try to move at the same pace as she did.

Tipu loved to chase sparrows and sometimes he even caught one. He would then look at us proudly, holding the bird in his mouth. His eyes would widen with excitement and he would swish his tail proudly from side to side. He would then take the bird to a corner, gobble it up, clean his paws and lick his tongue to show how much he had enjoyed it. Quite often he had to pay the price for it! Somehow or the other, the birds would come to know about the incident and would hover above him, trying to peck him. We would be kept busy trying to drive away the birds, while Tipu sat with a contented look on his face, as if saying, "Why worry? They are here to protect me from these birds."

Tipu often took mud-baths.

He would roll on the ground and, without warning, send the sand flying around in all directions. He would get up and, unmindful of our protests, spray us with another shower of sand.

Tipu also loved to join in with occasional mews whenever our family chatted together.

Once again Molly produced a litter. All that was left of it was a roly-poly kitten whom we christened 'Tiger'. Tipu took an instant liking to him and, on a winter evening, we would see the two curled up into a ball in an old box.

Tipu often went on what we called 'the tours'. He would disappear for weeks and return one day, dirty and thin beyond recognition. It would be many days before he would look like his former self.

After one such gap Tipu returned. Although we fed him a lot, he remained all bones. He began to lose his appetite and wouldn't even touch his food. He spent more and more time lying in the old box. He still loved to be patted, and would raise his head whenever we approached him.

YOU
PAGE



**YOUR
PAGES**

There came a day when Tipu had no more strength left in him. We called out to him as we patted him. He couldn't even raise his head. That night he did not return. The next day, there was no sign of him. Hoping to find

him in the garage—one of his favourite spots—I opened the door. Tipu was lying there on the floor. He looked up at me and, even as his strength seemed to be ebbing away, he managed to utter a weak mew. To my surprise, he managed to get up and move away clumsily. I called out to him.

It was of no use.

Three days later my brother found a cat in a field nearby. It had been dead for some time. We dug a hole and buried him carefully. Though there was no way I could tell it was Tipu, I felt that it was him and no one else.

The house seems to be in mourning; it is so calm and still. Usually, Tipu would have been meowing and with us calling out to him, the house would be alive with sounds.

Ma no longer feels like going out in the evening. Father sometimes calls out from the door, "Jump, Tipu, jump." When he remembers, he pretends that he was actually calling Tiger.

Tipu was unique. Never shall we be able to forget the cat which was an inseparable part of our lives.





Neethi Ram
Somerville
Illustrator



The scorching sun is
The rain is
And the
The sun is shining very
On my dear little plant
The birds are changing from green to brown
They also blow on my little plant
The sun in its subdued tone is whispering to the
The birds are hurrying to cooler places.
We, the children, too are not happy
Though our boring examinations are over.
Now, dear rain, please come down from the overcast sky,
And wash our roads and still the dust.
And wash also the window panes.
Then the sweet cuckoo will sing its song again,
My thirsty plant will breathe again,
My flowers will bloom again.
Oh, dear rain,
Come, please come.

YOU
PAGE



Basral (16)

Arvekanand School, Delhi

Teacher: Aishwarya Guhathakurta



(12)

Teacher: Aishwarya Guhathakurta

The place where
In one form or the other
The place where we all have to go,
The place where we all have to go,

Life is not
A tale of cheers.
Life never means
To be alone,
Contented and silent

Life is not
A tale of cheers.
Life never means
To be alone,
Contented and silent

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YOUR
PAGES

One thing or the other
The place of rhythm and
Of one kind or the other
The place where everyone

For one matter
The place where nothing stops
For one reason or the other,
The place where everyone





Avijit Shastri (17)
Choithram School, Indore
Illustrations: Subir Roy

TO FREEZE OR NOT TO FREEZE



HE WAS sitting in the waiting room of Samson Refrigeration Ltd. In half an hour, he would go in to a long, or rather infinite sleep as would one lakh other people in the world.

It was Sunday. The last week flashed before his eyes. He had been with Sunny last Sunday. He had called on Sunny to talk about something important.

"So, what's the important thing?" Sunny had asked him.

"The important thing is..."

"That you are getting married, right? Well, I always knew you would marry someday. Whom? Kiran or Priya?"

He had smiled unwillingly.

Sunny had been his friend for the last ten years and he had always seen him taking things lightly. He was not serious about anything—neither about life, nor career and now, not about EXTINCTION—the extinction of life on Earth!

"Did you read today's newspaper?" he had asked Sunny.

"Oh, yes. I did. Sachin made 138 not out. By God, what a player!"

"Not that. Something else. About the world's..."

"Extinction. Right? Oh, yes, but I couldn't understand it. What is all this?"

"Our sun has got trapped in a big cloud of gas and dust,

while revolving around the galaxy. Its light has started diminishing. In a month or two, it will be totally dark and in a short time the world will come to an end."

"Oh, yeah? What about it?"

"Aren't you nervous or tense?"

"Are you kidding? Sunny Nagpal, nervous and tense? What a joke! What if the world is coming to an end? What can we do about it? Nothing. So take it easy. You know, pal, I have always followed one golden rule: 'Live Life—Kingsize'! One has to die, some day or the other. Why waste our time worrying? Enjoy yourself for the last

few days.

"We can do something about it," he had said.

"What? Take a vacuum cleaner and remove the cloud?" was Sunny's query.

"Shut up, you fool! Everything is not a joke. Listen seriously to what I am going to say, or I shall give you a blow on the head. The multinational companies have started a scheme. Those who enrol their names for the

scheme, will be put into big, nuclear refrigerators and they will go into a long sleep—or in other words, hibernation.

When the sun comes out of the cloud, they will start life on earth again."

"And who will take them out of the refrigerators? Aliens?"

"Exactly. Let us imagine that some creatures from another planet will come here and take these people out."

"What nonsense! What if nobody comes? The refrigerators will stop working after some years, and all of them will die. It's better to die right now than to die in a deep freezer after some years."

"But why think negatively? Be optimistic. Hope someone will take us out. Tell me, are you enrolling or not? Yes or no?"

"Listen to my decision," said Sunny fiercely. "I am not enrolling. I shall die here itself with the rest of the earth.

Goodbye." Sunny turned away from him.

But he had decided to enrol for the scheme.

And today was the day.

"Bye, bye, my friend. Enjoy yourself," he muttered to himself.

*

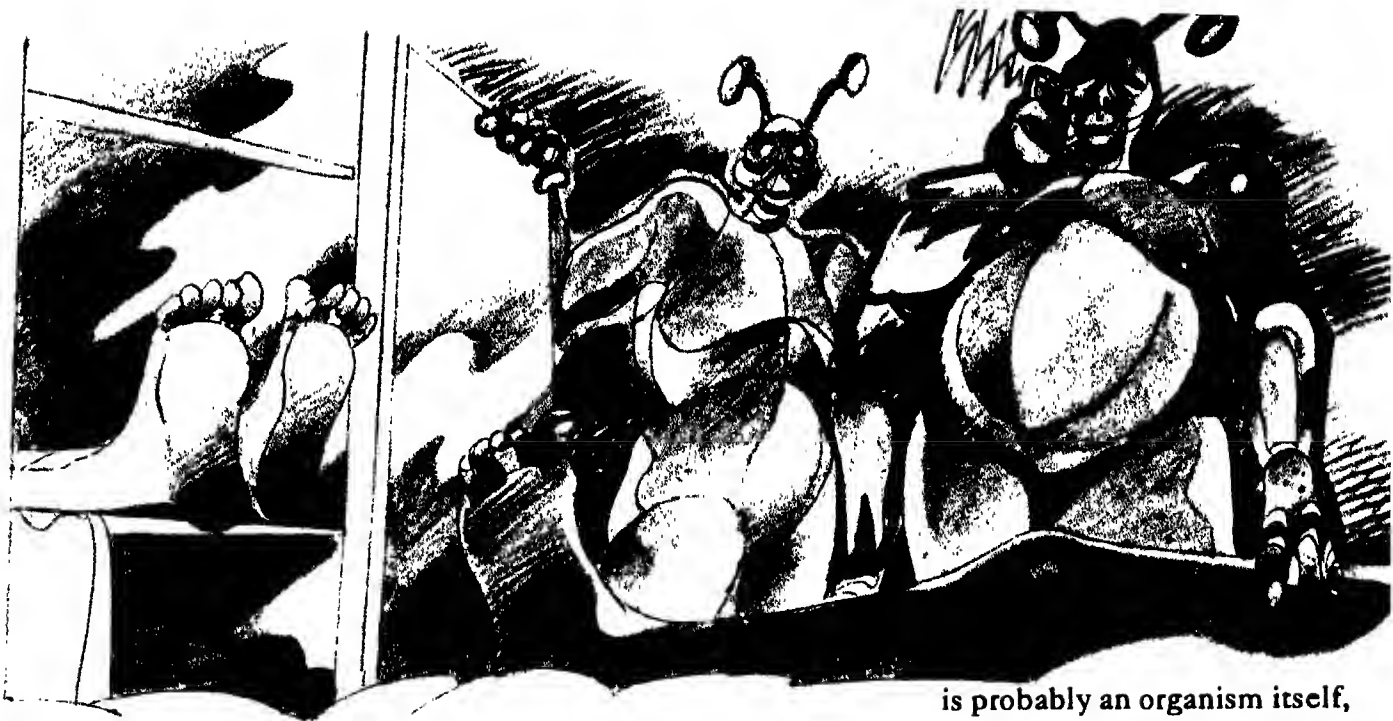
It was all over after five

months. Life on earth had been destroyed—though not completely. There were still one lakh living units—sleeping in the refrigerators—waiting for someone to come and take them out.

About 13 years later, the sun came out of the cloud. It was all bright again.

**YOUR
PAGES**





And one day, the much-awaited moment came. Creatures from another planet landed on the earth. They were enormous creatures—about 15 feet in height! They were from a highly developed civilization.

After exploring the whole

world, they sent a message to their planet:

"There is no life on this planet. Signs of civilization can be seen, yet there is no living organism. But, yes, we found the food of the organisms who had lived here—refrigerated in big, nuclear refrigerators. This food, which

is probably an organism itself, is, on an average, 60 kg in weight. It is fully safe for consumption—it's rather delicious. We are sending some samples back to you. If approved by the laboratories, we shall not face any food problem for many years."

**YOU
PAGE**



What a Character!

Compiled by Shreya Thapa (13)
St. Joseph's Convent, Chandannagar



When was Donald Duck born?
On his birthday!

In which month do cartoon characters speak the least?
February! You know why.

Why was Cinderella bad at football?
Because her coach was a pumpkin!

Why were screams coming from Donald's kitchen?
He was beating eggs!

Uncle Scrooge and his nephews fell into the Pacific Ocean, into the jaws of an alligator. What happened?
Frankly, there are no alligators in the Pacific Ocean!

Why did Goofy always walk with his right foot first?
Because whenever he puts one foot forward, the other is always left behind!

Why is Micky Mouse so cool?
He has so many fans!!

DONKEY IN LION'S SKIN

AN AESOP'S FABLE
ILLUSTRATIONS: *Beajee*

ONE DAY A DONKEY FOUND A LION'S SKIN IN THE FOREST AND PUT IT ON.



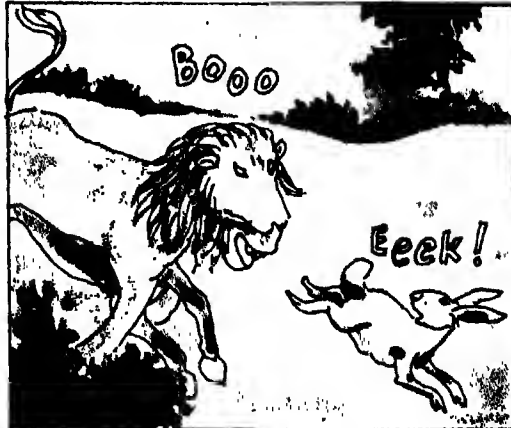
WHAT A SPLENDID OVERCOAT!



NOW I'M JUST LIKE LION, KING OF ALL ANIMALS



Booo



EEK!

Booo



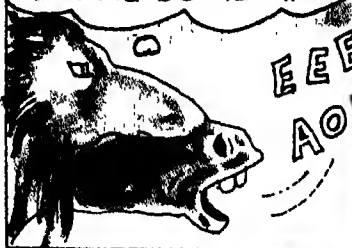
BAA
BAA

I ONLY HAVE TO PUT ON THE LION'S SKIN... TO BE AS FIERCE ...



...AND TERRIBLE AS THE LION HIMSELF...

... HERE COMES A FOX. LET ME SCARE HIM.



EEE
AOW

HA-HA-HA



GOOD MORNING, YOUR MAJESTY!



AHA! TWO LONG EARS! WHAT A DONKEY YOU ARE TO THINK YOU CAN FRIGHTEN ME!



YOU CANNOT HIDE YOUR BRAY!



END.

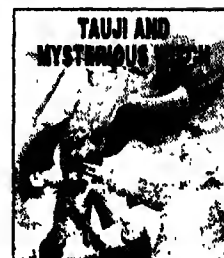
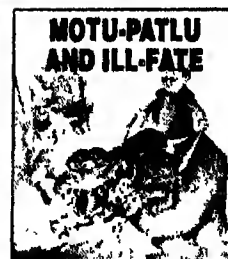


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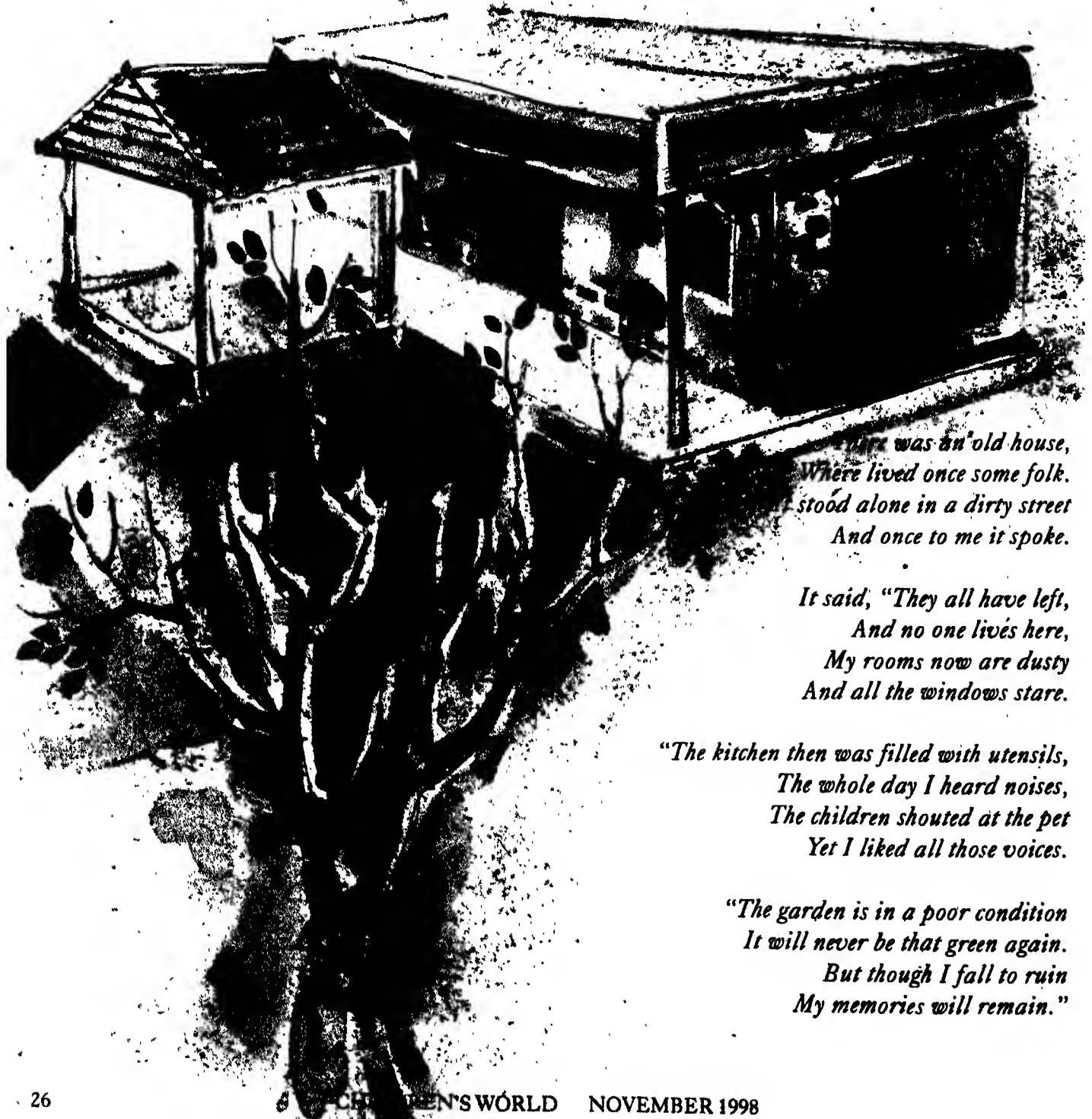
THE OLD HOUSE



Amruta Joshi (12)

Shri Satya Sai Vidya Vihar, Indore

Illustration: Beejee



*There was an old house,
Where lived once some folk.
It stood alone in a dirty street
And once to me it spoke.*

*It said, "They all have left,
And no one lives here,
My rooms now are dusty
And all the windows stare.*

*"The kitchen then was filled with utensils,
The whole day I heard noises,
The children shouted at the pet
Yet I liked all those voices.*

*"The garden is in a poor condition
It will never be that green again.
But though I fall to ruin
My memories will remain."*



THE RIDE WITH A DIFFERENCE



Deepti Sachdeva (16)
Bluebells School, New Delhi
Illustration: Surendra S.



I BELIEVE life is like a roller-coaster. One has to be constantly prepared to face it, acknowledging that sometimes things will be great, but at times it will be a solid upward toil and life will dash you down and fling you around a couple of full circles as you hang on for mere survival.

However, no matter how sad or difficult life gets, I believe that this is a part of being what I am. It is the same awareness which allows me to relax and take everything that comes my way with some measure of courage and

confidence.

When one is not actually facing a crisis, one has to be putting strength into the bank. For me, the most important thing is being physically strong. Along with that, one has to experience life, think about things, keep oneself continuously inspired and continue learning about oneself, life, people, the world, and all wonderful things that go along with being a human. Reflection, stimulation and awareness is what keeps me strong and at peace enough to deal with life calmly and effectively.

All this sounds fine and dandy on paper, doesn't it? Very easy, yet...live, and you find that life is not really anything like it sounds. So, you take the good with the bad, make decisions as you go along, and know at the back of your mind that everything will work out. And even if it doesn't, you still have the pride of saying, "I'm an individual and I'm trying!" Being practical and sunny—that's what attitude is all about.

So, go ahead and enjoy life—the greatest roller-coaster ride ever!

TICKLE THE BRAIN

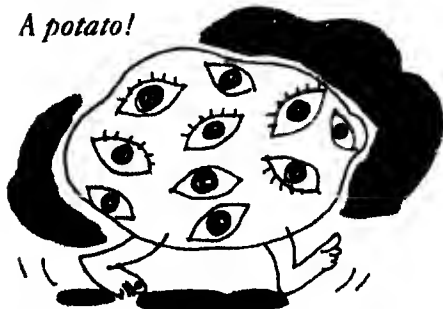


Compiled by Neha Gambhir (13) Delhi Public School, R.K. Puram, New Delhi,
Ragini Sethi (14), New Delhi and Iti Sahai (13), APJ School, NOIDA

Illustrations: Beejee

What has a hundred eyes but
no nose?

A potato!



What is the waiter's favourite
sport?

Tennis—it improves his service!



My first five letters are very
necessary for life, and the last
five letters are a fruit. What
am I?

Watermelon!



How does a moron climb a
tree?

*He sits on the seed and waits for
it to grow.*



A nurse to a sleeping patient:

"Get up! hey, get up!"

Patient: "What happened?"

Nurse: "I forgot to give you
the sleeping tablets."



Father to daughter: "What
did you learn in school?"

Daughter: "My teacher
taught me writing."

Father: "What did you write?"

Daughter: "I don't know. He
hasn't taught us reading yet."



Why are most cows noisy?

Because they have horns!



Who is mischief?

The Chief's daughter!

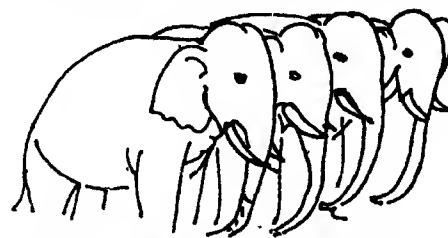
What is so surprising about
coffins?

People are dying to get into them!



When do elephants have 16
feet?

When there are four of them!



What is bigger when upside
down?

The number 6!

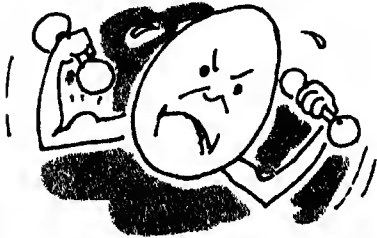
Name two alphabets which are blank.

M, T!



How do eggs keep physically fit?

They e(ggs)ercise!



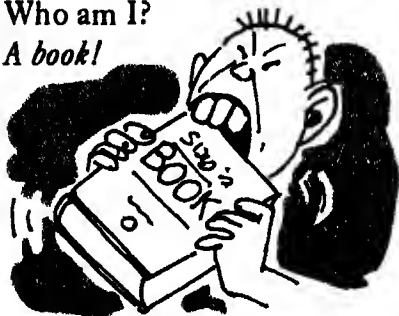
What does man break every day?

Silence!



I am not a tree, but I have leaves. I might have tables but I'm not a restaurant. You can't eat me, but you can digest me, if you try. Who am I?

A book!



Name the eatable of which you throw away the outside, cook the inside, eat the outside and throw away the inside.

Bhutta or corn-on-the-cob!

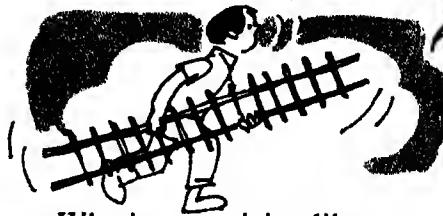
Why did the teacher wear dark glasses?

Because her class was very bright!



Why did Jack take a ladder to the school?

Because it was a high school!



Why is an optician like a teacher?

They both test pupils!



What should you do if you find a gorilla asleep in your bed?

Sleep somewhere else!



What did one palm tree say to another?

Let's have a date!



What is never seen but often changes?

The mind!

What did mom corn ask baby corn?

Where is pop corn?



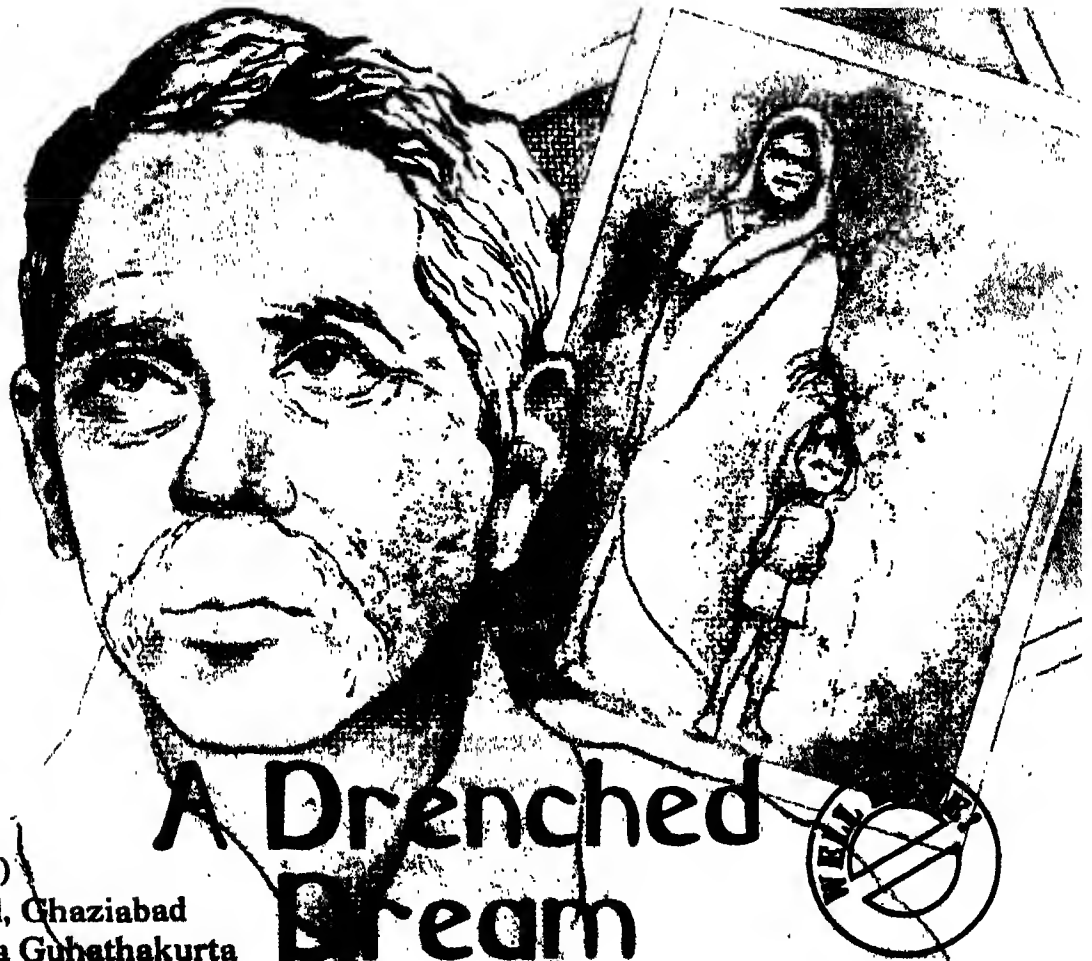
Two fathers and two sons went hunting. They shot three ducks and divided them equally among themselves, without shooting any more ducks or cutting any of the ducks. After division each one had a complete duck. How was it possible?



The two fathers and two sons were actually three people—a grandfather, a son and a grandson. The grandfather and son make up the two fathers, whereas the son and grandson make up the two sons. Thus the ducks were easily divided.



Resham Sarkar (13)
Delhi Public School, Ghaziabad
Illustrations: Ajanta Guhathakurta



A Drenched Dream

IT HAD started raining. He looked out of the window of his newly-bought Ford. He could see a boy, about eight years old, running desperately, probably to reach home before he got drenched to his skin.

Mr. B.N. Mitra parked his car in the garage of his bungalow, which stood on Park Street, and went into the house. It is one of the posh areas of Calcutta. After he had changed, he sat down and finished his dinner. Immediately, the housekeeper came in with a bowl of hot water for him to wash his hands. He then went to his library and started reading Aphra Behn's

The Rover. The housekeeper came in and informed that some journalists had come to interview him.

After they left, Mr. Mitra went to his bedroom and opened his cupboard. He took out a big, black photograph album and opened it. On the first page was the photo of a woman and a little boy. The woman was wearing a sari that looked as if it had been washed fifty times. The boy was only wearing shorts. Mr. Mitra's mind ran deep down into memory lane.

Brajesh was very happy. He had been photographed for the first time. He ran round the whole village shouting, "Look! I have been photographed!"

Brajo, as he was lovingly called at home, was studying in the fourth standard in the village school. His father was a peon in the school. Although Brajesh was the poorest student in his class, he was the most brilliant.

Once, in the month of August, Brajo looked out of the window of their thatched hut. The sight of raindrops going pitter-patter made him shudder. He remembered he had to go to school a few miles away from his home. He had to walk this tiring distance every day to fulfil his father's great desire of giving his son the facilities of modern, urban education. Brajesh wondered how



he would reach school in time all drenched, if it rained, and sit in a wet dhoti the whole day. The thought chilled him. His eyes sparkled at the sight of the tantalizing coloured raincoats his class-mates had. Many a time he had told his father to buy him one of those colourful plastic suits. But, his father always replied, "Brajo, your classmates are sons of the rich of the city. You are the son of a mere village school peon. I'll not be able to afford it." Brajesh had to remain content with such answers.

When he was in the seventh standard, a poem-writing competition on the different facets of a village monsoon

was held in his school. Brajesh participated in the competition. Three days later, during the morning prayers, the Principal announced the results. "Everybody has put in the best of his talent. But some creations really touched my heart. The results are as follows: Hridayanand stands third, Ratan stands second, and the first position has been bagged by Brajesh Nath Mitra."

Brajesh jumped with joy. He was also given a surprise prize. When he opened the packet, his astonishment knew no bounds. Inside was a sparkling red raincoat! His long cherished dream had come true.

Brajesh topped the whole district that year in the Higher Secondary Examination. He got a scholarship for his higher education. He joined the Presidency College. After graduation, he set up a small business of his own.

Today, twenty years later, Mr. B. N. Mitra alias Brajesh Nath Mitra is one of the leading businessmen of India. You would be surprised to know the product his company produces. Oh! Have you already guessed it? Yes, his company is one of the leading producers of the best quality Indian raincoats!

**YOUR
PAGES**



INDIA GOES NUCLEAR

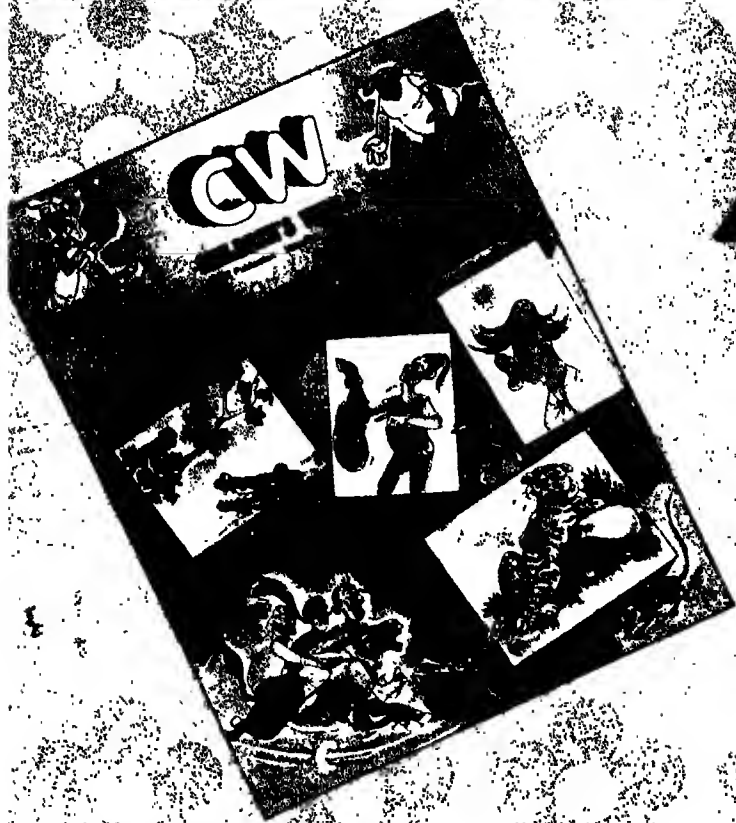


Manvendra Davar (14)
Campus School, Hisar
Illustration: Beejee

*India goes nuclear.
It's a good thing,
But think of the trouble
That it can bring.
It can put us in a dilemma
If used for destruction.
It can do a lot
If put to construction.*

*India goes nuclear.
We should feel proud,
But shouldn't join
The arms-race crowd.
The thing that matters
Is peace not war;
Used for havoc,
The result can be sour.*

FEAST ON CWT COMICS





Her name



*They all ran fast
The Professor's wife,
The Scientist's wife,
The Doctor's wife.*

*They all ran with
Flowers, milk, kumkum;
They all ran to the snake charmer,
Offered milk to the snake goddess,
And stood with hands folded.*

*The Professor's wife
Bathed the snake in the milk.
The Scientist's wife
Adorned its forehead
With imported kumkum,
The Doctor's wife
Garlanded it with perfumed flow*

*The reptile slithered,
Moved rhythmically to music;
They all felt blessed,
Prostrated before the serpent.*

*Milk overflowing bathed the staircase;
Yesterday I saw it bathe
In the tears of that orphan kid.*





He entered the street
Doctor's house
His long, brown hair
Dressed in tatters—
Survived so long—
• Was blessed with his presence.

His tattered clothes had
Hardly seen water for months,
Shaken eyes, pallid cheeks,
Running nose, naked feet—
A creature far below the poverty line.
He begged with hands folded
"Ma, I am thirsty
I am hungry
Give me something to eat."

They all screamed
The professor's wife,
The scientist's wife,
The Doctor's wife
They all screamed
How dare you enter the campus
Get out at once!

Milky rivers flow for reptiles;
Not a drop of water
For a human child.

O the Almighty above
In the blue unknown
Show His choicest blessings
Upon the reverent 'Memsabs'?



Nishita Paul (10)
Bluebells School
New Delhi
Illustration:
Surendra Sum

HELPFUL GECKO



*Yellow gecko on the wall:
What do you think all day?
He lies there and watches me,
When I study, read or play.*

*My friend, Neela, has a gecko friend,
This story you have got to hear—
One day when Neela was at her sums
A wicked wasp came near.*

*Neela was almost blue with fright,
She could not even think;
Quietly came the gecko then,
And gulped the wasp in a blink.*

*Neela and gecko are best pals now,
She even calls him Gynel!
I too want a gecko friend:
Who, will you be mine?*

**YOUR
PAGES**





THE MAN BEHIND THE SCIENTIST

Thangamani

Illustrations: Surendra Suman

C.V. Raman was born on November 7, 1888.

He did India proud by winning the Nobel Prize in physics in 1930 for discovering what is termed the Raman Effect. Since it was discovered on February 28, this day is celebrated in India as National Science Day.

C.V. Raman was the first scientist to be conferred with the Bharat Ratna in 1954.

VENKATARAMAN was poring over a history textbook. It was a completely new subject for him and he had to study hard to be able to take the written test to qualify for the Indian Audit and Accounts Service. Hard work was second nature to him and academic brilliance was part of him. So he was not overly worried.

"What happened at the interview?" asked Venkataraman's brother, as the latter entered the house and took off his shoes.

"I took one look at the candidates who had assembled and I knew I was going to stand first!" he replied with characteristic candour. There

was no boastfulness in his statement, only an affirmation of facts.

True to his word, he stood first in the written examination. He was posted in Calcutta, the then headquarters of the British Government in India, at a salary of Rs. 400, a substantial sum way back in 1907.

Venkataraman had inherited the intellectual attributes of his father, who taught maths and physics at a college. Venkataraman was very interested in physics and once, when he was ill, he would not rest till his father agreed to bring home an apparatus, the Leyden's Jar, and demonstrate it for him! He made a dynamo

all by himself, too.

Venkataraman learnt to appreciate music and fine arts from his father. He sat and listened to his father play the violin, intrigued by the sounds that emanated from the instrument. Venkataraman played the *mridangam*, a percussion instrument of South India. These two instruments were part of the experiments in acoustics that he conducted later in life. He had a collection of several musical instruments.

He was fond of nature, especially the sea. Living by the sea in Vishakhapatnam and, later, studying in the Presidency College in Madras, which overlooked the sea, he

was fascinated by it. The colours of the sea engrossed the young boy. The blue of the water, the white of the spray and the brown of the sand all left indelible impressions upon his young mind.

Being a dedicated government servant did not prevent Venkataraman from pursuing his interest in physics. He worked at home after office hours. One day, he stumbled upon the Indian Science Congress Association in Calcutta, a few streets from where he lived. This became his second home for several years, a place where he conducted his experiments.

The colours of the sea which had so fascinated him prompted him to conduct studies on them. This fetched him fame and a Nobel Prize in physics. He was, by then, popularly known as C.V. Raman.

He worked for long hours, practically living in the laboratory when he was conducting some experiment. Little wonder then, that he strongly advocated hard work for success in any scientific quest. "The essence of science is independent thinking and hard work, and not equipment." He also decried the craze to follow Western research methods. "A great deal of work done in India is a follow-up or amplification of what is being done elsewhere in the world.

Get rid of these mental crutches!" he exhorted Indian scientists. He practised what he preached.

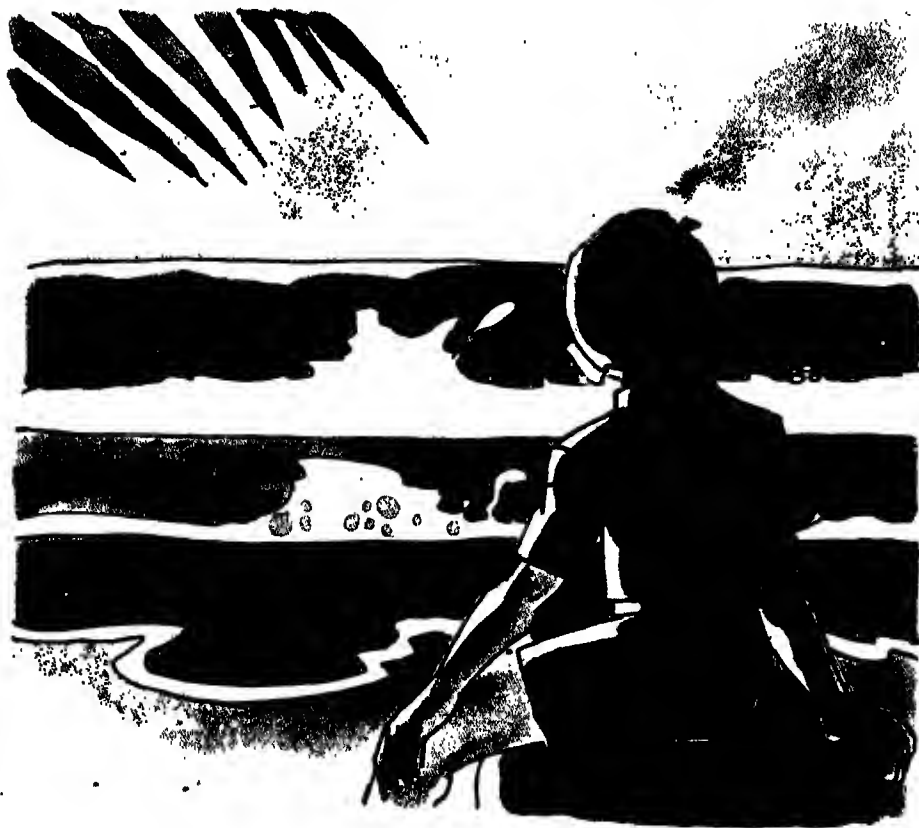
If there was one thing that equalled C.V. Raman's passion for research in physics, it was his love for teaching. He accepted a professorship at the Calcutta University, although it paid him much less than what he earned as a government servant. The terms of appointment exempted him from teaching duties but he insisted on teaching the M.Sc. classes.

"The best way for me to master or revise any subject in physics is indeed to lecture on it to the M.Sc. classes," he said in defence of his passion. He got so engrossed in his lec-

tures that he would often continue beyond the stipulated hour, while the professor who had to take the next class would wait for a while and politely withdraw. His students did not mind the extra hour because he was a fine teacher.

It was not that C.V. Raman was just a good teacher. He was a good student first and foremost. One of his students who had access to his personal library once said, "I have seen that he had gone through every problem in the book and had marked them 'excellent', 'elementary' and even 'silly'."

If his students were proud of him, he was equally proud of their achievements. He was always available for his research students, especially



those who were entering a critical phase in their work. He exemplified the essence of the *guru-shishya parampara*, practically living with them while they worked under his supervision.

Whenever C.V. Raman gave lectures or talks, he proudly mentioned the achievements of his students, referring to them by name. He encouraged them to send their papers to scientific journals abroad and have their findings published as quickly as possible. In order to be available to them at all times of the day or night, he shifted to a premises adjoining the association building and had a connecting door built to facilitate his entry to it.

His students talk fondly of his attachment to them. Once, a student had gone to register himself. Raman not only attended to him personally, after setting aside pressing administrative work, but also helped him move furniture to a convenient place to sit and work.

Even when he worked late hours and sometimes barely snatched a few hours of sleep on his desk, C.V. Raman never missed a lecture. At the height of the non-cooperation movement when students were offering protests outside colleges and would not allow teachers and students to enter, he would somehow cajole, plead and charm his way into



the college and class!

His love of nature, just as his passion for physics and music, remained with him all his life. The Raman Research Institute that he built in Bangalore in 1948, bore ample testimony to the fact. It had a profusion of trees and plants. "I get my ideas about crystals and solids by looking at trees," he once said. At another time he said, "I want to live long because I have not heard all the music I want to hear."

C.V. Raman remained a workaholic, giving talks, publishing papers till the end. When he became ill, he told his doctors, "I don't want to survive my illness if it means having anything less than a hundred per cent active and productive life." And when he could not walk among his beloved trees nor could see the garden from his bed, to which he was confined towards the end, he fretted,

"Had I known I was going to die here, I would have arranged for the windows to be a little lower." His bed was raised to enable him to see his beloved trees.

He loved having children around him and spent a lot of time in their company. "Just look up. Look at the sky. You learn science by keeping your eyes and ears open...The moment you ask 'Why is the sky blue?' you go deeper and deeper into the problems of physics." He should know. He had asked a similar question, "Why is the sea blue?"

C.V. Raman was a practical man, who was often blunt to the point of being abrasive. This did not make him very popular among many of his contemporaries. But the country accepted him with all his weaknesses for he was a genius who did his country proud. He was India's Grand Old Man of Science.

THE RAINSTORM

*The wind blows, the leaves rustle,
The animals stop their busy bustle,
Lightning strikes, thunder crashes,
Skies rumble, rain slashes,
Lakes ripple, rivers flow,
Continually the winds blow.*

*People running helter-skelter,
Screaming and screaming, "Shelter, Shelter!"*



P. Priyadarshini (12)

Bhavan's Rajni Vaidyanathan, Chennai

Illustration: Ajanta Gubhane, Mumbai





JUST ONE BUTTERFLY



Vivek Subramanian (11)
Kendriya Vidyalaya, Yol Cantt.
Himachal Pradesh
Illustrations: Prithvishwar Gayen

VISHNU Singh climbed into an odd-looking machine, slammed his high-tech, futuristic laser rifle onto a rack, and strapped himself into a contoured safety seat. Along with him were three men, Abhishek Choudhary, Advance Scout, Rohit Mishra, Safety Officer, and Tushar Sharma, Mission Coordinator. They all had identical rifles except for Rohit Mishra, who had a much heavier weapon—a combined rifle, grenade launcher and bazooka. The machine which they were seated in was no ordinary machine. It was a Time Machine.

It had started innocently enough. In the year 2094 A.D., time travel was still in its infancy, but the technique was polished enough to allow a joyride or a safari, but only for

the rich and the influential. Which was why Vishnu Singh, Secretary to the Prime Minister of India, had pulled up in his sleek hover-car outside the Time Safari office. He wanted to go to the Jurassic Age and indulge in some hunting. Among his other attributes, he was a big game hunter.

The next morning found him stowing his rifle and strapping himself into a Time Machine. As soon as they settled down, the Time Machine started and the years started roaring around them. As the din reached maximum pitch, Tushar explained to Vishnu how the whole thing worked. He said that they were going back to the Jurassic Age to hunt a tyrannosaurus. But not any tyrannosaurus. They were going to hunt a tyrannosaurus that was doomed to

die anyway.

Vishnu interrupted Tushar, "How do you know the fate of the animal?"

Tushar looked very smug and said, "Due to ground-breaking time technology we are able to ascertain the fate of a selected animal. What happens is Abhishek, our Advance Scout, goes before us and selects an animal. He follows the animal until it dies. Usually this is caused by an accident like drowning in a marsh or a tree falling on it. The animal death rate is very high, so this does not take very long. He then marks the animal with an infra-red paint bomb so that it can be identified by us. Any questions?"

Vishnu said, "Yes, one. Shouldn't we meet another Abhishek traipsing along?"

Tushar replied, "No. The

unseen fabric of time prevents this. And one more thing, Rohit here is our security man. Be sure to obey him implicitly because all our lives depend on him."

The years were slowly dying away. They finally stopped. The electric doors of the Time Machine slid open with a hiss. Outside, it was a totally new world.

"It looks like nature is in perfect harmony with itself.

There is no one to disturb its peaceful cycle—no pollution, no worldly problems...Of course, all problems had been solved by the

supercomputers way back in 2032," mused Vishnu, but he had heard of a time when the world was much worse than what it was.

A metallic road shone and gleamed like silver. Rohit indicated the road to Vishnu and said, "This is what we call the path. Stick to it like glue because if you wander off, dangerous things could happen. And don't worry about the dino not coming to you; the path is built in its route."

Vishnu asked, "Why do I have to stay on the path?"

Rohit answered, "Well, if you strayed away and stepped on a worm, then the bird eating the worm would die, the creature feeding on the bird would die and so on until the last animal in the food chain is killed. In time travel, the effects are hugely magnified;

which means that the whole earth could be wiped out and the future existence of man would not be possible—in other words, you would be dead. So whatever you do, stay on the path."

All of them dismounted and grabbed their weapons. As they walked along the path, Vishnu took 3D holographic images of the surrounding scenery with his Holomatic 3000 Camera.



Abhishek came up to him and said, "The plan is quite simple. As we proceed we will come to a large rectangle in which we will wait for the dino. That rifle that you're carrying is a deadly one. Pump a few shots into the dino and

he'll die. We'll take a few snaps of you posing with the dino and after that we can head home. The Time Machine has a special cargo compartment so we can take back a tooth or something like that, in case you want any souvenirs."

As they were talking, they reached the rectangle. "Now," said Rohit, with evident satisfaction, "we wait." Then, addressing Vishnu, he said, "Remember, you're the one who'll fire the first three shots. After that, we will all join in

**YOUR
PAGES**



and fill the dino with bullets. I, of course, won't shoot, unless in an emergency, because my weapon is very heavy and even one shot is fatal."

Suddenly the air was full of a rotten stench and was rent by tearing sounds. "He's coming!" yelled Rohit excitedly.

Vishnu tensed and raised his rifle, ready to fire. And then, without warning, the dinosaur was in front of them. It looked huge and ferocious, from its muscular hind legs and small forelegs, the sharp claws glinting, to its open, slaving mouth, the lethal incisors showing. Just as Tushar had predicted, it had a big splash of infra-red paint on its belly. It looked humongous to Vishnu.

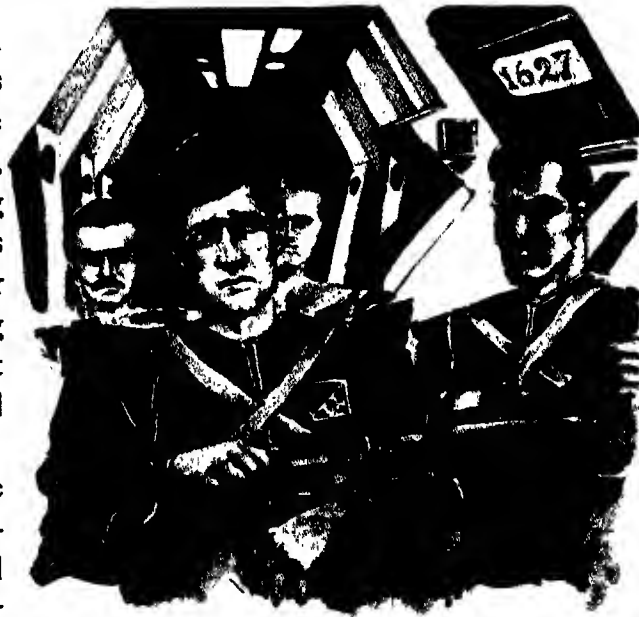
He dropped his rifle and said quietly, "It's impossible. That thing will never go down. It's just too large. The idea itself is unthinkable."

The tyrannosaurus opened its mouth and roared. Hearing that terrifying sound, Vishnu ran for his life and, in the confusion, did the worst thing possible...he ran off the path and vanished into the jungle.

Rohit yelled after him, "Hey! Where do you think you're going?"

That did it. Hearing Rohit's

shout the tyrannosaurus charged at them. Abhishek and Tushar immediately began firing at the charging gargantuan. Rohit joined them seconds later, firing in quick succession from his bazooka. No creature could withstand that heavy an assault. As the barrage crashed into the tyrannosaurus, it fell dead a few feet away from the invaders. The creature's mouth opened and a wave of some fluid swept over the three men



who stood there, weapons ready to shoot, in case the tyrannosaurus still had some life in it.

As soon as everything was quiet again, the men returned to the Time Machine and were stowing their rifles when they heard twigs breaking and Vishnu crashed out of the undergrowth. He looked dirty and had broken twigs and other things sticking to him.

Rohit said roughly, "Get in, and never do that again."

Vishnu did not reply and quietly got in. Nobody spoke to him but Abhishek and Tushar, murmuring to each other, glared at him. Rohit was smouldering in his own seat. The years again started roaring around them and they rushed past the 1600s, the 1700s, the 1800s. In the 1900s, the Machine started slowing down...1940...1970...2000...2030...2050...2060...2080...2085...2089...2091...2092...and finally, 2094.

The doors slid open and the men stepped out. Vishnu sighed and said, "Home at last!"

But something was different. The clerk behind the table was wearing a strange dress which looked like a big billowing gown. On the table was written, in strange letters, '-Tim*lo~c T*#r\$V_)le.' The scenery outside the window was like a desert—a flat, featureless landscape and a blazing sun.

All eyes turned to Vishnu. He looked at his torn attire and then at his shoes. On the shoes, among some churned up grass, was a dead butterfly. Vishnu looked at the butterfly and said, "Just one butterfly!"

Rohit suddenly unleashed a wild cry and shot Vishnu dead on the spot!



An Indian Summer

Tara Bhargava (12)
Sardar Patel Vidyalaya, New Delhi
Illustration: Subir Roy

*Clouds and clouds of mosquitoes
Circled my head;
They followed me in the garden
And chased me to my bed.*

*They ate my face
And hands and feet,
Dancing devilishly
In the burning heat.*

*To add to my misery,
My awful tale of woe,
The power failed just then;
I had nowhere I could go.*

*I lay down on my bed,
My eyes filled with tears.
Heat and dust and mosquitoes
It was more than I could bear.*

*Surely the good God must have had a plan,
But He goofed in just one feature;
When He made the silly mosquito,
He made a thoroughly useless creature.*

YOUR
PAGES



THOUGHT

*The cold wind pierces my very being,
As I stand gaping.*

*Into the openness of the vast black sky.
The half-eaten moon moves slowly,
Flitting in and out of the clouds.*

*I stand on the rocky ground,
Where nothing grows,
Thinking that centuries ago
Tired feet must have stood
Where I stand now.*

*People searching for homes,
For shelter and security.*

Did they get it?

I do not know,

For history books only

Tell us of heroes,

Of kings and battles,

Great men and dictators;

And in the centuries to come,

Books will do the same.

The tale of the common man

Shall never be told.

YOUR
PAGES



PANDA CLUB OF INDIA

Newsletter Vol. 2 No. 10

Hi friends,

November is a special month—you will celebrate "Children's Day" on November 14, the birthday of Jawaharlal Nehru, the first Prime Minister of the country. He loved children dearly and it is only in India that a special day for children is celebrated.

This month you will have a whale of a time going through the bumper issue of CW which brings to you articles, stories, essays, fun things to do, contributed exclusively by children—members of the CW and Panda Club family! I am amazed at some of the pieces I read—the creative muse has hit some of you at such a young age! Congratulations.

As I have often mentioned earlier, reading is one habit which will take you places in life. For it is food for your mind, and the more you taste it the more will you be strengthened by it. It will also lead you to writing, a skill sometimes inborn in people, but often developed by practice. Start by writing a diary of events that take place in your daily life. The personal thoughts you pen in your diary will remain a secret between you and your diary. It is something which will become an obsession and you will look forward to those moments when you can tuck yourself in bed in the silence of the night and let your deep secrets flow.

And one fine day you will discover that you have a flair for writing—you might then consider a career in journalism or advertising or television. There is vast scope in this field. Writing letters too is an art which, sadly, is dying due to the electronic media. The fast pace of life, the telephone, telefax and Internet have taken the world by storm. But those of us who can still cling to writing letters, should do so because it is something special which we will always cherish. Happy reading and happy writing, and enjoy yourselves on Children's Day !

Love always



Panda



Just Like a Child

A child should always say what's true,
And speak when he's spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table:
At least as far as he is able.

R.L. Stevenson

When children stand quiet, they have done some ill.

George Herbert

Children have neither past nor future; they enjoy the present, which very few of us do.

La Bruyere





Discovering Jawaharlal Nehru

1. What is the meaning of 'Jawahar'?
2. What was the name of Jawaharlal Nehru's parents?
3. What profession did Jawaharlal Nehru's family follow?
4. At which University in England did Jawaharlal Nehru study?
5. Name two books written by Jawaharlal Nehru.
6. Which poet's work did Jawaharlal Nehru like most?
7. Name two people who influenced Jawaharlal Nehru's life.
8. What is the name of the foreign policy propagated by Jawaharlal Nehru?
9. Name three things Jawaharlal Nehru loved most.
10. What are the names of Jawaharlal Nehru's grandchildren?

*Colour Jawaharlal Nehru's favourite flower while you work on the quiz.
(No peeking at the answers before you are through!)*



1. Jewel 2. Motilal Nehru and Swarup Rani 3. Lawyers-4. Cambridge 5. *Glimpses of World History* and *Discovery of India* 6. Robert Frost 7. Gandhi!! and Rabindranath Tagore 8. Non-aligned movement 9. Children, nature and reading 10. Rajiv and Sanjay Gandhi



Monday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—
FLASH GORDON. On a vital mission to save planet Earth from 'Ming the Merciless', Flash Gordon makes a rocket journey to the planet Mongo. Join the adventures of Flash Gordon.



Tuesday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—
ADVENTURES OF SONIC THE HEDGEHOG. Sonic the hero is up against his enemy Robotnik, the robot expert. Does he succeed?



Thursday 5.00 P.M. on DD II—
SUPERHUMAN SAMURAI SYBER SQUAD. Sam Collins, a video game champion and leader of a teenage garage band, fights an alien warlord 'Kilokahn' who has infected the digital world with monster "megaviruses".



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Thursday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—
PHANTOM. The legendary Lord of the jungle—Phantom, is incredible. Phantom uses the secrets taught by the natives of the deep woods to fight and conquer crime.



Saturday 5.30 P.M. on DD II—
DEFENDERS OF THE EARTH. Led by the Phantom, Flash Gordon and Mandrake the Magician challenge 'Ming' in a series of great adventures. They use powerful computers and space age technology to combat and overpower him.



Saturday 6.00 P.M. on DD II—
DENNIS THE MENACE. Irrepressible Dennis and his unwilling best friend, the grumpy Mr. Wilson will enthrall you with their hilarious antics and send you into splits.

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- 2 Complete the CW Subscription Form and send it with the Money Order/Demand Draft/Cheque payable to Children's World
- 3 Put all the above in an envelope addressed to
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FIRST SERVE ENTERTAINMENT (FSE) INDIA PVT LTD YOUR CALENDAR OF PANDA CLUB SHOWS

CHANNEL	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
DOORDARSHAN METRO		FLASH GORDON 8:30 PM	ADVENTURES OF SONIC THE HEDGEHOG 8:30 PM		SUPERHERO SAMURAI SYSEN SQUAD 8:00 PM PHANTOM 8:30 PM		ADVENTURES OF THE GARDEN 8:30 PM DORIAN THE MURDERER 8:00 PM



Disha Rupay (15)
Chhatra School, Indore
Illustration: Ajanta Guhatmakurta

Wishes

*Wish I could go back
Into a world of my own
Where people don't hurt,
I want for that shall
Which protected me,
Wish I could go back
And undo whatever said or done,
Carve my life in another
Dimension of time.
Wish I could be a tree
To which all chambers cling
With love and confidence,
Which could be a stream
Merrily bubbling along
Hiding the pain
As the rocks bring along.
If somebody would listen
And I pour my heart out.
Wish I would live
Only to forget the
Wish people don't forget me.*

**YOUR
PAGES**



Amrapali Hazra (15)

The Mother's International School

New Delhi

Illustration: Ajanta Guhathakurta



THE PARK was enormous. Lush green trees grew all over the grounds. The mango trees spread their laden branches like umbrellas. The neem trees looked down upon the little cobbled path that ran all along the edge of the park. Their shade sheltered tiny bushes and flower beds and cast a coolness over the dainty little playground. Their fragrance filled every corner of the park. Birds and bees swirled around them and sang to their hearts' content. Squirrels ran here and there, and butterflies showed off their

fantastic wings to the sunlight. The grass, like a soft, dewy carpet, caressed the feet as one walked over it. The rocks which rested here and there were slippery and the mouldy, white mushrooms growing near them shared their silent slumber.

The park lay in a busy area of the large urban city of Delhi. It was visited by the kids of VIPs and the very rich. The playground was the park's biggest asset. It could be entered only with a permit or a ticket. Security guards posted there checked the visitors for weapons. There

were a number of workers and gardeners who kept the playground in order. They picked up litter, raked the leaves, cut grass and pruned overgrown bushes. Some lady workers tended to the polishing, greasing and painting of the swings and see-saws. Others looked after the flowers, while a few lucky ones got to clean the huge slide.

Veeru was not one of those lucky ones. He yearned to take one swift slip down that concrete monster. The structure was tall, about three storeys in height, made entirely of concrete and covered with

mosaic tiles. It had five slides attached to its body. One was an extraordinarily curved slide. It took you on four complete rounds before it dumped you into a pit. Another was a tall double slide, accompanied by a shorter double slide, where two people could hold hands and go down together. The last two were single slides—one short and one tall, exactly like the double slides. The whole thing looked magnificent.

Veeru worked as a sweeper in the park. He had a bristle broom with a long handle which he carried on one shoulder. He was a twelve-year-old with big eyes, matted hair and a round the year tan. His hands were tough and leathery and his feet were blistered. Yet Veeru had a bold heart. He sang while he worked and whistled while he walked.

Every day Veeru appeared for work when the park opened at eight. All morning he swept the path and the sand-pits. He collected dead leaves and burnt them, and he swept the entire canteen area. And this wasn't done just once. Veeru swept those places over and over again. Every once in a while someone dropped something and littered the place. Veeru would be up and about in seconds. Often he would be working continuously for many hours

with only a break of five minutes in between.

Sometimes, on working days, when the crowd was less, he would only work for three hours at the most and sneak in forty winks. But wherever Veeru was working or however busy he was, he never failed to steal a glance at the huge slide where children thronged like a herd of zebras at a lake in the grasslands. They hovered around the great monster as if it were honey and they the bees. And indeed it looked like a bees' nest with all the colourful clothes of different children moving, climbing and bustling around on it. The whole park echoed with their exclamations of delight as they rode the slide till they had no more energy to climb those great flight of steps. The slide was the centre of attraction. From the youngest toddler to the lanky teenager, all battled for a place on it. And every day Veeru watched.

Once when Veeru was new to the job, he had got carried away and climbed a few of the steps. A little girl climbing ahead of him got so scared seeing his tattered clothes that she screamed. Veeru was forced down by the parents and guardians who clustered around him and scolded him. They marched him off to one of the superintendents and told the latter not to

allow filthy workers to take the rides.

Veeru kept the job, but he never felt bold enough to attempt such a feat again. Veeru simply watched. His young heart was thrilled at the sight of the children screaming as they went down, and his eyes glowed when he saw them rush up almost at once to go again. Veeru only watched.

Sundays were the best days. Scores of people turned up, dressed smartly and in a happy mood. The park would be alive with action. The parents could be seen running after their children, trying to keep up with their ever-changing interests. The kids ran helter-skelter from swing to see-saw, to the ropes and jungle bars and finally, like moths to the light, they would end up at the slide. Some of them spent hours at the slide. Sunday was also

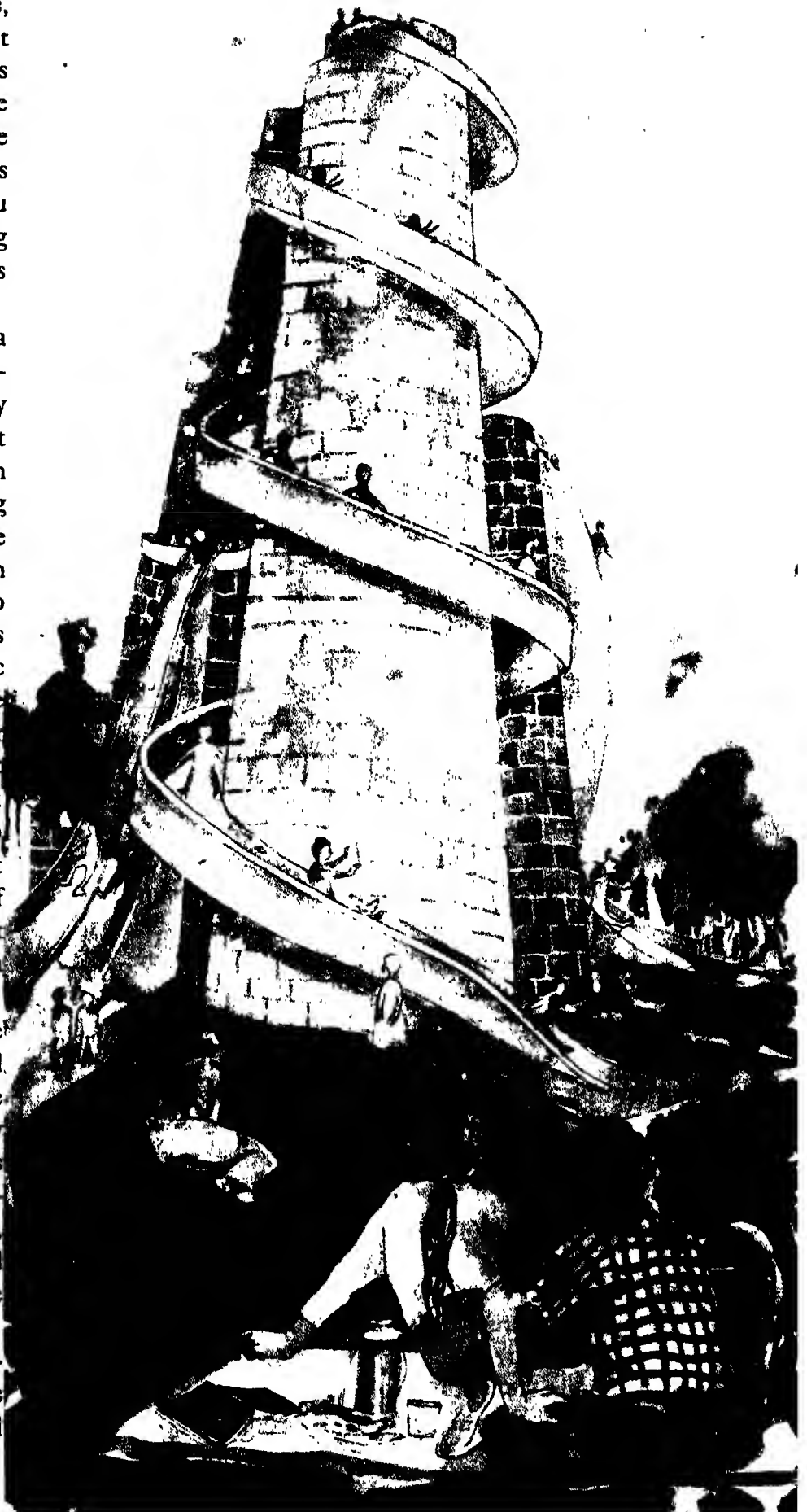


the day of ice-creams, candies, *bhel-puri* and *chole-kulche*. It was Veeru's day as well, his day to toil all morning, till he was let off at seven in the evening. Unlike the other kids who visited the park, Veeru spent his Sundays sweeping the grassy lawns till he was ready to drop.

The park wasn't a scene to many incidents. People hardly had a complaint about it, though often some pick-pocketing did take place. Most people never found out at all, or when they did, it was too late to catch the thief. Sometimes food got stolen from picnic baskets. Such thefts were mainly linked to stray dogs or a hungry child worker. But nothing serious ever took place. After all, what was so uncommon about a pocket being picked in the city of Delhi. Life in the park went on unaffected, as if it were a world of its own.

Veeru had been given the duty of tidying the area around the slide many a time. He worked as sincerely as any child would. That area was where most people finally settled down for their food, mainly because no child would move away from the site of the slide.

Veeru spent his time cleaning up the junk after families left the lawns. He would



clear the places of roots and leaves if people wanted to sit there. He carried a huge sack and put plastic bottles and cans into it, and the rest of the garbage, mostly paper, he burnt.

Mornings, especially Sunday mornings, in the park were always bright and beautiful. It gave you a feeling that nothing could go wrong. On one such morning, Veeru was working as usual in the lawns near the slide. The laughter of the children was like music to his ears. He shot quick looks at the slide and bent his head to work again. Veeru had nearly finished picking up all the visible litter. He made his way to the far end of the lawn, where a few people sat. There were a number of benches which faced the slide, and on the other side was the canteen. Veeru swept the place and got down to collect the garbage.

As he was stepping back, he felt something large and soft underfoot. He looked. It was a neat, black handbag. The bag looked expensive and, on picking it up, he realized it was heavy as well. Veeru held the bag in one hand and the broom in the other wondering how people could leave their things and forget about them. He hadn't faced such a situation before.

After much contemplation, he decided to hand it over to



Man Singh *Bhaiya*, the superintendent. He walked towards the canteen with his broom and the bag. Veeru had hardly gone a 100 metres when he saw a couple with Man Singh coming his way. They looked agitated and were talking fast. On spotting him, however, the man's face grew dark. He turned to Man Singh and said something angrily to him. Man Singh immediately quickened his pace. Veeru did the same; he was in a hurry to get back to work.

But as the superintendent came closer, Veeru realized he looked very displeased. The lady ran up to Veeru and rudely snatched the bag from his hands and abused him harshly.

It dawned on Veeru that they thought he had meant to take the bag. Veeru was terrified and hurt. He found himself moving backwards. Man Singh made a dash at his arms, but Veeru was quicker. He ran as fast as he could; he knew not in which direction. Then he saw the great form of the slide before him. He ran towards it for safety like a child to its mother. The two men were trying to catch him.

Veeru climbed the steps, three at a time. He pushed all the other kids and made for the other side. Veeru found himself standing at the edge of the platform. To his right

was the snake-like figure of the curved slide. There was a lot of commotion as the two men pushed their way to the top. Veeru headed for the slide, but a wave-like force was topping everyone, and the full surge hit Veeru...

For a moment he felt like a bird in the sky. He was flying and now he would be coming in to land...

The hospital declared him dead on arrival.

The mushrooms around the

rocks shared a silent slumber. The birds called and the squirrels ran about. Butterflies and bees frolicked around, sipping the sweet nectar of the marvellous flowers. The bushes were trim and in shape and the trees cast a cool shade over the park. The footpath around the park gleamed as sunlight touched its marble slabs. The mango and neem trees swayed in the breeze, changing the pattern of light and shadows on the path. The grass was soft and dewy.

In the early morning, just one set of footprints could be seen on

that carpet making its way to the other side of the lawn to the huge slide.

A little boy, not more than twelve, with brown, matted hair and tattered clothes, climbed the steps, three at a time. He came to the curved slide and joyously slid down to the sandpit. His face and eyes glowed.

He slowly picked up a big broom with bristles and a long handle and walked off in the opposite direction, his form slowly fading into the brightness of the surroundings, as people poured in to enjoy a delightful Sunday morning.





Nidhi Bassi (10)
Bluebells School
New Delhi
Illustrations: Beejee

THE TREE

*Under the tree
 As I began to grow
 The tree seemed to protect me
 From the sun, making everything cool.*



Chinha Raheja (15)
Kendriya Vidyalaya
INS Valsura
Jamnagar

THE MORN

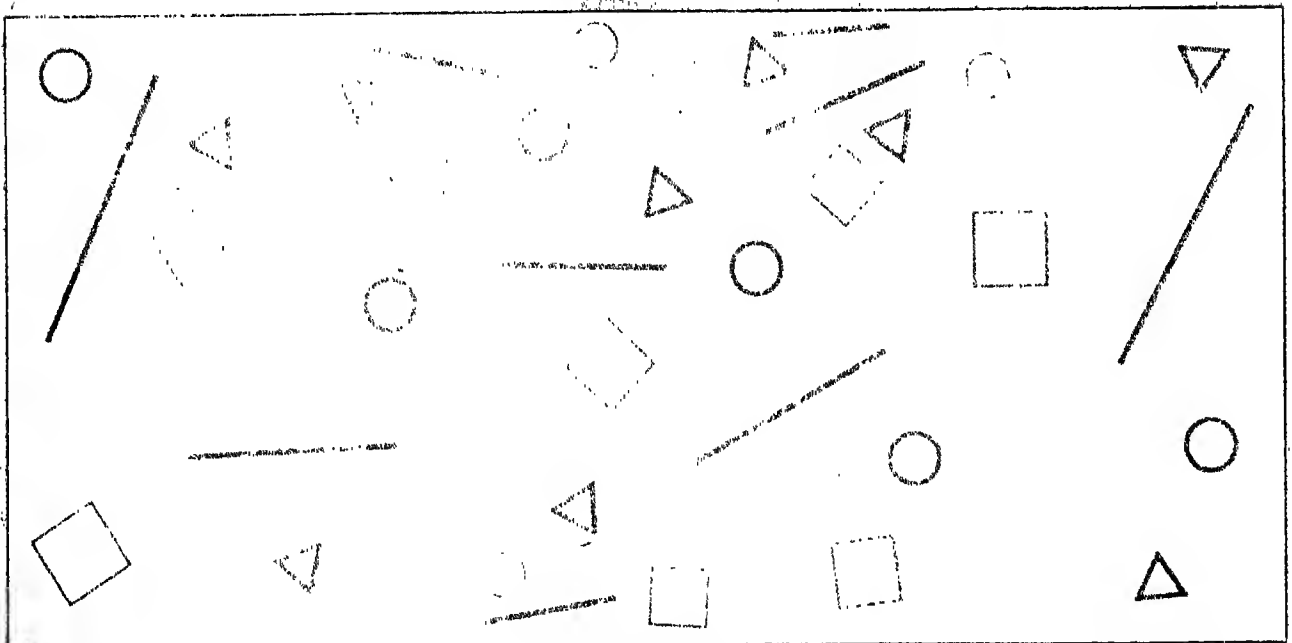
*The morn
 Like a holy bath in the Ganges,
 Like dewdrops on a rosebud,
 Like free, twittering birds in the sky,
 Like mogra incense devoted to the Master,
 Like a red bindi on a fair countenance,
 Like an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes,
 Like the sprinkling of holy waters by the priest,
 Like a maiden in blue water,
 Like the smile on a mother's lips.
 So pure,
 So fresh,
 So enchanting...*





EQUAL DISTRIBUTION

Using just four straight lines divide the space below into nine plots such that each contains a square, a triangle, a circle and a line.



'COLOUR'FUL PHRASES!

Match the clue on the left with the correct phrase on the right

- 1 It happens on very rare occasions
- 2 A very important or memorable day
- 3 A disreputable member of the family
- 4 Everything grows if planted by these people
- 5 The flag of surrender
- 6 Put it in writing
- 7 To be in perfect health
- 8 An animal's place
- 9 It grows best at the edge of every cloud
- 10 Brains

- 11 Blueprints
- 12 Silver lining
- 13 Crazy as a loon
- 14 Brainiac
- 15 Clouds
- 16 Brainiac
- 17 Brainiac
- 18 Brainiac
- 19 Brainiac
- 20 Brainiac

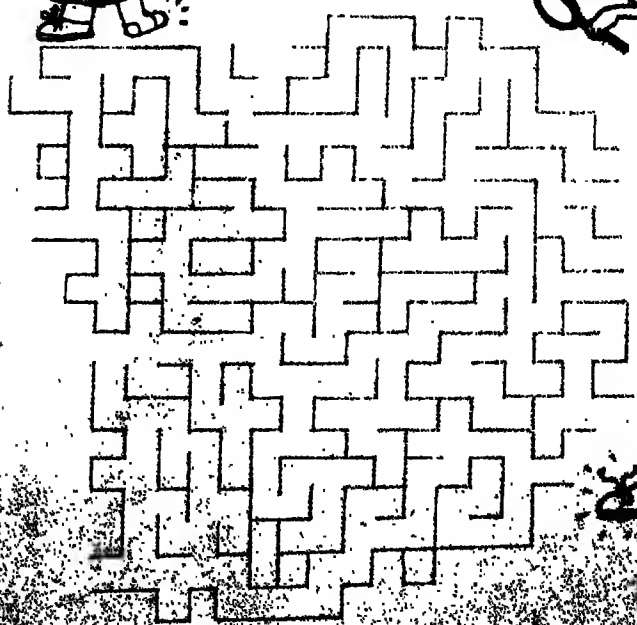


INSECT INSIGHT!
 Hidden in the grid are 10 insects, crawling horizontally and vertically.
 Find them.

P	T	O	R	B	E	E	T	L	E	Z
M	C	S	O	U	I	T	O	S	M	O
I	I	I	I	I	T	U	R	P	O	P
A	L	I	.	I	E	R	M	I	T	E
D	M	K	G	E	C	H	I	D	H	H
Y	Z	W	P	F	V	R	Q	E	A	A
B	M	C	.	.	.	U	R	M	N	.
I	.	N	.	.	P	U	G	N	O	T
R	F	W	P	.	C	L	F	A	R	.
U	.	H	.	P	R	.	T	T	A	C
U	R	A	.	S	P	O	P	P	E	R



LOST AND FOUND!



EQUAL? UNEQUAL?

Are the seven lines in the diagram equal in length or are some longer than others?



CHILDHOOD

*Walking through the woods one day,
I met an old and wrinkled man;
And as we spoke, he said to me,
"Enjoy your childhood while you can."*

*"The best part of our lives," he said,
"Alas, comes at the very first;
So savour all these moments rare,
Lest your memories turn to dust."*

*"A happy heart, an innocent mind
Are treasures that one seldom finds.
So preserve your memories with care,
No matter how in life you fare."*

*Thus said an old man to me,
A man I met under an old oak tree.*





Avesh Roy (33)
Age 11
Address: Subir Roy

MY DAY

The sun shone brightly
Through the open window.

The sky was clear.

Now and then a bird would fly.

It was a very happy day.

And the birds were singing.

It was a very happy day.

And the birds were singing.

The sun went down.

And the birds flew to the trees.

Everyone went back

To sleep it seems.

But I was still there.

And someone else I could feel.

That someone was none other

Than the blowing breeze.

I smiled cheerfully

At the bright sun,

I smiled with the wind,

And had so much of fun.

Then I realized,

That being someone else,

Is as much fun

As being one's self.

I ran like the wind,

I danced like a bee,

I knew happiness

That it had never been seen.

I sang with the birds,

My face shone like the sun,

My hair swayed like the grass.

It was a very happy day.

The sun went down.

And the birds flew to the trees.

Everyone went back

To sleep it seems.

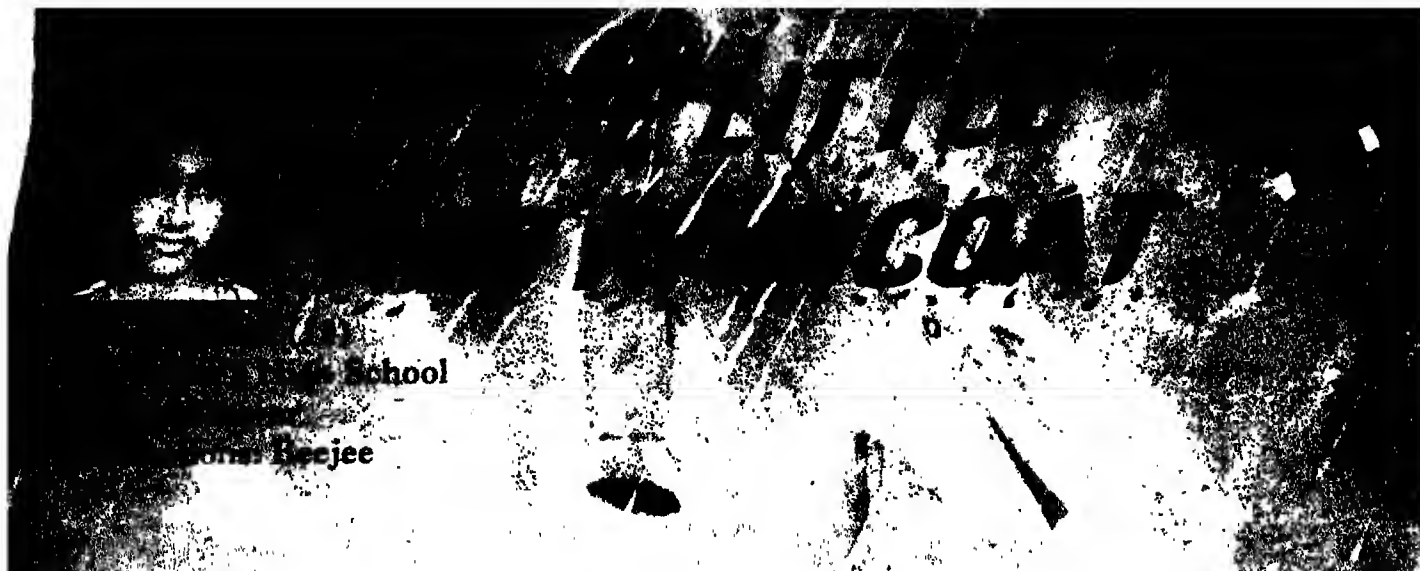
But I was still there.

And someone else I could feel.

That someone was none other

Than the blowing breeze.

YOUR
PAGES



School

Beejee

HOW about that red raincoat, Mom?" said Mina, fascinated by one hanging in the display window.

"Oh sure, Mina! That's a good choice!" said her mother.

Mina was contented with her bright raincoat, and felt excited about how she would look in it! She was not fussy like her friends who had many raincoats. She liked her red raincoat. She hung it with great affection on a peg near her bed. She had her supper and soon put the lights off and went to bed.

Her room was partially illuminated by the street light, and Mina's gaze fell upon her new, sparkling, red raincoat. How beautiful it looked! The sight made her happy. Yet she felt strange. She did not wonder why she felt strange at just that time, and soon fell asleep.

Mina got up in the morning feeling fresh, and was

delighted to see her beautiful raincoat. Whenever she looked at it, she felt the raincoat was also happy to see her and smiled at her.

From that day, it was as if Goddess Luck was at Mina's door. She slowly began climbing the stairs of success. She got very good marks and won many prizes in co-curricular activities in her school. Mina had never known that she had such talent and ability. She was puzzled over how she did so many things after getting the red raincoat. The more she thought about it, the more puzzled she became. When she realized this, she brushed aside her curiosity and kept her mind busy with other things.

In the rainy season, she would wear the bright, red raincoat and feel proud. Though it did not fit her after three years, she still kept it with care, because she thought it was a miraculous raincoat; it helped her achieve so much

success and made everyone proud of her. She came out with flying colours—in school and college. She used to feel strange when she thought of her bright and cheerful, red raincoat. She felt she could never part with it.

One day her mother said to her, "Mina, why don't you dispose your red raincoat, or give it to someone? It's become so old."

"No, Mom," said Mina, "I want to keep this as a childhood possession. I love this bright red! See, even after so many years, how it sparkles like new...!"

Her mother loved Mina a lot, so she didn't oppose her daughter's desire. She said, "Okay, Mina, you can keep it."

Years passed by. Mina lived happily, her raincoat at her side to see her troubles and happiness zoom by.

Mina was now very old, and had two grandchildren. Mina could not believe it! She felt



happy when she looked at the bygone years, happier when she thought of her achievements, and happiest when she looked at her old, but still sparkling, red raincoat.

One night her grandchildren requested her to tell a story. She told them one of her childhood adventures, and they slept. She switched off the light and tried to sleep but couldn't, for she was feeling strange, really strange. Her mind raced back to tell her

that she had the same feeling years back, the night when she had bought her red raincoat.

It was raining very heavily. Suddenly she heard a small girl crying loudly. Mina went near the window to see who it was. The girl Mina saw resembled herself when she had been a child! Oh! The poor girl! She was shivering in the rain.

Mina went down and walked straight to the girl, the red raincoat in her hand—yes,

her once sparkling, miraculous, wonderful, bright raincoat. She covered the little girl with the bright raincoat, which shone in the street light. The poor girl stared at Mina, with a smile on her face and gratitude in her eyes, and said softly, "Thank you!"

Mina whispered, "May you stay happy forever..." and slowly entered her house.





TREES

*The trees amongst us
Are of many kinds.
Some are green and lush
With dark barks that shine.*

*When autumn comes around,
The leaves turn orange and brown.
They hang loose and fall to the ground,
Collect in a heap without a sound.*

*When winter comes,
The trees are brown and bare,
Something seems to be missing,
The leaves, they've gone elsewhere.*

*Along comes spring;
Now, the trees are a hiding place
For small baby birds
Participating in the growing race.*

*Next is the summer,
When the sun blazes down.
The trees give shade
To all around.*

*The trees change with time.
Sometimes they rustle in the breeze.
Sometimes they remain
Still for a while.*

**YOUR
PAGES**



Rahim Jinnah (12)
Spent his childhood
in New Delhi

RUSSIAN— FROM BAD TO GOOD



YOU
PAGE

Eto, bolshoe, nasha—at first I found them tough,
And they all made my life miserably rough.
Even though my teacher helped me a lot,
To me, my head seemed like an empty Russian pot!
But, one day, I thought
I would work in Russian a lot.
From that day I began
Some of my lessons took a turn.
Soon I started doing fairly well—
This was just my effort, not a magic spell!
My Russian grades rose like population charts,
And my unit tests did not strike me like Russian darts.
I realized regularity is the key to good grades.
If you are not regular, then tests are like sharp blades.
I find saying "dazvidanya" now more interesting than goodbye,
And I don't mind singing cpkoch noch nochnoe even while rushing.





A LESSON TOO LATE



Vaibhav Rajan (14)

The Air Force School, Delhi Cantt.

Illustrations: Subir Roy

ADITYA joined us in Class Seven. Pale, short, thin, with thick, black glasses on his nose, he never did look the kind who'd be popular amongst us. In fact, he never was. He was one of those kids who you do not remember when you get home. Unfortunately, by a cruel play of fate, we did.

He showed love for cricket

and other sports. But when he stood to bat, he would wait till the ball was bowled, then drop the bat and say, "Ah! That's enough." He was average in studies, but the kind who would never forget to do his homework, or bring a book to school. The teachers somehow never scolded him or pressurized him to work better.

We didn't bother with him

much, though we did use him a lot. During break I would say, "Aditya, could you help me with my maths homework?" He would immediately sit down with me. Two minutes later I would say, "Oh! I forgot! Ma'am had called me! Could you please finish it for me?" He would readily accept, and I would rush off to play.

All of us laughed at him. We called him a mouse, a scaredy cat, a weakling and what not; but only behind his back. In



class tests we could easily make him pass on his answers for anyone who wanted to cheat.

Once, during our final examinations, my partner was cheating from a 'guide' he had placed in his desk. He suddenly saw the invigilator getting suspicious. Shuffling his papers, he casually dropped the book and neatly kicked it under Aditya's desk, just ahead. We all sat shocked as Aditya bent, picked up the book, and opened it right on his desk as the invigilator walked up.

Aditya was taken to the Principal's office and his paper was cancelled. We didn't think it was Vineet, my partner's, fault. We only thought Aditya was a fool to have done such a thing.

The next day, when Aditya came to school, we were surprised to see him as cheerful and happy as before. We egged him a lot to tell us what the Principal had said, but he never did.

A week later, Aditya stopped coming to school. For the first two days no one really missed him, since he was often irregular. He had told us that he had to go for medical check-ups now and then, and so he missed school. On the third day, during morning Assembly we were told that the school family had lost a valuable member. There was a shocked silence as we heard

that Aditya Kumar had died of leukaemia—blood cancer!

That day, our class teacher read out a few lines from a letter that Aditya had sent her, a day before he died. It said: "Ma'am, I hope you forgive me for doing their work, and I hope they forgive me for helping them cheat. Also, they had wanted to know what had happened when I was caught cheating. Do tell them that Principal sir had..."

Ma'am told us that his hand had begun to ache, as it always did when he wrote anything, and he had told the nurse that he would complete it later... He never did. Our teacher covered her face and walked away.

That night, I didn't sleep. I thought of the way we had used Aditya, I had used Aditya. All the fun we had had, and the names we had called him. The rest of the night I cried. Next morning I went to school, red-eyed. Our teacher addressed a red-eyed class. I guess all of us had learnt a lesson. We realized that by saying very little, Aditya had meant a lot.

Forty-five students, I assure you, will never forget Aditya. Forty-five students will never forget pale, short, thin Aditya with thick, black spectacles on his nose.





The Traveller



Kanupriya Arora (14)
Bal Bharati Public School
Poorvi Marg, New Delhi
Illustration: Beejee

*I started on this road I know not when,
But in my heart and soul I knew
That I had to reach the very end,
To reach where is the fate of few.*

*And I resolved to brave it all
Though the journey might get rough a bit,
Many a time I might fall,
But I was determined not to quit.*

*But soon I saw the rising slope,
The clouds of doubt were hanging low,
I was slowly losing hope,
For how long I could go, I did not know.*

*Now I was frightened by every storm;
My journey to me seemed all uphill,
I wanted to turn back to a place safe and warm,
As each small hurdle deterred my will.*

*My wayward heart willed me to be strong,
For every storm brings a lesson to learn,
I'm closer still to where I belong,
With every heavy stone I turn.*

*My way-worn feet walk endlessly on
My pace is steady, though slow,
As I am searching for that beautiful dawn
Which I will find one day, I know.*



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CHAMPA MASI



Inam Hussain Mullick (13)
Don Bosco School, Calcutta
Illustrations: Beejee

"I WILL
again, *Champa*
I Champa
a tone of guilt in her voice.

"How could you ever imagine that I would let anything of this sort happen again!" roared Rishi in an angry voice. "I wonder how Mom and Dad can afford to have such worthless and clumsy servants like you, who have butter fingers! I feel like smacking you for breaking my new rechargeable torch!"

"I was cleaning..." Champa *masi* started

"Shut up!" shouted Rishi. "Get out of my room at once! I don't want to see your unpleasant face."

Champa *masi* walked out of the room with her head low, leaving Rishi who was muttering angry words.

But why was Rishi so angry with Champa *masi*?



Rishi's uncle had given him a rechargeable torch on his twelfth birthday. This expensive torch did not need batteries but could be charged with electricity. Rishi found great pleasure in showing off this torch to his friends who only had small torches.

Unfortunately, that day while Rishi was in school, the precious torch had fallen from Champa masi's hands while she was cleaning Rishi's table, and had broken into pieces.

Rishi went to sleep with a heavy heart that night, thinking about his wonderful torch. It is not certain for how long he slept, but after some time he was awoken by some noise in his room.

Suddenly, there appeared from nowhere, a knight in a shining armour. He said in a frightening voice, "I have come from the Land of Punishments to arrest you for being rude to your elders."

"What!" was all Rishi could utter in his fear. He was terrified to hear about the Land of Punishments as he had read about it in his little brother's book of fairy tales. He had also read of the terrible punishments given there.

The knight then quickly handcuffed Rishi whose desperate kicks and blows were of no use. The knight chanted some magic words and Rishi fell asleep once again.

He awoke to find himself



inside a dark dungeon. His hands and feet were tied to iron rings fixed to the ground. Soon, two fearful looking men came and, after opening the chains, took him to the King of the Land of Punishments for his trial. The King looked frightening with horns and teeth like a monster. He asked Rishi in a thunderous voice, "Why were you rude to your Champa *masi*?"

Rishi was too scared to answer. The King repeated his question, this time in a louder and angrier voice. Still there was no answer from Rishi.

The King now stood up and roared, "Since you will not answer, I give my verdict! You will get fifty lashes of the whip for your rudeness."

Rishi stood in disbelief and surprise at the King's harsh judgement. Fifty lashes of the whip for being rude! Unbelievable!

An abnormally tall, black and fat man approached Rishi. He held a large whip in his hands. Rishi tried in vain to imagine what his state would be after this giant (so it seemed) had finished whipping him.

As the gigantic figure came nearer, Rishi felt his heart pounding. The giant stopped in front of Rishi and swung the whip viciously. Rishi saw the great whip com-

ing at him with terrible force. It was impossible for him to keep his eyes open.

But all he got was a gentle pat on his hand. He opened his eyes in fear and surprise, only to find himself in his bedroom. His little brother, Pom, was standing beside him and it was he who had patted Rishi to wake him up.

"What happened?" asked Rishi in astonishment.

"Nothing," replied Pom.

"What do you mean?" Rishi asked.

"Nothing," Pom repeated, "I was only trying to find out what is wrong with you. I mean, it is already eight o'clock and you haven't woken up for your morning

sound sleep."

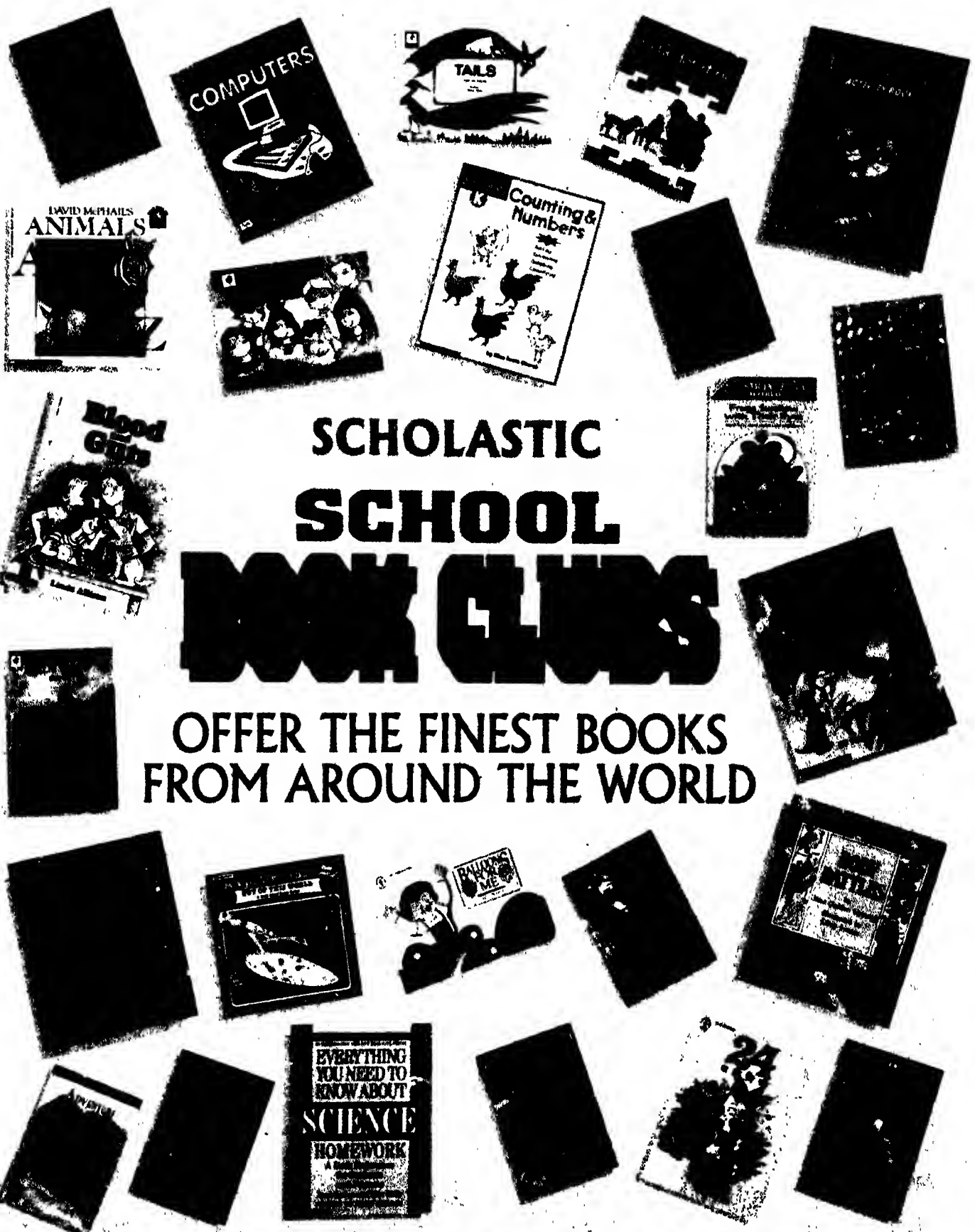
"Really?" questioned Rishi, looking at the clock.

Rishi realized that his journey to the Land of Punishments had only been a dream. He was glad that it had been so. He also realized how cruel and unfair he had been to Champa *masi* for a small mistake.

'Mistakes can be made by any person. It was really very bad of me to treat her like that,' Rishi thought to himself.

He rushed out of his room, found Champa *masi* in the kitchen and said to her, "Champa *masi*, I am very sorry for all that I said to you yesterday. I really did not mean it, you know..."



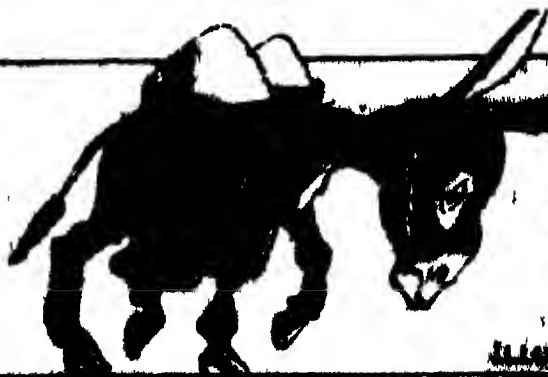


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THE LAZY DONKEY

AN Aesop's FABLE

ILLUSTRATIONS: PATRICIA MAR GAVEN

A shopkeeper, Ali, owned a donkey.



One day a friend visited Ali

Ali, you get very good salt in the shops near the sea.

Is it? I shall buy some from there tomorrow.



Next day

There, I think we will go to those shops.



Fill my baskets with salt.



On the way back

Oooh! How heavy these baskets are and home is a long way off.

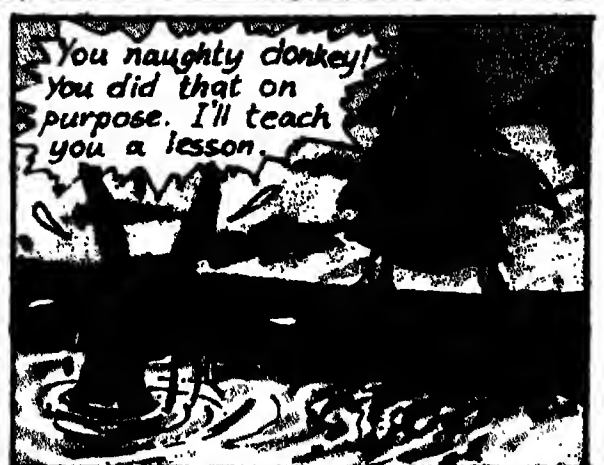


While crossing a stream...

Ooops! I slipped

Hey! watch it.







Also seen in the film of Singapore, Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur, Colombo, Male, Dhaka, Muscat, Kuwait, Sharjah, Fujairah and Ras al Khaimah

भारत एअरवेज
Indian Airlines
 WFICOM1 ABROAD

IT HAS BEEN SAID...

Examine the contents, not the bottle. THE TALMUD

Six essential qualities that are the key to success: sincerity, personal integrity, humility, courtesy, wisdom, charity. DR. WILLIAM MÖNNINGER

And in today already walks tomorrow. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist once he grows up. PABLO PICASSO

In solitude, be a multitude to thyself. TIBULLUS

A man may be so much of everything that he is nothing of anything. SAMUEL JOHNSON

Take away love and our earth is a tomb. ROBERT BROWNING

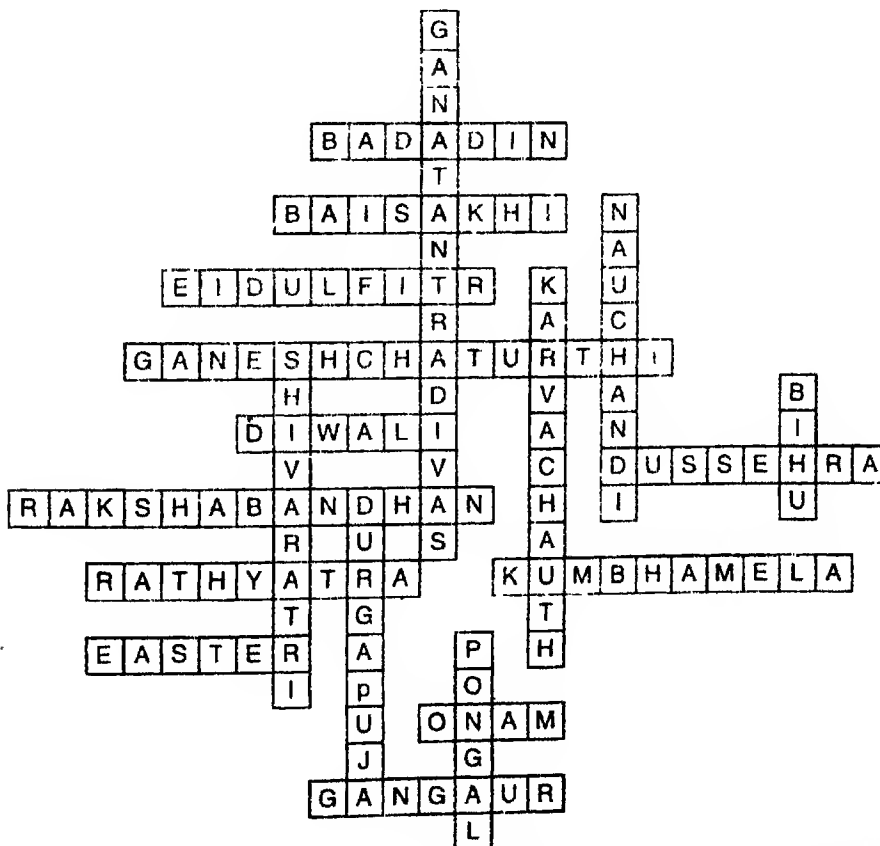
Never try to tell everything you know. It may take too short a time. NORMAN FORD

Nature, to be commanded, must be obeyed. FRANCIS BACON

Whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it. GOETHE

ANSWERS

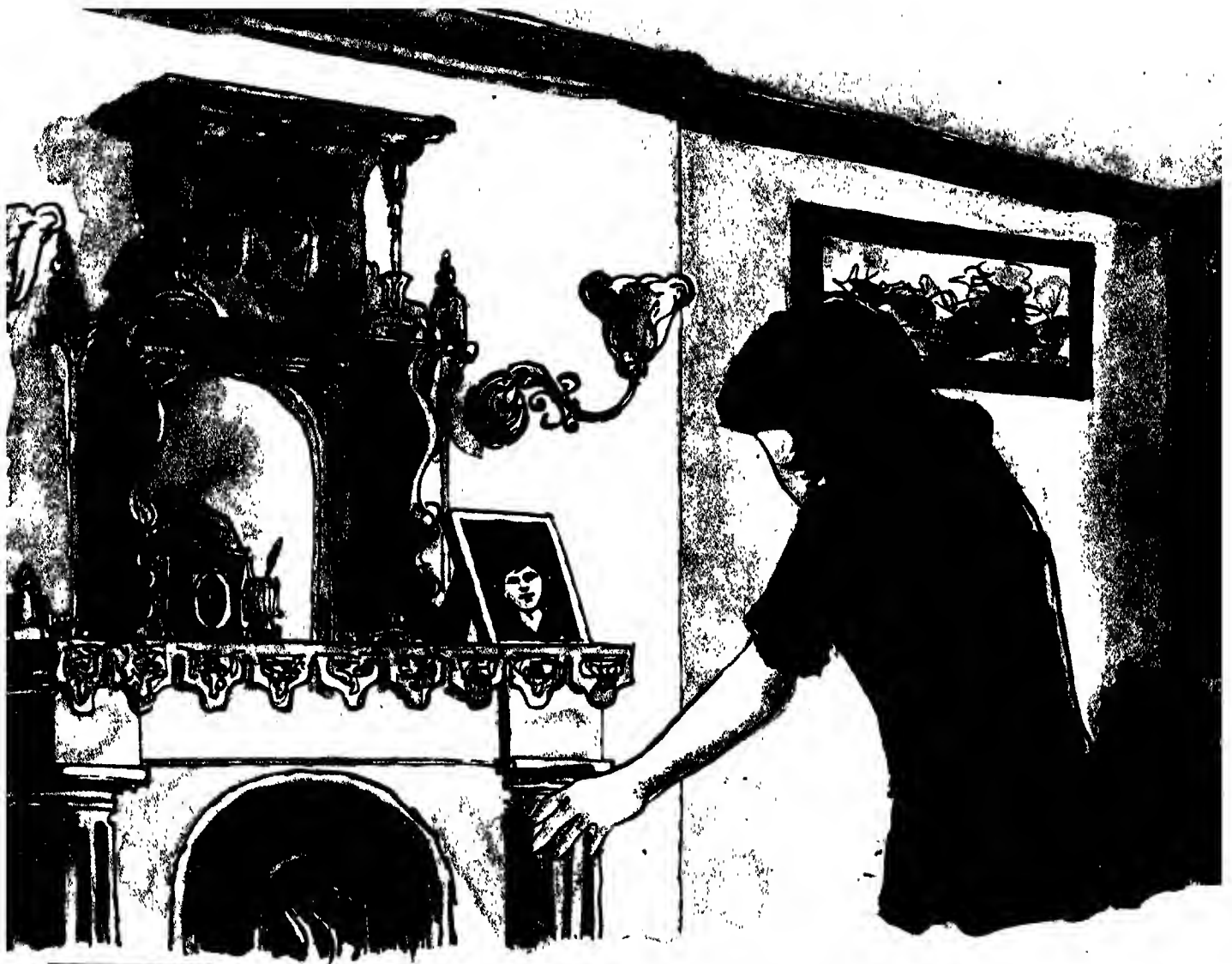
Fairs and Festivals, October 1998



ANSWERS

Figure It Out, October 1998

1. If Nikki fell asleep right away, she would get, at the most, one hour of sleep before the alarm clock goes off and wakes her.
2. Arun and Anita are two members of a set of triplets.
3. A grandmother, mother and daughter went to the store.
4. A one-hundred rupee note is obviously better than a *new* one.
5. Suspicion, epinicion, scion, coercion, internecion.
6. Inkstand—'kst' in the middle, 'in' is at the beginning, 'and' at the end.
7. Second hand.
8. $55/5-5=6$.
9. $\$ = 3$.
10. Yes, if you stand back to back.
11. Each hen must lay an egg every third day, so 300 hens would lay 30,000 eggs in 300 days.
12. Three.
13. Two, if you use your own foot as a measure of your own arm. The number of inches in a person's foot usually equals the number of inches in the forearm from wrist to elbow, and the forearm is usually the same length as the upper arm from elbow to shoulder.



ADIEU, MY FRIEND

Sushmita Mukherjee (14)
St. Ann's Senior Secondary School, Roorkee
Illustrations: Prithvishwar Gayen



A PECULIAR smell filled the railway compartment. Priya raised the shutters of her window with a bang, startling the others. "I beg your pardon," Priya mumbled, embarrassed.

Having nothing else to do, she turned back to the thick book lying on her lap. She tried to concentrate, but the words kept dancing before her eyes. Finally, she shut the book with a clap and pulled out a dog-eared envelope from

her bag. She took out a letter from the envelope. It spread a light scent in the air. Priya unfolded the letter and read it through, for probably the twentieth time. Its contents still seemed to please her as they brought a smile to her

lips.

The only other passengers in the bay were an elderly couple who spent most of their time dozing and a young girl of Priya's age. The girl looked bored.

Priya got up from her seat and went and sat next to the girl. "Hello!" she said, "I am Priya Mehta."

"Hello," the other girl replied softly.

Priya, being lively and talkative by nature, soon struck up a conversation with the girl. "I'm going to Nainital," she said.

"I see," replied the girl.

Priya tried again, "I study in a boarding school in Delhi. I'm going home for my vacations."

"That's nice," said the other girl, now looking quite interested in the conversation.

Soon Priya was telling her newly-found friend all about her family and herself, how she had been sent to boarding-school when she was ten.

"When I was a kid, I had a very dear friend called Aarti. When I was sent to boarding school, I lost touch with her. I mean, we used to write to each other till Aarti was sent to the United States to stay with her aunt. That's when I lost her. I didn't hear from her for many years. It all happened so suddenly that I couldn't believe I'd lost Aarti, my dearest friend. And, will you believe

it, yesterday, just yesterday, as I was packing, I received a letter from Aarti! I was astonished! Aarti had not forgotten me! The letter said that she was back home and is dying to meet me!"

Priya's face was flushed with joy, as the other girl looked on blankly.

"May I see the letter, please, if you don't mind?" she asked in an almost inaudible voice.

"Oh! Why not," said Priya, handing her the perfumed bit of paper. "Aarti had big, brown eyes, just like yours," Priya remarked.

The girl smiled and returned the letter. Priya slipped it into her bag and said, "Sorry for narrating all this family history without being asked. What about you? Tell me something about yourself."

**YOUR
PAGES**



"Do you like reading novels?" the girl asked, ignoring Priya's question.

"Oh! I do!" said Priya cheerfully.

The girl unzipped her bag, pulled out a leather-backed novel and handed it to Priya.

"Oh! Thanks!" said Priya, and returned to her seat.

Priya had been reading the novel for an hour or so when the train pulled into the busy railway station at Kathgodam. Priya picked up her bag and tennis racket, and made her

way to the exit. She jumped down. As the train slowly puffed out, she found her friend waving to her.

"Bye!" Priya called out, waving her racket. Suddenly, she noticed the novel in her hand. "Hey! Your book!" Priya yelled, running after the train, but the girl had disappeared from the window. Priya shrugged her shoulders and turned back. "Strange!" she said to herself. "She didn't even tell me her name."

Priya took a taxi and reached home. She walked up the gravel path and rang the doorbell. Her mother opened the door for her. Priya saw a look of gloom on her face. She walked into the hall to find a number of people gathered there. She spotted Aarti's mother, who burst into loud sobs on seeing Priya.

Priya turned to her mother with a questioning look. Her mother clasped her in her arms and said, amidst sobs, "Aarti's had an accident, dear. She's gone."

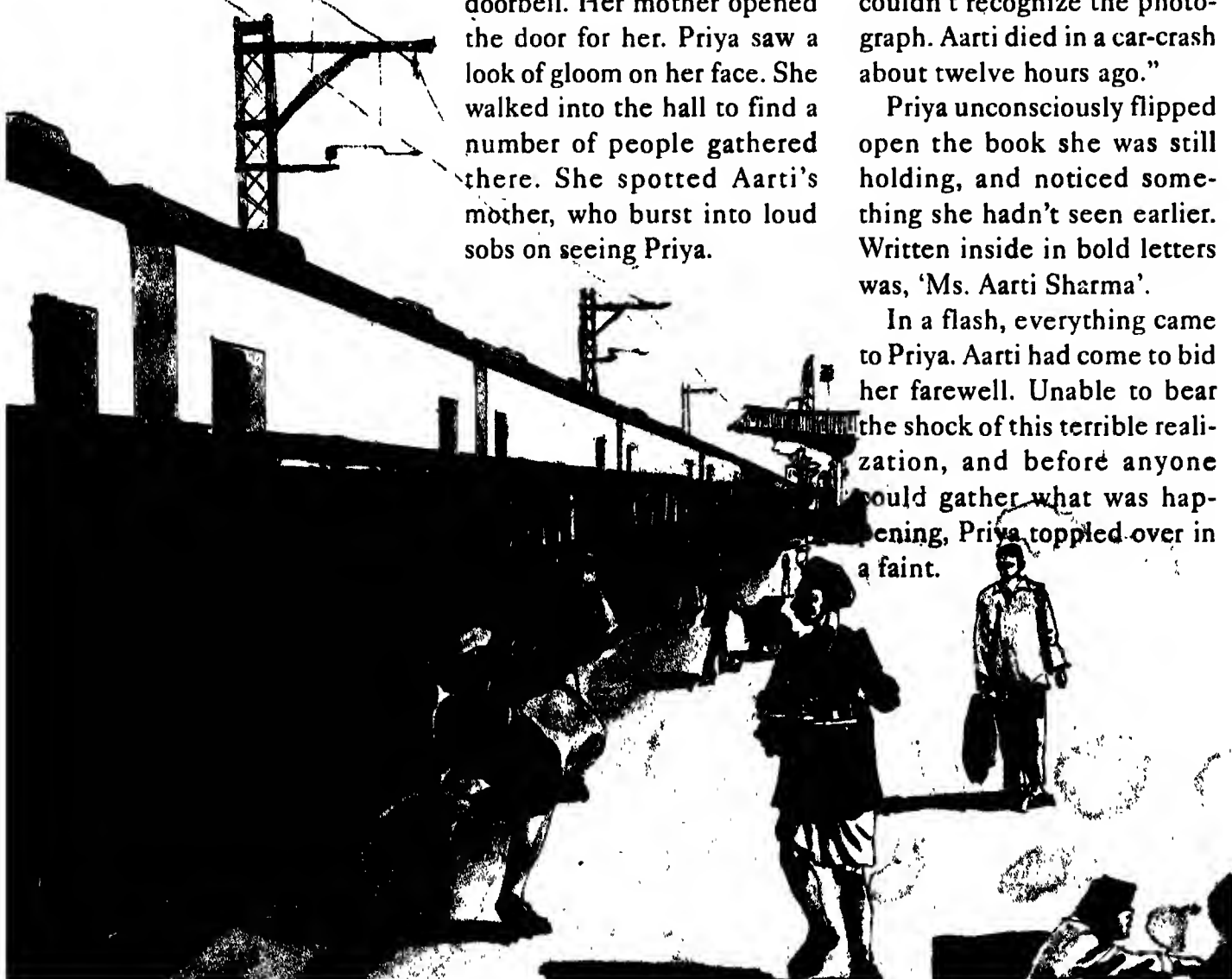
Priya suddenly felt weak at the knees. She staggered to the mantelpiece, where a much greater shock awaited her. A photograph of the girl she had met on the train stood there.

"Who's that, mother?" Priya asked feebly.

"That's Aarti, dear. You were away from each other for so many years. No wonder you couldn't recognize the photograph. Aarti died in a car-crash about twelve hours ago."

Priya unconsciously flipped open the book she was still holding, and noticed something she hadn't seen earlier. Written inside in bold letters was, 'Ms. Aarti Sharma'.

In a flash, everything came to Priya. Aarti had come to bid her farewell. Unable to bear the shock of this terrible realization, and before anyone could gather what was happening, Priya toppled over in a faint.



**YOUR
PAGES**



HAPPINESS

Ken Russell Coelho (15)
Loyola High School, Goa
Illustrations: Subir Roy

*It lies within each one of us,
Yet, it is most difficult to find;
Some call it an illusion,
Some a state of mind.*

*It is this that makes us live,
Every second, minute and hour;
This makes a tiny pole
Feel like the tallest tower.*

*The vain seek it
In robes of silk and lace;
When all they really need
Is a smile on the face.*

*It may elude the king
Despite of all his wealth;
It may lie in the beggar's heart,
Despite his ailing health.*

*So the next time you complain
That your shoes don't fit your feet,
Think of the legless leper
Who sings merrily on the street.*

ILLUSION

Shahin (10)
Top School, Jamshedpur

*Illusion, yes, illusion you were to me,
And these eyes too
Day in and day out,
You were a flame in me,
You were in front of me,
Yet too far away
I have waited, and shall be waiting,
Till the dawn of day.
You talked to me but once,
Called upon me too;
I came and touched you,
But realized you were far away,
Just like the horizon,
Where earth and heaven meet and play.
You are but a dream to me,
And I am the dreamer,
So we still remain together,
For ever and ever.*

YOUR
PAGES



CONTRASTS



Purva Kumari (15)
Springdales School, New Delhi
Illustration: Surendra Suman



*The teacher was busy teaching
Her physics lesson.
I glanced at my classmates;
I saw
Some fiddling with their pencil boxes,
Some engrossed in novels,
Others looking here and there.
I, too, quite bored,
Was making a brave effort not to doze off.*

*I looked out through the window
And a familiar scene met my eye:
A cluster of jhuggis,
Little children—naked and smothered
With filth and dust,
Garbage heaps, muddy water,
People in tattered clothes,
Ugh! Unbearable, I thought.*

*Suddenly,
My eyes stopped over something different.
Outside a jhuggi, sat a boy,
Must have been of my age,
With a torn book in his hand
And a tiny pencil,
Perhaps thrown out by one of us,
Trying to write something,
Trying to read something,
And diligently trying to copy some words
From that book!*




*I was surprised
 And overcome with awe.
 For, that boy,
 With flies sitting on his face,
 Insects crawling on his body,
 Glaring sun burning his skin,
 And stinking garbage all around him,
 That boy was unperturbed.
 He seemed to derive
 A strange kind of pleasure,
 A satisfaction
 In what he was doing.
 My eyes returned to my class.
 I saw my uniform, my leather shoes,
 My ink pens, my bag,
 My books, my teacher,
 I felt the cool air of the fan.*

*For an unknown reason,
 Deep inside my heart,
 A guilty feeling pricked me.*



**YOUR
PAGES**



FEELINGS OF SUMMER

Rahel Basumatary (14)
Kendriya Vidyalaya
No. 2, Missamari, Assam
Illustration ::
Ajanta Guhathakurta

*When the sun becomes very hot,
And the nights become very short,
Then we say that summer has come.*

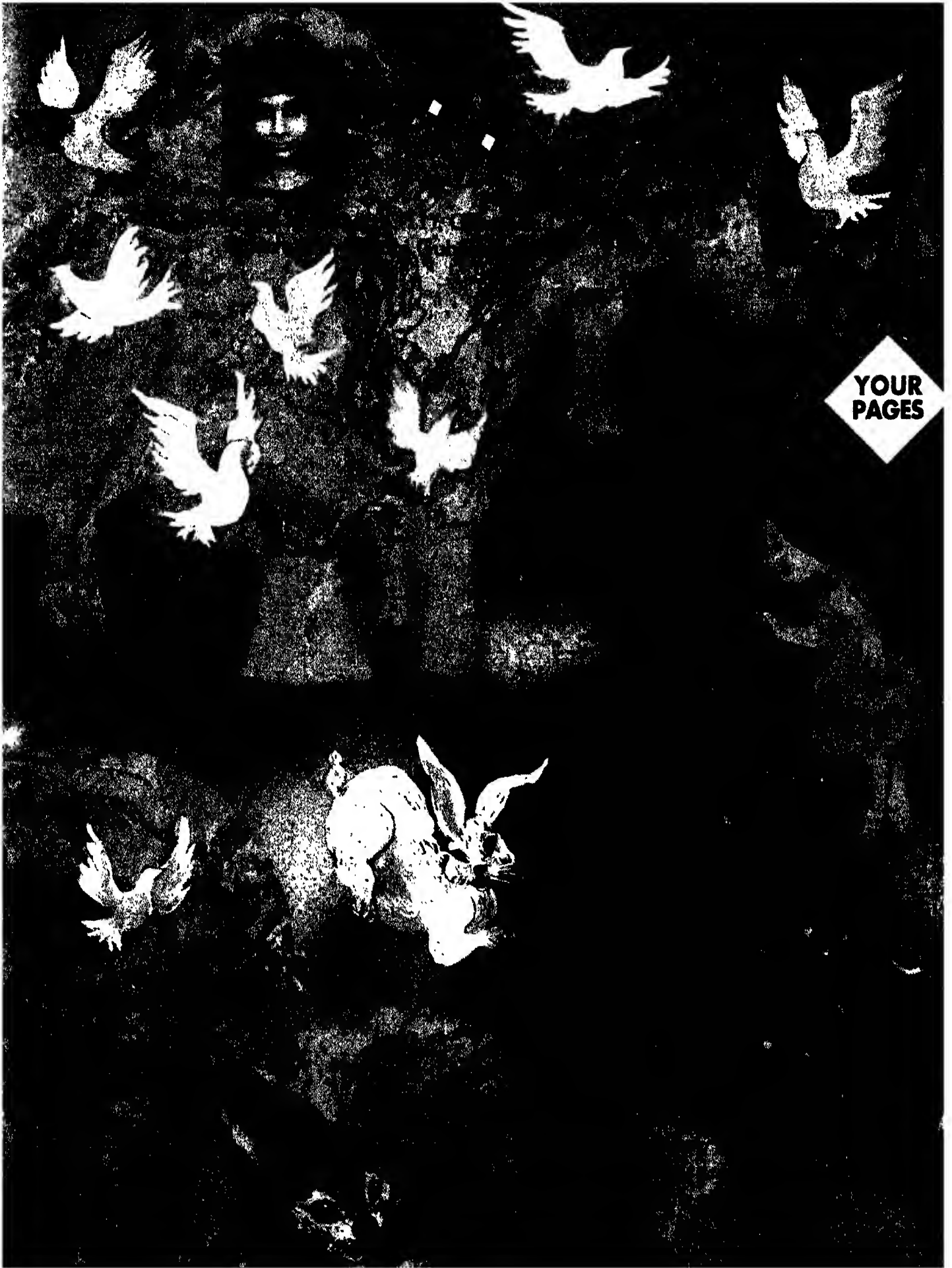
*When the schools are closed,
And sweat flows out,
Then we say that summer has come.*

*When we see people sitting under the fan,
And we see watermelon lying in the can,
Then we say that summer has come.*

*When people go to enjoy their holiday,
And children wish to play all day,
Then we say that summer has come.*



YOUR
PAGES



**YOUR
PAGES**



THE BANANA PEEL



Svetha Venkatram (11)
The Shri Ram School, New Delhi
Illustrations: Beejee

BOBBI ate a banana and unthinkingly threw away the skin. It landed on the pavement. Before anyone could pick it up, it was swept away by a gust of wind.

Across the street the famous star of hair oil and shampoo commercials stepped out of a

beauty parlour with a new perm. She was just about to cross the street when the banana peel landed on her hair and got tangled in her perm.

She fiddled with her hair for a while, but in vain. The peel only got into a worse tangle. Deciding that she couldn't do any more she turned back into the parlour to ask the hairdresser for help.

The hairdresser tried but to no avail. The peel got sticky, the way banana peels usually do when they are turned and twisted and squashed. Its effect on the star's hair was terrifying. Her hair was completely bathed in the juice with bits of peel sticking here and there.

"I'm afraid there's only one thing we can do about this mess now," said the hairdresser seriously.

"What?" asked the star, on the verge of tears. "Anything to save my beautiful, beautiful hair."

"You'll have to shave off your hair," replied the hair-

dresser grimly.

"WHAT?" screamed the star. "And lose a fortune in shampoos and hair oils? How dare you suggest such a thing!"

"That's the only cure, madam. Unless you'd like to stay like this forever."

The simple solution of



washing the hair never occurred to the hairdresser. But there is no end to the ludicrous things that one does during a crisis; so after a lot of coaxing and convincing, the star agreed to shave off her hair.

When the job was done, she looked at herself in the mirror. "Oh, no! What have you done? I look like someone from outer space! I look like an alien! You've made me look simply DREADFUL!! Nobody will be able to recognize me! I will not be famous any more! Oh! This is so humiliating! I can't bear it!"

"Well, you could buy a wig," suggested the hairdresser hesitantly.

"Such a wonderful idea," said the star sarcastically. Nevertheless, she stamped out of the parlour and went off to buy a wig.



Meanwhile the hairdresser swept up the hair and sent it to a wig-making factory not far off.

The people at the factory forgot to take out the sticky banana bits in the hair while making the wig. The finished result was marvellous; only, the sticky bits of banana ended up around the edges. The wig was put on display.

A short while later, the star walked in. No one recognized her. She went up to the counter and said, "I'd like to try on some wigs."

"Sure, ma'am," replied the shop assistant.

He showed her various wigs. She tried all of them on until she was wearing the wig made out of her own hair.

"Now this is pretty," she said. "I'd like to have it packed."

She tried in vain to pull it off...

On the window display was a sign: 'Yes! It's Here!!! An all-new collection of permanent wigs!! Buy one and you'll never be bald again!!!'



KING LION

ILLUSTRATIONS:
SURENDRA SUMAN



WE MUST
TAKE THE LION
A PRESENT EVERY-
DAY TO MAKE HIM
BETTER SOON.
WE'LL GO ONE BY
ONE. THE RABBIT'LL
GO FIRST.

THE RABBIT WENT.



THE NEXT DAY, THE
DEER WENT.



AND THE NEXT,
THE GOAT.



THEN IT WAS THE
FOX'S TURN. HE
MADE KING LION
A GET-WELL
CARD, AND
ARRIVED AT THE
ROYAL CAVE.



COME IN.

NO, I WON'T,
BECAUSE I SEE
FOOTPRINTS
ENTERING THE
CAVE, NOT
LEAVING IT. GET
WELL SOON!



For Whom Does The Cuckoo Sing?



R. Veena (16)

Kendriya Vidyalaya, New Forest, Dehradun

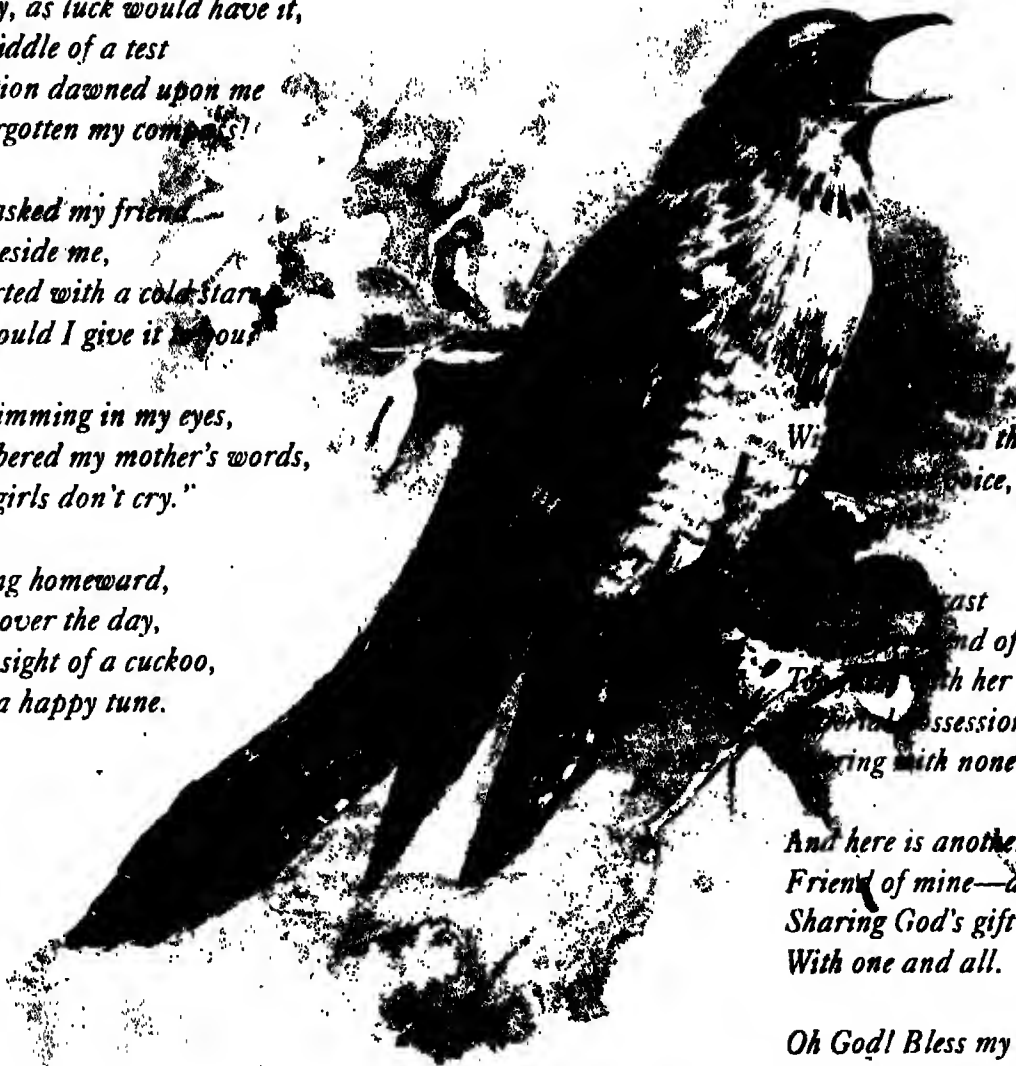
Illustration: Ajanta Guhathakurta

*Yesterday, as luck would have it,
In the middle of a test
Realization dawned upon me
I had forgotten my compass!*

*When I asked my friend
Sitting beside me,
She retorted with a cold stare
"Why should I give it to you?"*

*Tears brimming in my eyes,
I remembered my mother's words,
"Brave girls don't cry."*

*Retreating homeward,
Mulling over the day,
I caught sight of a cuckoo,
Singing a happy tune.*



*Why does the cuckoo sing?
Why does the cuckoo share
The world's voice,*

*Why does the cuckoo share
The world's end of mine!
To sing with her
Of mortal possessions—
Sharing with none.*

*And here is another
Friend of mine—a cuckoo,
Sharing God's gift
With one and all.*

*Oh God! Bless my soul
To be reborn as a cuckoo,
To sing day in and day out
With no pretence or prejudice.*



A LESSON FROM A STRANGER



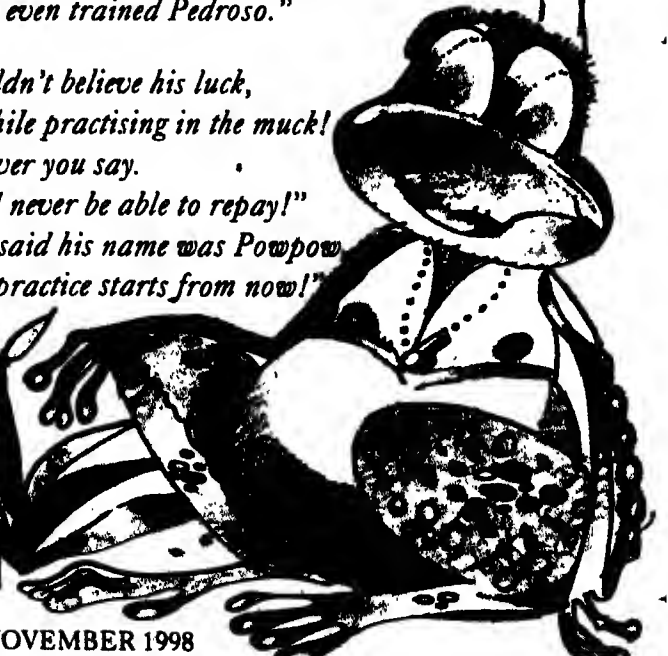
Vivek Pradeep (15)
Indian School, Al-ain, U.A.E.
Illustrations: Subir Roy

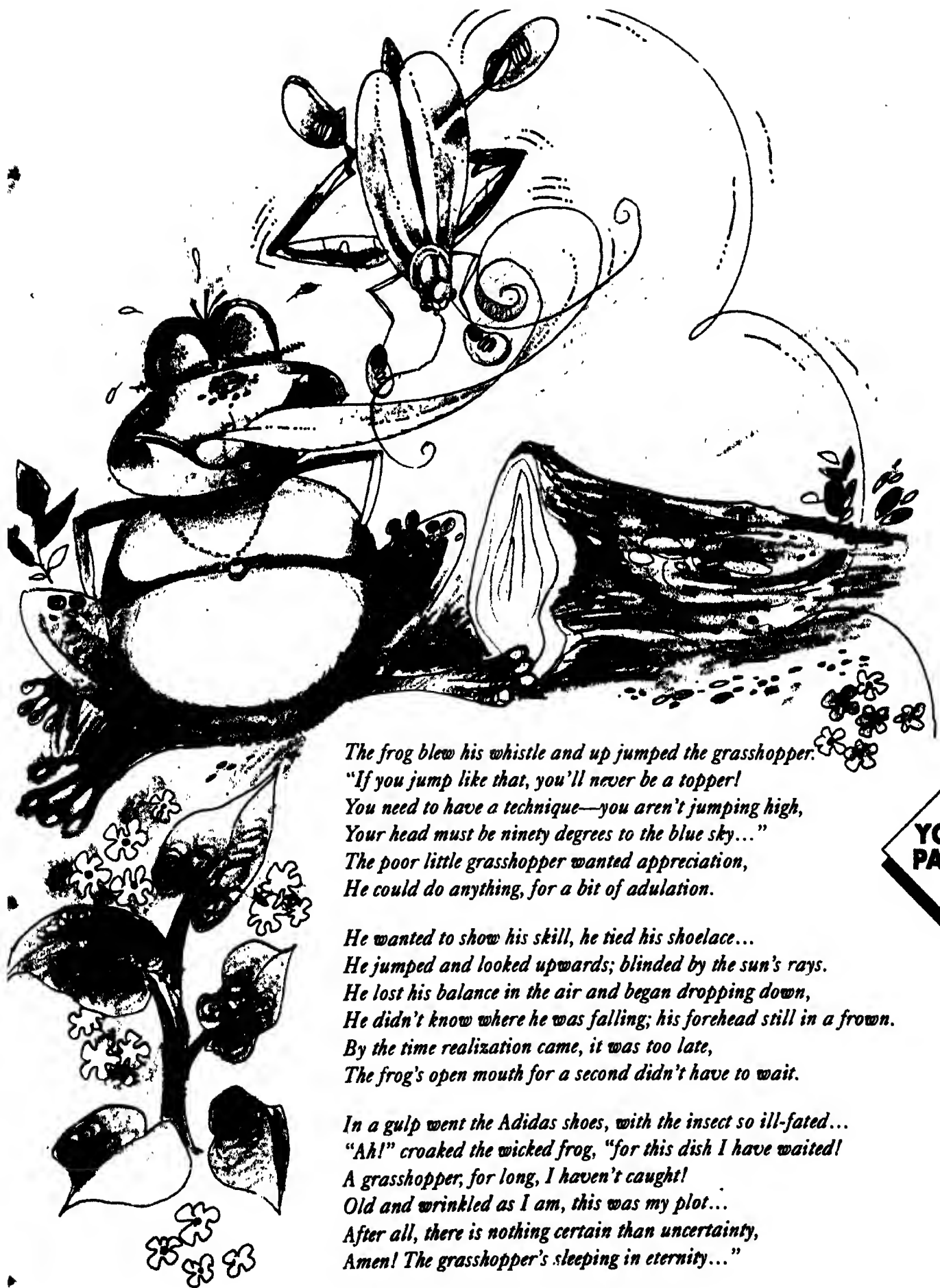
*As the Sun peeped out and the birds began to trill,
Out came the grasshopper to begin his drill.
He was in his jogging-shoes, that were very white,
He puffed up a bit, his pants were very tight.
He did his push-ups and was jumping round the bog,
When, suddenly, in front of him popped a big, fat frog...*

*"My dear, young fellow," began the slimy creature,
"I've been watching you for long and would like to be your teacher.
You jump from up to down, and from here to there;
You exhibit athletic talent which is so rare...
But, of course, you aren't perfect; you have to lift your torso.
Let me be your coach. I've even trained Pedroso."*

*The little grasshopper couldn't believe his luck,
An international coach while practising in the muck!
"Please, sir, I'll do whatever you say.
Your kindness is a gift I'll never be able to repay!"
The frog smiled a bit and said his name was Powpow
"Now that you know me, practice starts from now!"*

YOUR
PAGES





*The frog blew his whistle and up jumped the grasshopper.
 "If you jump like that, you'll never be a topper!
 You need to have a technique—you aren't jumping high,
 Your head must be ninety degrees to the blue sky..."
 The poor little grasshopper wanted appreciation,
 He could do anything, for a bit of adulation.*

*He wanted to show his skill, he tied his shoelace...
 He jumped and looked upwards; blinded by the sun's rays.
 He lost his balance in the air and began dropping down,
 He didn't know where he was falling; his forehead still in a frown.
 By the time realization came, it was too late,
 The frog's open mouth for a second didn't have to wait.*

*In a gulp went the Adidas shoes, with the insect so ill-fated...
 "Ah!" croaked the wicked frog, "for this dish I have waited!
 A grasshopper, for long, I haven't caught!
 Old and wrinkled as I am, this was my plot...
 After all, there is nothing certain than uncertainty,
 Amen! The grasshopper's sleeping in eternity..."*

**YOUR
PAGES**



WAS IT RANI RUPMATI?



Meghana Kirtani (14)
Choithram School, Indore
Illustrations: Surendra Suman



ONE MONSOON weekend, we decided to go to Mandu in Madhya Pradesh and booked a government guest-house at the Jahaj Mahal. During the two days of our stay, we appreciated and enjoyed the beauty of Hindola Mahal, Jahaj Mahal, Bajbahadur Palace, Rani Rupmati Mahal, Seven Gates, and Juma Masjid.

On the last night of our stay, we went for a stroll after dinner. It was past 11.30. The night was pleasant with monsoon clouds hiding the full moon, and a light fog hugging the ground. Walking down barren streets and by-lanes, we came across an interesting *haveli*-like structure almost in ruins. We had not

seen it during our tour nor did it find mention in any tourist guide. So out of curiosity, we ventured inside to explore.

We saw a large courtyard and a pond in the centre of it which was possibly a fountain. On the right, there were large rooms now in ruins while the left side overlooked the beautiful valley of Mandu. At the far end of that courtyard, there was a dome-like structure with carved pillars like a pavilion. We started exploring the empty rooms.

It was then that we became aware of soft music and sound of *ghungroo* (anklets) that floated in the air. When we came back to the courtyard to discover the source of this sound, we saw a girl dancing beneath the

dome. I presumed it was someone like us enjoying the night, dancing with taped music to liven things up. But my elder brother said that she was an *adivasi* (tribal), singing and dancing in the full moon to some tribal beat. So we sat down on the rocks to watch and enjoy the performance. We did not know how long we sat.

Suddenly, we heard the sound of hooves pounding on the gravel. Wondering as to who could be riding about at this odd hour of the night, we went out of the *haveli* only to hear the horse moving away into the distance. We returned to the *haveli*, but the music had stopped and the girl had vanished.



We went up to the pavilion to explore but there was no trace of the *adivasi* girl or any other revellers. So we returned to the guest-house.

Next day, over morning tea, my mother narrated the previous night's incident to the *mali* (gardener) who was tending the garden. He suddenly became serious and asked us

where exactly we had been. When my mother described the whole incident, he became very excited. He said that we were fortunate and blessed to witness one of the most beautiful and memorable sights of Mandu on a full moon night; and for that we should be thankful. With these words, he walked away leaving behind

the untended garden.

We returned to Indore with some beautiful and some odd memories. Even today, we wonder whether it was Rani Rupmati who had come to her favourite pavilion overlooking the Narmada!

**YOUR
PAGES**

The Month That Was...

By Geeta Menon

September 1: N. Vittal appointed Chief Vigilance Commissioner.

The Non-Aligned Movement in Durban condemns US raids on Sudan, remains silent on Afghanistan.

September 2: India expresses shock at NAM Chairman and South African President, Nelson Mandela's reference to Kashmir in his inaugural speech at the 12th NAM meet.

September 3: Nelson Mandela says his remarks on Kashmir were not aimed at hurting India's sentiments and should be seen in the context of the international political and security scenario.

A SwissAir plane crashes into the Atlantic Ocean off the Canadian coast killing all the 229 on board.

September 4: The NAM summit ends with a call to adopt a universal non-discriminatory nuclear regime as well as India's proposal for international elimination of weapons of mass destruction.

September 5: Iran amasses its troops, tanks and fighter planes on the border, warns that it has the right under international law to take all necessary action against Afghanistan's Taliban militia, which it accuses of holding Iranian diplomats.

The 26-day-long nationwide strike of university and college teachers called off.

September 6: The President, K.R. Narayanan, arrives in Germany on the first leg of his 15-day four-nation tour of Germany, Turkey, Portugal, and Luxembourg.

September 7: The Panaji bench of the Mumbai High Court quashes Goa Assembly Speaker, Tomozinho Cardozo's order disqualifying the ten-member breakaway group of the Congress led by Chief Minister, Wilfred D'Souza.

Duma, the Russian parliament, rejects Chernomyrdin for prime ministership for the second time.

September 8: The Chief Minister of Goa, Wilfred D'Souza, wins trust vote.

The Indian pair of Leander Paes and Mahesh Bhupathi enter semi-finals of the men's doubles of the US Open Tennis Championships in New York.

September 9: M.K. Bezboruah is reinstated as Director, Enforcement.

The Union Cabinet clears the supplement to an agreement between India and Russia to set up two units at the Kundankulam Nuclear Power Station in Tamil Nadu and to transfer funds required for the project.

Leander Paes and Mahesh Bhupathi lose in the semi-finals of US Open.

September 10: Boris Yeltsin nominates Yevgeny Primakov for prime ministership.

September 11: Harsh Kumar Bhasin is India's new envoy to South Africa.

Flood situation in Bihar, Meghalaya, Bengal and Orissa worsens, while in Assam the condition improves.

Duma approves Primakov as Prime Minister.

Former Olympian and the first woman Arjuna awardee, Stephi Sequiera dies.

Commonwealth Games open in Kuala Lumpur. Six new sports included this year.

September 12: The Congress plans to revive parliamentary board (CPB), the high powered body that selects the party's candidates for elections.

Lindsay Davenport wins Women's Singles title in the US Open.

September 13: Justice Adarsh Sein Anand appointed Chief Justice of India.

Taliban fighters capture Bamiyan, the last major stronghold of opposition forces in Afghanistan.

Indian shooters, Mansher Singh and Manavjeet Singh, set a new Commonwealth record as they fetch the country's first gold in men's pairs trap event.

Patrick Rafter of Australia wins the US Open Men's Singles title.

September 14: RJD leader, Laloo Prasad Yadav, opposes formation of a separate tribal state of Vananchal in Bihar. The

BSP, however, plans to go ahead with it.

September 15: More than 26 people feared killed in ethnic violence in Kokrajhar, Assam.

Australia enters the semi-finals of the Commonwealth Games Cricket Competition defeating India by 145 runs.

September 16: Pakistan drops plans on draft resolution in Parliament for signing the CTBT.

September 17: North India faces major power crisis as floods hit supply of natural gas at Hazira in Gujarat.

The Jharkhand Mukti Morcha (JMM) withdraws support to the RJD government in Bihar.

The Bihar government dissolves Jharkhand Autonomous Areas Council (JAAC).

Taliban militia massacre 350 patients, mainly women and children, hospitalized in Bamiyan.

September 18: The Law Commission proposes a 25 per cent increase in the strength of the Lok Sabha and the State Assemblies.

The Bihar Governor, Sundar Singh Bhandari, seeks explanation on the dissolution of JAAC. Tension mounts in Iran and Afghanistan as the Imam of the main mosque in Kabul calls for a *jihad* (holy war) against Iran.

September 19: The RJD government in Bihar seeks vote of confidence to pre-empt any move to impose President's rule in the State. The Governor recommends dissolution of State Assembly.

September 20: The Prime Minister says that the RJD

government in Bihar may be sacked and that Article 356 can be used even if a State government enjoys majority. Over 180 people killed in rocket attack in Kabul by anti-Taliban forces.

Pakistan clinches Sahara Cup series against India 4-1 in Toronto.

The Election Commission derecognizes Nagaland People's Council (NPC) for boycotting the parliamentary and assembly elections held in Nagaland in February this year.

September 21: The Bihar Assembly rejects formation of Vananchal.

Women's world sprint record holder, Florence Griffith-Joyner dies of stroke at 39.

Commonwealth Games end. India finishes seventh in the medal tally (7 gold, 10 silver, 8 bronze). Australia with 198 medals (80 gold, 60 silver, 58 bronze) tops the list.

September 22: Centre recommends dismissal of the RJD government in Bihar.

The Kalyan Singh government in UP seeks exclusion of Hardwar district from the proposed Uttaranchal state.

The Prime Minister, A.B. Vajpayee leaves for New York to attend the UN General Assembly.

September 23: The Bihar Assembly adopts a resolution asking the President to recall Governor, but the Speaker, D.N. Yadav, refuses to forward it to the President.

UP House passes 26 amendments to the Uttar Pradesh Reorganization Bill for the

creation of a separate Uttaranchal state.

India expresses its readiness to participate in the CTBT, subject to other countries adhering to it without conditions.

September 25: The President returns the Cabinet's recommendation for central rule in Bihar.

The Supreme Court asks Laloo Prasad Yadav, facing charges in the multi-crore fodder scam, to surrender on October 28.

A diesel engine rams into a bus at an unmanned railway crossing in Hyderabad killing 20 people including 14 school children.

September 26: Delhi, Madhya Pradesh, Rajasthan and Mizoram go to polls on November 25.

Sachin Tendulkar scores a world record 18th one day century—127 not out—to guide India to a 8-wicket win over Zimbabwe in Hero Honda Cup series in Harare.

September 28: The Ramakrishna Mission gets the Gandhi Peace Prize 1998 for its contribution to social, economic and political transformation through non-violence.

September 29: A bloody offensive by the LTTE in northern Sri Lanka leaves over 700 people dead.

September 30: American President, Bill Clinton, puts off his visit to India and Pakistan.

Geet Sethi of India beats Mike Russell of England in the final of the Florsheim World Professional Billiards Championship in Ahmedabad.

India wins the Hero Honda one day international series 2-1.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

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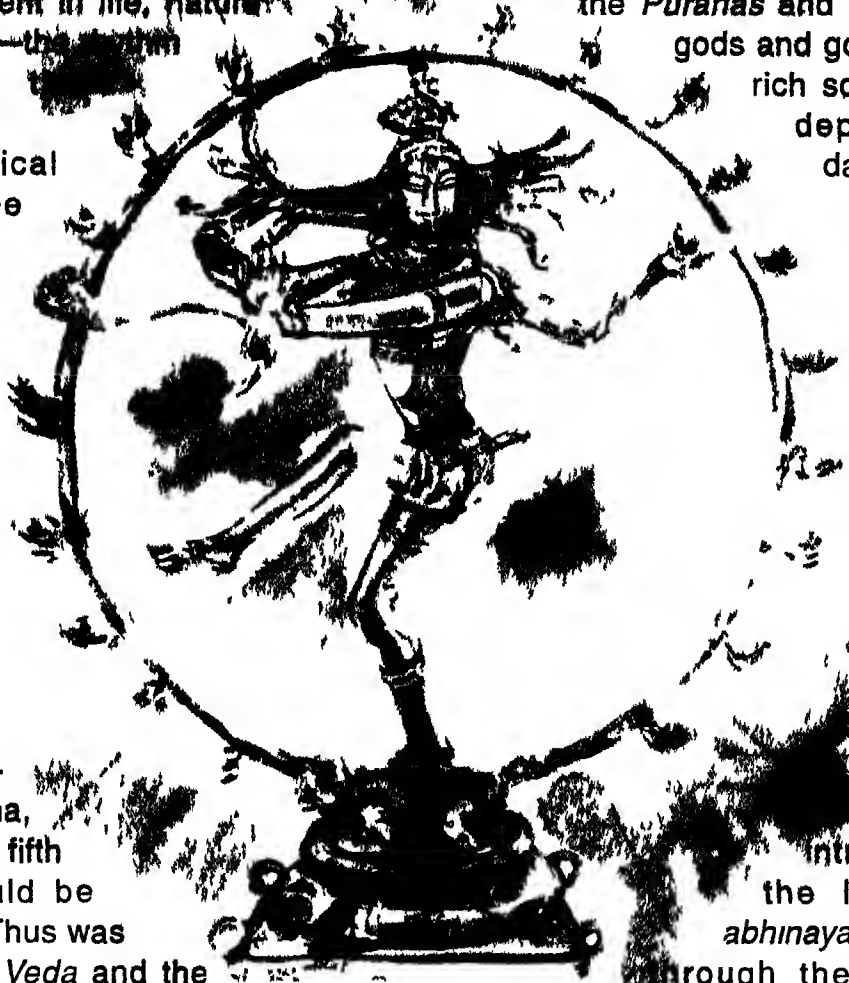
Newsletter / 1998



Rhythm of Life

Dance, in any form, is the expression of legends. The *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharata*, the rhythm present in life, nature, the *Puranas* and stories of Hindu gods and goddesses form a rich source of themes depicted in the dances.

Indian classical dance can be traced to the ancient times. When the *Vedas* became the domain of the educated and were accessible to merely a privileged few, legend has it that the gods appeared to Brahma, the Creator, for a fifth *Veda* that would be available to all. Thus was born the *Natya Veda* and the *Natyasastra*.



Classical dance is based on *nritta* or pure dance and *nritya* or the enactment of an episode or theme. Whereas the former involves a series of movements that include intricate footwork, the latter involves *abhinaya* or drama, acting through the use of facial expressions and *mudras* or gestures,

India can boast of not one but several classical dance forms, each of which has been nurtured over the centuries and which represents the culture of the region. Well known among these are Bharata Natyam, Kathak, Odissi, Kuchipudi, Manipuri and Kathakali.

each representing a word or idea. The dancer is also supported by music, verse and song.

There is a dance for every occasion and mood. And as the dancer strives for perfection, she transports the dance, through devotion and surrender, from a purely physical activity requiring skill and dexterity, to a spiritual, sublime experience.

Sudha Sanjeev

India's Largest Selling Comics



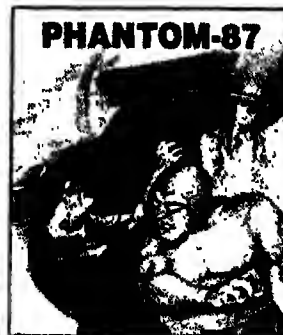
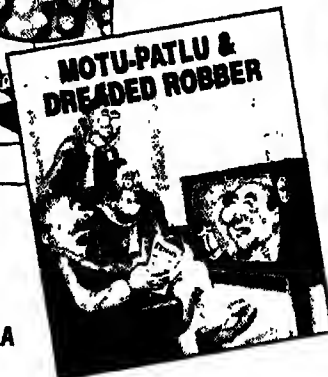
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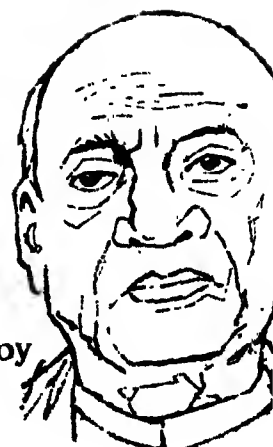


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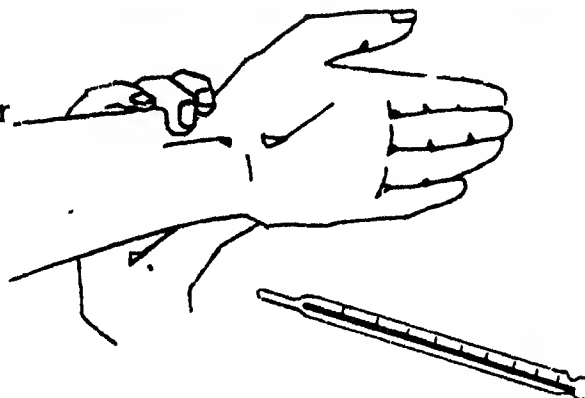
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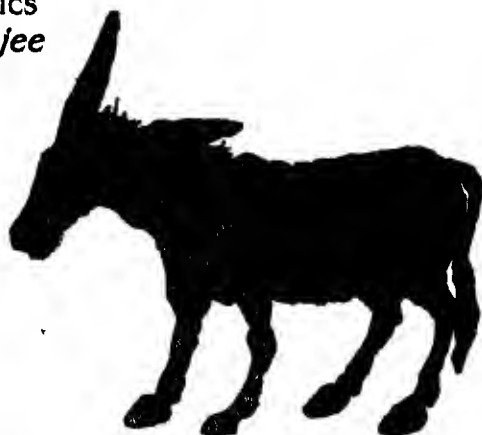
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Your Pages, 1998 FIRST PRIZE CANCELLED

The November issue had been posted. The cheques, prizes and certificates had been despatched. The Editorial breathed an immense sigh of satisfaction.

Then came the bombshell!

Our First Prize 'The Law Of The Wild' had been copied from Jack London's *White Fang*. This, despite the fact that the entry carried a declaration certifying that it was original and unpublished.

The Jury's decision was unanimous. The First Prize stands cancelled, the prize-money and certificate withdrawn.

From a state of high euphoria, we plummeted to the depths of anguish. Is basic honesty dead? Can the voice of the conscience be ignored? Can truth be hidden for ever? It hurts to know that when everybody is competing equally, there are some who want to be more equal than the others. The magazine has always upheld and stood for certain values; it is painful to realize that these have not made a dent in some minds.

There is stiff competition in all spheres of life. Yet, it is vital to play by the rules and compete. Winning is not as important as making a genuine effort. Everybody cannot breast the tape together. How fair is it then to use any means to get ahead? Ultimately, hard work and honesty will make it to the top. How can the deserving get his due if the undeserving occupies his chair?

We believe that in every situation, at every turn of life, each one of us is given choices—to do right or not. Our decisions are made consciously. Similarly, we are also given chances to own up to a mistake. It is difficult to take a decision that will mean losing face; yet it takes rare courage to do so.

What each of us must understand is that like the food chain, there is also an 'action chain'. Every act of ours is a ripple in not only our lives but all the lives around us. We can never do anything in isolation.

When we asked you to send in 'original and unpublished' entries, we meant that they should have come out of your own head. Originality is not copying somebody's work word for word, or changing the names of characters and presenting a story as your own. If that were so, then we would have any number of 'original' Oliver Twists, Robinson Crusoes and such like.

The November issue is one which we are extremely proud of. What articles, what poems! How much our artists laboured to breathe life into your creations.

It is with deep pain that this is being penned.

We hope the mistakes of this year are not repeated...

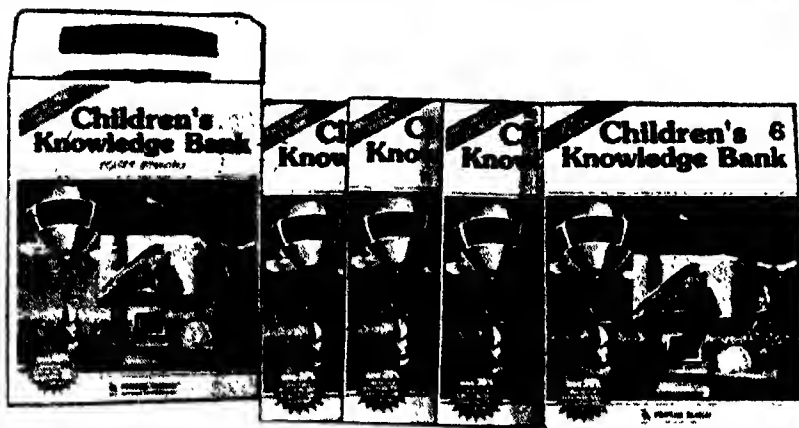
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LETTER TO YOU



Dear browns and crowns,

Have you ever thought about brown paper? I mean, have you ever thought about it long and seriously in the way you think about food or about shoes? I ask because just yesterday I realized that brown paper is very very important in our lives, I don't think we realize how important it is.

You see, yesterday I found, to my horror, that the brown paper covering on my maths book was peeling off. Actually, I had not noticed it. When I tackle maths problems, my mind is completely concentrated like jam, if you know what I mean. Anyway, I had not noticed the torn brown paper covering but my maths teacher took one look at my book and screamed. "Is this the kind of work you do?" she yelled. "Is this all you are capable of?"

It was then that I noticed

that my maths books—textbook and notebook—were looking very sorry for themselves. Their brown paper covering was all crinkled and wrinkled and, in some places, torn. It looked like the peeling plaster on an old wall.

It was when when I looked at my poor maths books that I thought about brown paper

and realized how important it is in our lives. What would we do without brown paper? Think of the thousands and thousands of textbooks and notebooks that would have no brown paper to cover them on cold days. Think of it. You must admit that even in summer, books have to go through many cold days in school. How can they survive without brown paper? How can my poor books live through my maths teacher's chilling screams, my geography master's cold looks, my history teacher's icy glances without some brown paper to protect them?

I thought about all this yesterday and I felt I should write a poem to brown paper just to keep it happy, if you know what I mean. Here is my poem. Actually, it is a song poem. If you know how to



sing, then you can sing it too.

*Oh brown paper,
Dear brown paper,
How I love you!
You cover my books,
You catch the looks
Of my teachers!
Cold, icy, chilling, freezing
The Arctic looks
Of my teachers
You catch them and toss
 them away.
You protect my books,
You save their lives,
How can I thank you?
Oh brown paper,
Dear brown paper,
I love you so
I'll never let you go.*

Don't you like my song poem? I like it very much. But let me tell you, there are some people in this world who don't appreciate anything. Let me tell you what happened.

I had just finished writing my song poem to brown paper and I was setting a tune to it, when my mother came into the room. As usual, she started firing questions without waiting for a single answer.

"Perky," she fired, "what are you doing just sitting there like that? Look at your books! Can't you see how the brown paper is peeling off? Can't you do something about it? What is this book? Your maths notebook? Is this how you do your maths? Is this all you are capable of? What is wrong with you? Can't you..." She went on and on about this and that and so on and so forth...

That is why I have not been able to set a tune to my song poem and that is why I am now struggling with a stupid maths problem.

Why was maths ever invented? Can anyone tell me?

*Yours sad, crownless
Perky*

PS My mother is covering my books with new brown paper. But let me tell you, she treats the brown paper very roughly, without any feeling for it.

PPS I have managed to write another song poem. I did it sneakily, pretending that I was doing my maths. Here it is—

but read it quietly, okay! My song poem has been written from the brown paper's point of view.

*Oh please don't treat me
 rough*

*I have a cough
And a cold.*

*Oh please don't treat me
 rough*

*I'm not that tough
I'm growing old.*

*I'm brown paper
I'm a friend*

I'm brown paper

*Treat me as a friend
Till the end.*

PPSS Oops! My mother's looking! Bye! Ssssh.



Grandpa's Lesson

Cheryl Rao

Illustrations: Ajanta Guhathakurta

RADHIKA opened the gate and walked up the path to her grandfather's house. She had been up and down the same path ever since she could remember. Today, it seemed she was about to enter a house of mystery: a house the closed doors of which were trying to shut her out from the warmth within.

She turned and watched as the taxi with her parents and younger brother pulled away from the curb. She did not smile and return the waves and fond farewells shouted out to her from the window of the cab. "Bye, my girl, look after Grandpa and yourself!"

"Bye, Radhika, before you know it, we'll be back!"

"Bye, *Didi*, I'll get you lots of presents from the places I visit!"

"I don't want your gifts," muttered Radhika under her breath as she watched her family drive out of her life. "I just want to be with you."

The door opened behind her and Radhika turned, expecting warm arms to enfold her and a warm voice to say, "Come on, Radhika dear, guess what I've made for tea

today?"

But Grandma was no longer here and Radhika heard nothing. She just looked up to see her grandfather standing in the doorway silently. He made no move to welcome her. Instead he asked, "Where's your father?"

"He and Ma and Raju have left..." She wanted to say that Papa had told her to tell him that they were late and could not stop to talk, but her voice choked and she could not continue. Grandpa did not seem to notice anything wrong with her and continued to look out. She squeezed past him and went to the room that had been prepared for her by her

...Grandpa's footsteps did not even pause near her door. He went to his room and a second later Radhika heard the sound of the T.V. being switched on. It was almost as if Radhika was not there at all. She lay on the bed and burst into tears—not

mother and Grandpa's servant.

She let the tears fall as soon as the door closed. For a moment she thought Grandpa would enter her room to reassure her that the two of them would be happy together in the coming year, but Grandpa's footsteps did not even pause near her door. He went to his room and a second later Radhika heard the sound of the T.V. being switched on. It was almost as if Radhika was not there at all. She lay on the bed and burst into tears—not worried now that she could be heard. The sound of the Telugu serial drowned out her cries. She was alone. Totally alone.

That evening, Grandpa had visitors. They were the Ramans, their next door neighbours. Radhika washed her face, combed her hair and crept out of her room.

Mrs. Raman looked up and saw her. "Ah, Radhika, you have arrived! Your Grandpa must be very happy to have you here!"

Radhika stole a look at her grandfather. He was listening to something Mr. Raman was saying. Was he happy to have her with him, she wondered. He didn't look it. He had not said anything to her yet. Maybe he didn't want her here.

Mr. Raman stopped talking and said, "So, Radhika, you lucky girl, do you plan to get

your grandfather to coach you in Maths and Science?"

Mrs. Raman seemed to understand the confusion on her face for she said, "Don't tease the poor child! She's probably very good in Maths and Science herself—besides, she's too young to be bothered about coaching classes. You're only in Class IX, aren't you?"

Radhika nodded. The Ramans left after a short while and Radhika and her grandfather were alone again. Radhika did not know what to say to the old man. All these years, it had been her grandmother with whom she had communicated, telling her the daily experiences of her school life, listening to tales from Grandpa's life which had been so interesting. Grandpa had always been out of the house, running his coaching classes, meeting his friends, leading his own life. After Grandma died last year, Grandpa had suddenly become an old man. He stopped his classes and didn't meet his friends. They came over sometimes, to see how he was getting along, but he was not very welcoming and soon only a few old friends stayed in touch.

Grandpa's daughter, Bharathi, was in Canada, and did not visit India often. Papa was in the Merchant Navy and out on his ship most of the year. This time, he had de-

cided to take Mama and Raju along with him. Radhika was left behind not only because she could not miss school, but also because Grandpa needed company. Ma had explained to Radhika time and again that she should make an effort to

talk to Grandpa, and Radhika had been full of good intentions. "Grandpa has a lot of stories to tell too," Ma said. "He's visited many places during the time he spent in the Railways. Your Papa remembers a few of them but



Grandpa will remember all. Ask him."

"Grandpa," said Radhika now, as the silence lengthened uncomfortably, "Papa told me that when you were posted in Guntakal you had a wonderful time. What did you do there?"

"Huh?" said Grandpa, with a frown. "Guntakal? That was in 1971." He fell silent, almost as if he were going back to the time when he was the present age of his son, and Papa was about her age. Then, to Radhika's surprise, Grandpa got up from the sofa and went inside without a word to her.

Radhika followed him. "Grandpa, Grandpa, what's wrong? Aren't you going to tell me some stories?"

"Ask your Papa when he returns," said Grandpa shortly.

Radhika felt as if she'd been slapped. Why was Grandpa treating her this way? Ma had told her that he was lonely and would like to talk to her, but

he seemed to resent her presence. What had she done wrong?

The next few weeks brought no change in the uneasy relationship of the grandfather and granddaughter. Grandpa went about his own daily routine and did not adjust any of his activities or even his meal timings to accommodate Radhika and her school hours. So the two of them ate only their dinner together—and that was a silent meal, served by Radhika. Radhika felt more home-sick than ever as she thought of the teasing and banter at the table when she was with her parents and Raju. There was always so much noise and activity in their own house. This place was like a tomb.

Grandpa did not like her friends coming over often. He frowned at the girls and did not even let the boys set foot in the house. "Whoever heard of young boys visiting?" he muttered, as he sent off Pooja's elder brother, Deepak, who had come to invite Radhika for his birthday treat at the Camp-Out, a fast food joint outside the Colony. Radhika ran out from the side door and managed to catch Deepak as he walked away from the house.

"I'm sorry," she mumbled, embarrassed. "Grandpa doesn't like me getting visitors. He doesn't like me going out

either. He's old fashioned."

"But it's my birthday," protested Deepak. "Surely even grandparents celebrate birthdays!"

"I'll meet you and the gang there," promised Radhika, unsure of how she would get out but determined to do so.

Why was Grandpa treating her this way? Ma had told her that he was lonely and would like to talk to her, but he seemed to resent her presence. What had she done wrong?

It was easier than she had thought. Grandpa didn't even notice that she was not in the house. She just kept the light on in her study and left the room. Grandpa didn't bother to look in and when he passed up and down when the doorbell rang, he thought she was studying or reading.





That night at the dinner table, Radhika was brimming with excitement. She longed to talk of the fun she had had with Pooja and the others. Grandpa too seemed in a good mood. He started to tell her the story of the serial he had been watching, but he began with that day's episode and went back and forth until she was totally confused. She stopped listening—and after a while, Grandpa sensed her inattention and fell silent.

Fun and excitement came into Radhika's life very rarely in the next few months. The first unit tests came and went. Radhika did well but Pooja barely scraped through in Science.

"Let me study with you, Radhika," begged her friend. "Ma wants to send me for tuition early in the morning or make Deepak teach me, and you know I can't survive either option!"

Radhika was only too thrilled to have Pooja with her

daily. Instead of sitting in her own room, the two of them would spread out their books on the dining table every evening after play and have heated discussion on different topics. Most of the time they didn't do much Science, but what did that matter, when they had this excuse to stay together long after dark?

Radhika didn't think that Grandpa was even aware of Pooja's presence until one day he came out of his room and said, "You're not explaining it correctly, Radhika. You don't seem to have understood the Archimedes Principle. This is what it means..." and he began to discuss the lesson with them. Radhika was amazed. Grandpa was actually aware of

what was going on and, not only that, he was ready to help them and was doing it so effectively.



Pooja was silent until he finished his explanation. Then she began to question him. He answered patiently and didn't notice when it was time for his favourite serial on T.V. "At last we've understood it," said Radhika. "You've made it sound so logical, Grandpa."

"I wish Mrs. Gupte had taught it like you did, Uncle," complimented Pooja.

From that evening, Grandpa became alert when it was time for the combined class. Without being asked, he joined them at the table. Soon Pooja was joined by Shweta and Devi who lived close by. Grandpa began to do some Maths with them too, and within a month, four more of Radhika's classmates were clamouring to enroll in the 'coaching' classes. Grandpa at first refused to accept any payment from the girls; then, when their mothers began to send boxes of sweets which he could not possibly consume, he agreed to start a regular class.

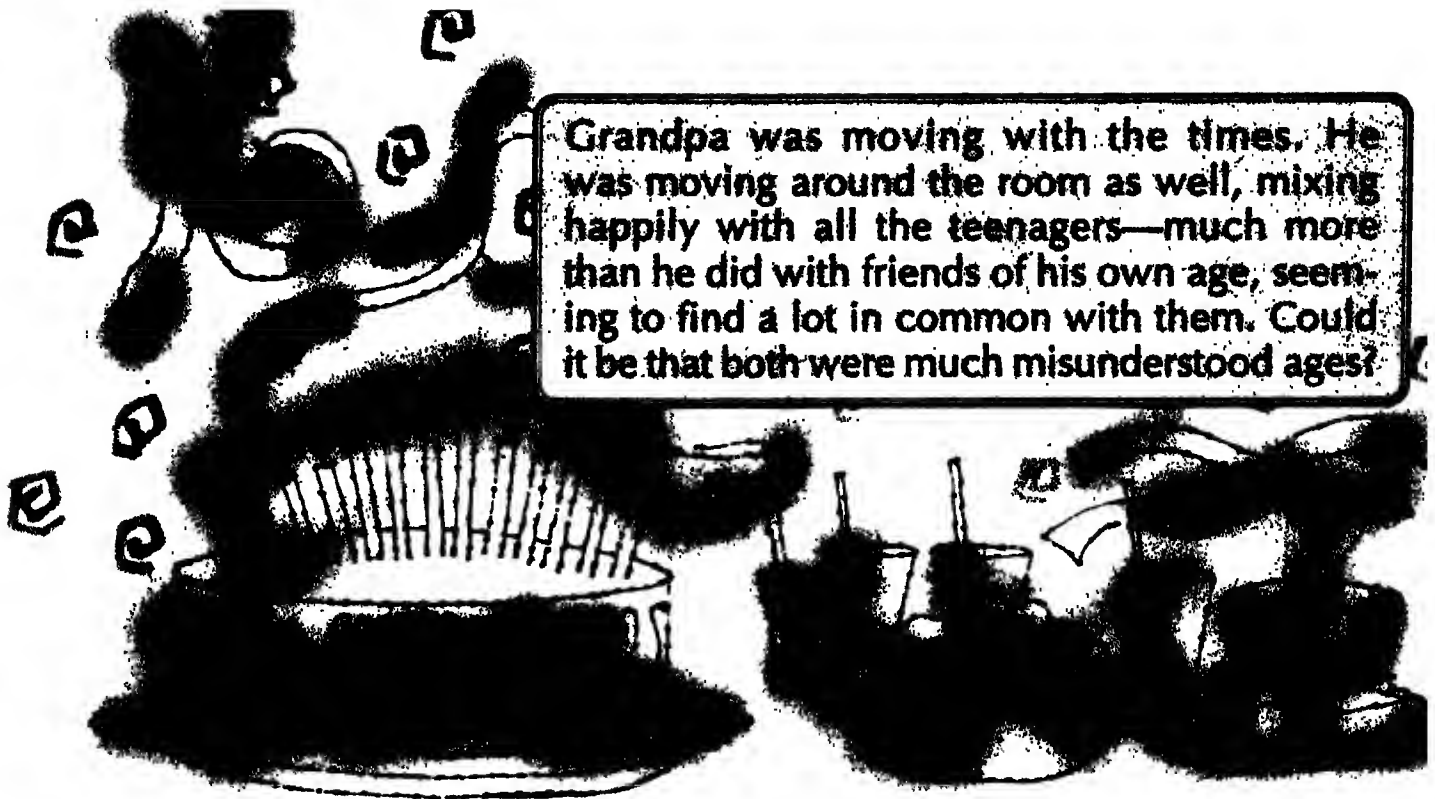
By the second unit test, the group which was being guided by him showed a marked improvement in grades. But it was the change in Grandpa that was almost miraculous. He walked straighter, ate better, looked happier and always had something to say to Radhika. No longer was he immersed in himself and aloof from her. He waited to have

lunch with Radhika after school, anxious to hear about what she and the others had done in class each day. Maybe, reflected Radhika, Grandpa had just needed to be needed.

When Radhika's birthday approached, she tried to decide whether she should treat her friends at the Camp-Out down the road, or get them over to Grandpa's place for a party, as she did when she was in her own home. She knew that she had to call Deepak, Devi's brothers, Vikas and Sunny, and the twins who lived opposite, Tarun and Varun. Grandpa would not like them coming to the house—but he would not like her going out either. It was a difficult decision for her and she put off making it.

Soon, there was only one day left and still Radhika had not invited her friends anywhere. She was surprised—and a bit hurt—that no one had reminded her that she owed them a treat for her birthday. 'How could they forget,' she wondered, 'when I always remember their birthdays, plan with them, find out what they like and spend my pocket money getting them gifts they want!'

Her birthday fell on a school holiday and she'd only meet everyone at Grandpa's tuition class at six. At 5:30, Grandpa called out to her, "Radhika, can you take this letter to



Grandpa was moving with the times. He was moving around the room as well, mixing happily with all the teenagers—much more than he did with friends of his own age, seeming to find a lot in common with them. Could it be that both were much misunderstood ages?

Aunty Shah in the next row of houses?”

Radhika groaned. With the money Grandpa had slipped into her birthday card this morning, she had planned to buy a cake and some chips for her friends to have after tuition. A trip to Aunty Shah's house meant that she'd be stuck for at least an hour. Aunty Shah wouldn't hear of her leaving until she'd shown her the latest things she'd bought for her grandchildren, Anjali and Revathi, and had asked Radhika's opinion about whether they were modern enough for today's teenagers.

But Radhika couldn't refuse Grandpa. "Is it very urgent, Grandpa?" she asked.

"Yes, I'd told her I'd give it to her in the morning and it's already delayed."

It was 6:15 when Radhika

panted back home without a cake or any snacks to offer her friends. 'I'll tell Grandpa to go ahead with the class and leave me out today, so I can go to the bakery,' she thought, entering, as she usually did, from the back door directly into the dining room.

A burst of noise greeted her. "Happy Birthday!" shouted her friends. The table was laden with eatables, a big cake taking pride of place. There were streamers from the fan to the ceiling and Radhika had to shake herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming. Why, when she'd left home less than an hour ago, the place was as silent and shuttered as usual. And now look at it. A riot of colour, so many people—how it was transformed!

As Pooja and Devi and the others came up with their

gifts, Radhika noted with surprise that Deepak and the twins, Vikas and Sunny, were also there. And Grandpa was beaming at everyone, forgetting that only a few months ago, his rule had been, "No boys."

Grandpa was moving with the times. He was moving around the room as well, mixing happily with all the teenagers—much more than he did with friends of his own age, seeming to find a lot in common with them. Could it be that both were much misunderstood ages?

Radhika ran up to Grandpa and hugged him. "Thank you, Grandpa, thank you for the surprise," she whispered. "It's the best kept secret I've ever known—and I'm so thrilled that I have you for a Grandpa!"



The Master

Margaret Atwood

Illustration: Ajanta Ghosh

The frog, the monkey, the man
Are all together in a master plan.
The sun, the moon, the earth, the sky
Are all together who, when, where and why.
In all its varied forms,
It seems from scientific norms.
They have proved, they say
There's night and day.
But I think it might be
Why there is a night and day.
Why the sun is hot and bright
Why the stars are far and light
Why the trees are green and tall
Why the birds are free to fall
Why there is love and hate
Why people are bound and free
Why a baby's smile or a cool breeze
Soothes my troubled heart and puts me at ease?
Two ideas so sharply in contrast,
Two lines of thinking so differently cast
I can't deny either, so I think it might be
That science made me from a monkey and God is keeping me.

YUMMY APPLES!

Apple Crumble

Ingredients

Apples	:	4
Maida	:	1½ cup
Butter	:	100 grams
Sugar	:	1 cup
Cinnamon powder	:	1 tsp

Method

1. Peel and dice apples into small pieces.
2. Apply a little butter inside the baking dish.
3. Spread the diced apples evenly in the dish.
4. Sprinkle 4 tbsp of sugar and the cinnamon powder over the apples.
5. Rub melted butter into the maida well.
6. Mix the remaining sugar into the maida as well.
7. Sprinkle the maida mixture over the apples covering it completely.
8. Bake in an oven for 45 minutes at 200°F.
The top should be brown in colour when done.
9. Serve hot or cold with custard.

Custard

Ingredients

Milk	:	2 glasses
Custard powder	:	2½ tbsp
Sugar	:	To taste

Method

1. Mix sugar and milk and bring to a boil.
2. Mix the custard powder in some cold milk and make a smooth paste.
3. Add this paste to the boiling milk and stir constantly till it thickens a little.
4. Serve separately with Apple Crumble.



THE RIGHTEOUS SCHOOLBOY

Thangamani

Illustrations: Surendra Suman

Called the 'Iron Man of India', Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel was born to a poor farmer of Karamsad, a small town in Gujarat. As a schoolboy, he stood up for his convictions and had a highly developed sense of right and wrong, even at the cost of being punished for it. It has been said that Vallabhbhai was blunt, dauntless, unsparing, responsible, just, and skilled in debate.

His death anniversary falls in December.

"MR. AGARWALA is late again today," said Viju.

"What do we do while we wait for him to come?" asked another boy.

Vallabhbhai who was a student of Nadiad High School spoke up, "Why don't we sing a song? I'm sure Mr. Agarwala wouldn't object."

"Yes. That's a good idea," agreed Viju. One of the boys began singing. The rest of them including Vallabhbhai joined in with gusto. They thumped desks to keep beat.

Mr. Agarwala appeared at the door. "What is going on here?" he demanded angrily. "Who gave you permission to sing?" He caught hold of the boy who was leading the song and began scolding him. At that, Vallabhbhai got up.

"Sir, why are you scolding him? All of us were singing because you did not come on time."

"What! You dare to speak to me like that? Do you think this is a music class?" he asked, enraged.

"No, sir. We know it is the English class, but what were we to do till you came? Would you rather that we cried instead?" he asked his teacher boldly.

"All right, that's enough now. Leave the class immediately!" he said with barely suppressed fury.

Vallabhbhai got up, picked up his books, turned and gave his class a piercing look and left. That was the cue that the boys needed. They all got up and marched out after Vallabhbhai, their unspoken

leader. Mr. Agarwala looked on helplessly at the spectacle.

Later, Vallabhbhai was summoned by the Principal.

"Mr. Agarwala tells me that you not only spoke insolently to him but also instigated the entire class to leave. What do you have to say?"

"Sir, Mr. Agarwala never comes to class on time. The boys got restless waiting for him to come. So we decided to sing. At least we didn't make a racket!" he replied boldly.

The Principal was aghast at the answer. He had never encountered anyone who spoke up so boldly before. But as the Principal, he had to uphold certain norms. One of them was not to let the students get the better of the teachers.

"I want you to apologise

to Mr. Agarwala for your rudeness," he said, and was completely unprepared for Vallabhbhai's reply.

"Sir, you are asking the wrong person to apologise. It is Mr. Agarwala who should apologise to the class for not only habitually coming late, but also scolding us for singing. We have not done any wrong."

The Principal realized the righteousness behind Vallabhbhai's statement and allowed him to go unpunished, just giving him a warning.

Vallabhbhai had an eventful school life, when he regularly got into trouble with the teachers. This was mainly because of his highly developed sense of right and wrong. He never took injustice lying down, always fighting for what was right. He would not hesitate to even tell the teachers if he felt that he was punished unjustly.

When he was in the Baroda Government High School, the students had to choose between Gujarati and Sanskrit. Vallabhbhai opted for Gujarati. On the first day, the Gujarati teacher, Chotalal Master, came to the class and looked at Vallabhbhai. "So the *mahapurush* has decided he doesn't want to learn Sanskrit," he said sarcastically. "May I ask why?"

Vallabhbhai was stung by

the sarcasm. He felt that the teacher had no reason to be so nasty.

"Sir, if everyone were to study Sanskrit, you would have no one to teach and would lose your job!" he replied.

The master was furious. "As a punishment for answering back your master, write the *padas* (multiplication tables) from 1 to 10!" he ordered.

Vallabhbhai, being in high school, thought that the punishment was given just to humiliate him. So he didn't do it. The next day when Chotalal

Master asked him whether he had brought the imposition, he replied that he had not.

"For disobeying, you will write the *padas* twice now!" said the master.

Vallabhbhai ignored the punishment again. The infuriated teacher went on increasing the punishment till it came to writing the tables 200 times!

The next day, Vallabhbhai wrote '200' on a piece of paper and took it to school. When the teacher asked him, he gave the paper to him.

"I asked you to write 200



padas. You have just written the number '200'. What do you mean by this?" he asked.

In Gujarati, *padas* has two meanings—multiplication tables and bull buffaloes. So punning on the word, Vallabhbhai replied, "Sir, I was going to write 200 *padas*, but...the *padas* ran away. I couldn't bring them back."

That was the last straw. The teacher sent him to the Principal.

"Vallabhbhai, you know very well what the master had asked you to write! Why did you disobey him?" said the Principal.

"Yes sir, I knew he meant the multiplication tables. But the punishment was only meant to humiliate me and not improve my knowledge. I'm in high school and not in primary school. Had he asked me write something from my lessons, I would have done it gladly."

The Principal was not satisfied with the reply but he sent him back with a severe warning.

Vallabhbhai again got into trouble with another teacher—his maths teacher, this time.

"Sir, that is not the correct way to solve the problem," pointed out the ever-honest Vallabhbhai one day, when the teacher got stuck while solving an algebra problem. He had tried desperately, but only managed to do it wrongly.



The teacher was very angry at his impudence. "Oh, is that so, master? Why don't you come and solve it? And while you are at it, why not sit on my chair?" he asked Vallabhbhai ignored the sarcasm and took him at his word.

He went to the blackboard and solved the problem correctly and then proceeded to sit on the teacher's chair. The teacher had not expected Vallabhbhai to do that. He promptly sent him to the Principal.

"Why did you sit on the master's chair?" he asked Vallabhbhai.

"Sir, I only did what he told me to do. He asked me to solve the problem and sit on his chair and I did!" replied Vallabhbhai with a deadpan face.

The Principal was not amused at all. He threatened

to throw him out of school. But Vallabhbhai decided to leave the school on his own and returned to his old school in Nadiad.

His fight for justice continued in Nadiad. One of the teachers had a stationery business and he forced the students to buy stationery items from his shop, at a rate that was higher than the market rate.

"Why should we pay more for the same items?" Vallabhbhai asked his fellow students.

"But he forces us to buy from him. What can we do?" the boys asked.

"We can refuse to buy from his shop. We must protest against this injustice!" said Vallabhbhai. He then proceeded to organize a strike of the students. Day after day, they stayed away from class to protest. After a week, the Prin-

cipal promised to stop the compulsory sale of stationery.

It was not as if Vallabhbhai was always protesting against authority and picking up quarrels with his teachers. When the Nadiad Municipality elections were announced, one of Vallabhbhai's teachers, Mr. Chinoobhai, was put up as a candidate. The other candidate was Mr. Baboobhai, a wealthy trader of Nadiad. This gentleman openly ridiculed the schoolteacher.

"Master, I would advise you to withdraw your name from the race. For there is no way you can muster enough support for your victory. You don't even have the means to canvas! It would be wiser if you withdrew, to be able to at least save the soles of your shoes!" he told the teacher.

The teacher decided to withdraw. Vallabhbhai heard about it, and convinced him to fight.

When the trader found that the teacher was determined to contest the election, he began intimidating him.

"Okay since you refuse to see reason, I'll make a wager. The loser will shave off his moustache!" he announced publicly.

When Vallabhbhai heard of this, he went to the trader's house with several of his friends.

"I accept the challenge on behalf of my master," he said. The trader and his cronies

laughed aloud.

Vallabhbhai went to the schoolteacher's house. "Sir, I am going to collect a veritable army of students to canvas for your victory and then we will pull off Baboobhai's moustache!" he told him.

He called together the students. "It is a challenge to the honour of our school," he told them. "We should see that our

for the teacher, ignoring the trader's bribery.

The teacher won the election, much to the chagrin of the trader. He hoped Vallabhbhai would have forgotten his challenge, but he thought too soon!

Vallabhbhai, accompanied by his friends and a barber, promptly reached the trader's house. He read out the terms



master wins with a thumping majority!"

The students agreed. They worked day and night and went from house to house to canvas for their teacher. The people of Nadiad were impressed by the sincerity of the students and decided to vote

of the wager to the assembled public. Baboobhai, who was hiding behind locked doors was made to come out and his moustache was shaved off.

Vallabhbhai was thus successful in silencing him forever and upholding the honour of his teacher and school.

A MOMENT OF TRUTH

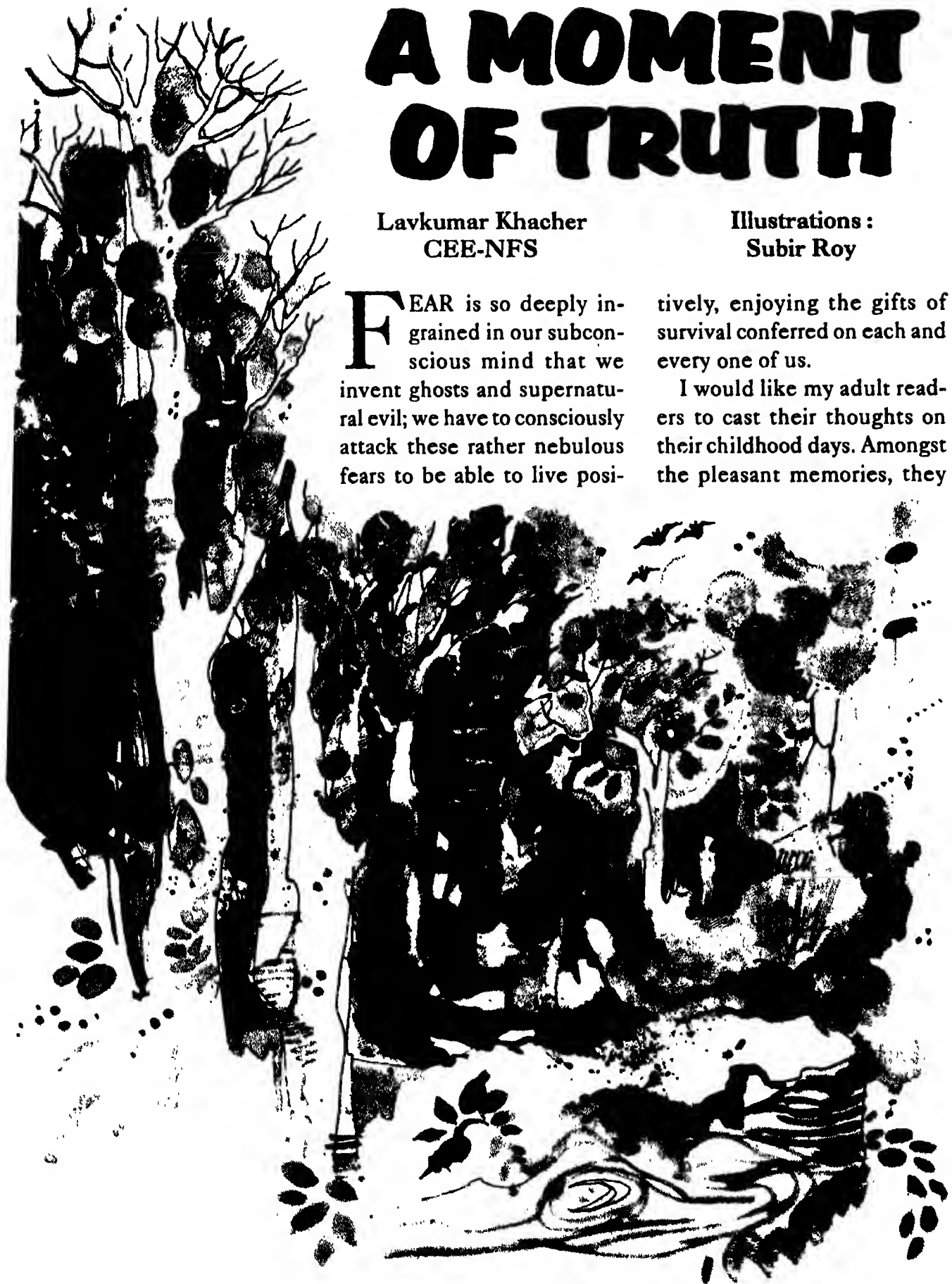
Lavkumar Khacher
CEE-NFS

Illustrations :
Subir Roy

FEAR is so deeply ingrained in our subconscious mind that we invent ghosts and supernatural evil; we have to consciously attack these rather nebulous fears to be able to live posi-

tively, enjoying the gifts of survival conferred on each and every one of us.

I would like my adult readers to cast their thoughts on their childhood days. Amongst the pleasant memories, they



will recall nightmares, fears of the dark, prejudices, and the like. To understand this and to comprehend the intellectual leap taken by great individuals from among our ancestors, I performed a very revealing experiment.

At sundown one evening, in the Gir forest, the last sanctuary of the Asiatic Lion, I sat down alone in a streambed with my back against a rock outcrop. I asked my friends to come and pick me up after an hour. And what an hour that was!

As the night darkened and the stars came out, the moon rose. The moonlit solitude was enchanting. A gentle air current wafted scents of wild jasmine; an Indian Nightjar began to call from somewhere behind me in the jungle and its mate or a contender to the territory responded from across the nullah. From a cluster of trees just visible up the streambed, now dark and mysterious in the moonlight, there came the chatter of Spotted Owlets. Silently, on long wings and in buoyant flight, a nightjar flickered past me to alight on a bare branch against the moonlit sky. It called, and I recognized the characteristic whiplash sound of a Franklin's Nightjar. Some crickets started chirping among the leaves beside me. I fell into a deep reverie; it was so calm and lovely.

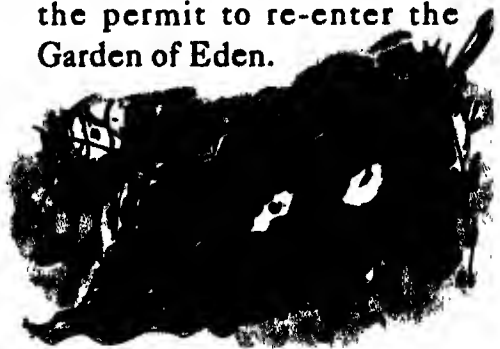
Suddenly, from a distance to my left came a low moan—a lioness—and everything changed! I was transported back in history to when my pre-human ancestors must have found themselves out in an open plain, helpless in the dark, unable to see approaching predators. Oh, how I longed for a fire! Though there were plenty of dry twigs and leaves around, I had no matches; I had never learnt the art of making fire by rubbing sticks. As I sat, my senses now alert to primordial levels, I heard dry leaves falling, a rodent rummaging the leaf litter, the buzzing of night insects following flower scents, the soft clucking of a gecko.

What an experience it was! Every shadow suddenly became ominous. For me, a daylight creature, the night lit by a brilliant moon was made all the more mysterious by isolated shadows creating fearful forms—no wonder tradition has it that ghosts are about on moonlit nights. Looking up at the bright orb of the moon, I saw a flying fox cross it. Dark and sinister, it seemed to my alerted senses, stripped of all the centuries of complacency by the single moan of a lion! Any moment, the supreme predator would materialize, a sinister presence.

And so time passed slowly—seconds seemed min-

utes, minutes hours. When I finally saw the glow of automobile lights followed by the reassuring purr of the motor, I was transported back to the present. I relived the joy our ancestors must have felt when dawn glowed in the eastern sky and the fearsome embodiments of darkness shrunk away, hiding from the glittering sunbeams.

Is it any wonder then that we want brighter and brighter lights? We enjoy crowds and loud reassuring music and yet, let it not be forgotten that we were set on the high road of civilization by men who overcame fear and drew away from the comforting glow of a fire to scan the stars; leaders who encouraged fellow beings to climb down from sheltering trees or out of the musty warmth and protection of caves; men who questioned their fears and sought the unknown. We do not have to save nature, rather we have to save ourselves from losing the greatest gift our predecessors gave us—the capacity to question our fears. This state of fearlessness is what I believe is *Nirvana*, or enlightenment, the permit to re-enter the Garden of Eden.





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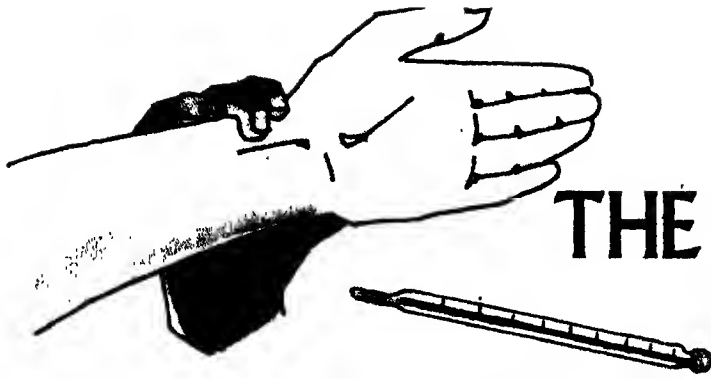
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THE PULSE AND THE THERMOMETER

Venita Jay

Illustrations: Surendra Suman

ONE OF the first things the doctor or nurse does when you step into a clinic is to take your pulse and your temperature. But have you ever wondered how the idea originated in the first place?

The concept of pulse-taking was not new to the ancient doctors of the East. In ancient Indian medicine, an elaborate system was in existence for taking the pulse, which was used both for diagnosis and prognosis. The ancient Chinese also accorded great importance to measuring the pulse. The physician felt the right wrist and then the left. Then he compared the beats with his own. There were hundreds of possible characteristics in the pulse of diagnostic value in the ancient Chinese system. The famous Greek physician, Galen (129–216 A.D.), included pulse-taking in his repertoire of diagnostic methods. The concept and evolution of pulse-taking has an interesting history.

It was around 1581. The famous astronomer, Galileo Galilei, was attending a serv-

ice at the Cathedral of Pisa in Italy. He was bored with the sermon, but something caught his eye. It was a chandelier swinging above his head!

The chandelier held the attention of young Galileo. It oscillated just like a pendulum, backwards and forwards. Galileo was thinking about the timing of the swing. Quite by accident, his fingers felt his own pulse. He realized he could use his own heartbeat as a timing device.

Galileo was a mathematician at heart. He began experimenting at home. He tied a weight on a string and made a pendulum. The pendulum swung through narrow arcs at the same rate as it did through wide ones. If he lengthened the pendulum, it swung through arcs at a slower rate. He then began thinking more of his own pulse. He measured it under different conditions, while running and at rest. It was different! He took the pulse of his friends, of old people and young people. It was different again!

Galileo constructed the first instrument to measure the

pulse—the pulsilogium. It was based on his simple string and weight idea. This idea was borrowed by his friend, Sanctorius to measure the pulse of patients. It consisted of a simple pendulum. The length of the suspending string was adjusted until the beat of the pendulum coincided with that of the pulse.

In 17th century England, there lived a doctor, Sir John Floyer, who became absorbed in counting the pulse. He felt he could tell a good deal about health and sickness by measuring the pulse. He tried counting using pendulum clocks and the hour glass. He finally invented a watch with a second hand! Ever since, physicians have used the watch to count the pulse. Dr. Robert James Graves of Dublin established, more soundly, the practice of counting the pulse by the watch!

Turning now to the story of the thermometer. The importance of body temperature was well known to ancient physicians. Even though a precise scientific measurement of temperature was not at-

tempted till later, fever was considered a significant clinical sign. The beginnings of the modern thermometer, once again, go back to one of Galileo's innovations.

When Galileo Galilei was Professor of Mathematics at the University of Padua, in 1592, he was called one day by an excited Sanctorius, then Professor of Medicine. Sanctorius had improved upon one of Galileo's inventions!

Sanctorius showed him a strange device, a long twisted glass tube with a bulb at one end. He filled the tube with a liquid and immersed the other end in a beaker filled with the same liquid. He then asked Galileo to put the bulb in his mouth and wait.

The fluid began to move from the tube into the beaker and then stopped. "Animal heat!" cried Sanctorius. He had invented the first clinical thermometer! While Galileo's original thermometer gave gross indications of temperature, it had no scale of measurement and was influenced by atmospheric pressure. Sanctorius' innovation was ingenious, but still proved to be a cumbersome apparatus!

Sanctorius' discovery remained forgotten for nearly a hundred years. In 1665, Christian Huygens suggested a fixed temperature scale, where the freezing point of water was zero degrees and



the temperature of boiling water was 100 degrees. This marked the origin of the centigrade system. In 1714, Gabriel David Fahrenheit, a German physicist, developed a mercury thermometer and temperature scale, which had three standards: one for a mixture of ice, water and salt (zero degrees), one for the freezing point of water (32 degrees) and one for the external body temperature (96 degrees).

Fahrenheit found mercury more useful than water in his apparatus, since its expansion and contraction were more rapid. This invention lasted more than three centuries. It was used by famous physicians like Herman Boerhaave in Holland and Anton de Haen in Vienna. De Haen noted a relationship of pulse to temperature and emphasized the utility of temperature readings to monitor the course of ill-

ness. In 1742, Anders Celsius reintroduced the centigrade scale in clinical practice.

By mid-19th century, the thermometer came to be more widely used. In 1868, Carl Wunderlich, Professor of Medicine at Leipzig, published his work on 25,000 patients. It was called "The Temperature in Disease". Wunderlich's thermometer was rather long (about a foot) and it took 20 minutes to record the temperature! There was much resistance from doctors to use these early thermometers which were awfully long and had to be kept in contact with patients for up to 25 minutes at a time! Thomas Clifford Allbutt, introduced a six inch thermometer, which was faster in reading the temperature! Now, the thermometer was ready and remains, forever, an aid in medical diagnosis.



CHRISTMAS JOY

JOHN Creek was very excited because his favourite time in the year was only a week away. Christmas brought many presents and goodies to eat.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, "please give me a sheet of your best writing paper."

"What for?" asked Mrs. Creek.

"To write Santa a letter," explained John.

"What're you going to ask for this year?" asked Mrs. Creek, curious.

"I want a whole bunch of toys!" replied John, happily.

"You already have enough," said Mrs. Creek. "Only last week Dodie Aunty brought

you that shiny, red fire engine and that terrific marble set."

"I know, mother," said John. "But I want more."

"Then, there were all the presents for your birthday," reminded Mrs. Creek.

"That's old news," replied John. "My birthday party was over 30 days back."

"Oh, counting the days for Christmas, are you?" sighed Mrs. Creek, looking at her son who loved receiving presents.

"Yes, I am!" said John. "It's the best time in the year. Now I must write to Santa!"

In his room, John sat down on his desk and thought long and hard about what to write. After a while he had the letter

Usha Bajracharya Verma
Illustrations: Subir Roy

ready which read:

"Dear Santa,

Early Merry Christmas! I'm writing to you so that you receive my letter before you set off from North Pole. I'm sending you my list for Christmas. Please bring me a toy train set, a remote control plane, a football, video games, a new bicycle, a little black puppy, a dumper truck, lots of miniature cars, a walkie-talkie set, a He-man, all the new board games and any other thing that you think I might like. Love, John Creek."

When he showed the letter to Mrs. Creek, she said, "My! that's a long list you have there!"

"Yes, it is," agreed John, "But those are all the things I want!"

"Don't you think that you're asking Santa for a little too much?" asked Mrs. Creek.

"Certainly not!" replied John.

Mrs. Creek knew that it was best for him to realize this on his own.

Finally, it was the night before Christmas. John was so excited he could hardly sleep. "Better sleep, son," said Mrs. Creek.

"At this rate, Christmas will never be here," said John impatiently.

"Yes it will," replied his mother. "Now off to bed!"

That night John had lovely dreams about Santa and his new gifts. At the crack of dawn, he was up and unwrapping his presents. "Mother,

what is this?" he cried, disappointed. "I never asked Santa for these!"

John had received many books, a painting set and pens and pencils from Santa. These were certainly not what he had asked for.

Yawning, Mrs. Creek explained, "Perhaps Santa thought you already had the things that you asked for." Seeing a frown on John's face, she continued, "Cheer up, now! Look at what else Santa has got you!"

In her hands she held a little, black puppy with a bright blue ribbon tied around his neck. The tag read, "Dear John, I thought you'd like to give this cute pup a home instead of receiving all the toys you already have. His name's Spot. Take care of him. Love,

Santa."

"Ah, mother," groaned John, "I did write to Santa about a black pup, but it was only a joke!"

Soon the puppy jumped down from Mrs. Creek's arms and ran over to John who was looking very sad. Spot began to lick his cheeks, tug at his pajamas and was soon barking the place down.

"Down, Spot, down!" cried John, picking up his new pup and patting him unconsciously. "I guess you're the best Christmas present I've ever got! I am sure you'll make a great friend and the most interesting toy!"

"I'm so glad you think Spot's the best gift Santa's ever brought you!" said his mother. And Spot barked—a happy bark.





PANDA CLUB OF INDIA

Newsletter Vol. 2 No. 11

Hi friends,

1998! The clock takes a full circle and we come to the end of the year. If you recall, you made some resolutions at the beginning of the year. Let me guess a few. "I will try to wake up in time to be ready for school; I will cut down on eating too many sweets (although you are exempted during the festive season); I will study hard for my exams this year; I will try to help with some of the household chores; I will be more gentle with my kid brother/sister." Now think back and see how you have fared. It is good to be introspective and know where you have faltered. If you accept your weaknesses and decide to work on them, you will come out a stronger person. The next time you will have no difficulty in conquering them. In fact, you can take on bigger challenges in life.

And while we recap the year's events, we realize that if we want the world to be a better place to live in, each one of us has to fight a lot of hazards—mainly environmental ones.

I applaud those of you who did not burn fire crackers this Diwali. Fire crackers are something we all enjoy. But, it means creating health hazards and exploiting child labour, as the fire cracker factories do. You, my friends, have made a great contribution as good citizens of the country by shunning crackers this year. Carry on the crusade in every way you can—plant more trees, form a brigade to check the cleanliness of your street, help control noise pollution and bring an awareness of what you feel strongly about, through the pages of this beautiful magazine, CW, as well as your school newsletter, through skits and street theatre, or at any platform from which your voice can be heard. Creating an awareness of these issues is half the battle won.

I must especially congratulate all the contributors who have helped make the November Bumper issue of CW a swell one! The wide range of articles, stories and poems penned speaks volumes for your talent—it proves that adults should not take for granted what is ticking in young minds! Keep reading and make every moment of your life a special one.

Merry X'mas to you and joyful tidings to all your near and dear ones. And remember, you could be a Santa to some poor child and bring a smile on his or her face!



Love,



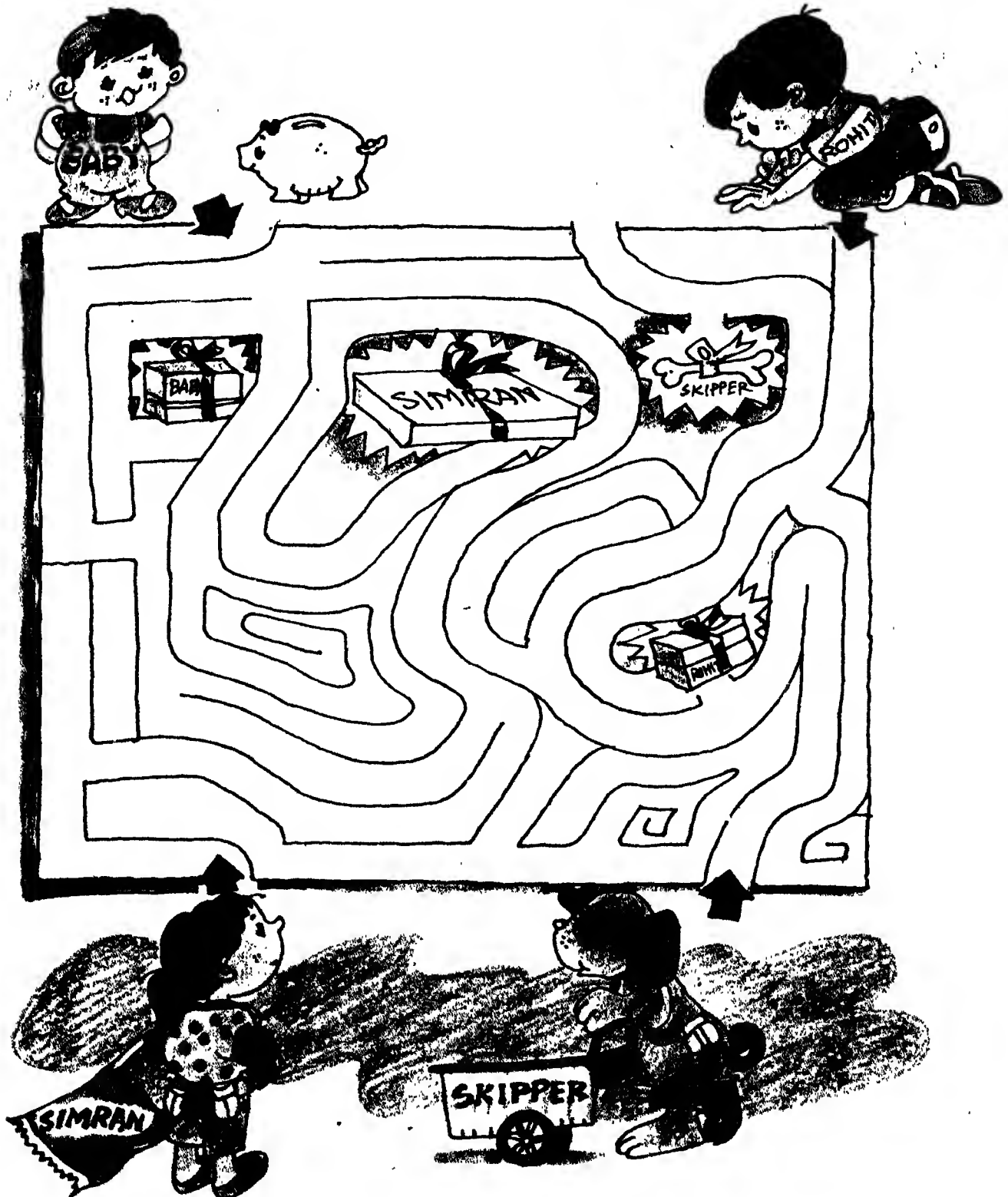
Panda

FSE



SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN!

Santa Claus has brought gifts for Baby, Rohit, Simran and Skipper, their pet dog. But this time he has hidden the gifts. You could help them find the gifts through this maze! Use four different colour pencils to make things easier.

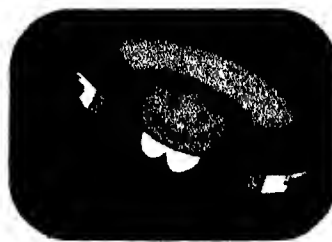




Monday 5:30 P.M. on DD II
FLASH GORDON On a vital mission to save planet Earth from 'Ming the Merciless', Flash Gordon makes a rocket journey to the planet Mongo. Join the adventures of Flash Gordon.



Tuesday 5:30 P.M. on DD II
ADVENTURES OF SONIC THE HEDGEHOG Sonic the hero is up against his enemy Robotnik, the robot expert. Does he succeed?



Thursday 5:00 P.M. on DD II
MADLINE Adventures of an adorable and clever red-headed girl living in a boarding school in Paris with eleven other little girls.



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Thursday 5:30 P.M. on DD II
MUMMIES Four Egyptian warriors are brought back to life to protect and serve the reborn spirit of the young Pharaoh Rapses, through martial arts and their solar-powered chariot.



Saturday 5:30 P.M. on DD II
DEFENDERS OF THE EARTH Led by the Phantom, Flash Gordon and Mandrake the Magician challenge 'Ming' in a series of great adventures. They use powerful computers and space age technology to combat and overpower him.



Saturday 6:00 P.M. on DD II
DENNIS THE MENACE Irrepressible Dennis and his unwilling best friend, the grumpy Mr. Wilson will enthrall you with their hilarious antics and send you into splits.

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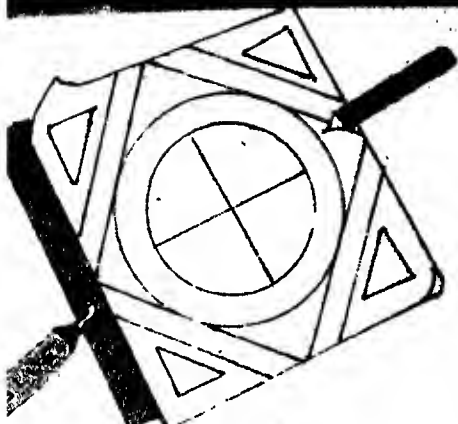
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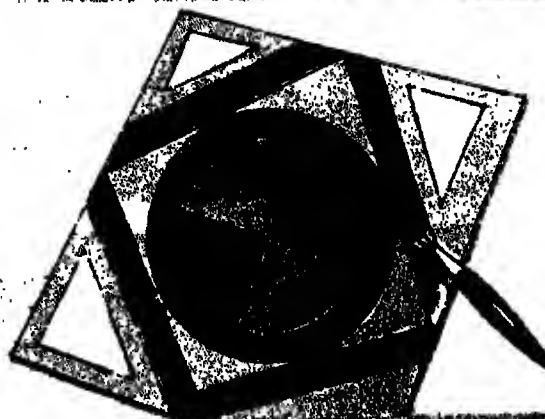
PEANUT, WALL NUT!

Warm, brown, roasted peanuts remind one of winter like nothing else. This season eat the nuts but put the shells to use too as decorations around the house. We tell you just how.

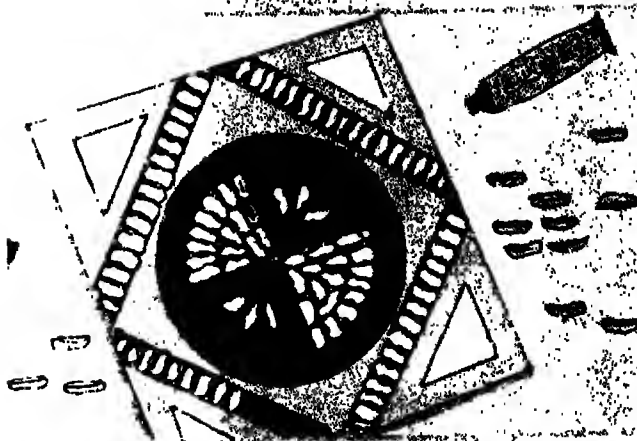


1. Draw the pattern on a chart paper and paste it on the cardboard.

2. Paint different areas with colours of your choice.

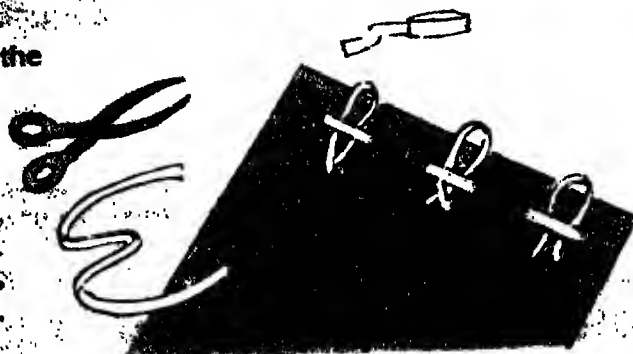


3. Stick the peanuts on the design with a glue.



4. Make loops with string and paste it at the back of the cardboard with adhesive tape.

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Calendar





Also seen in the skies of Singapore, Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur, Colombo, Male, Dhaka, Muscat, Kuwait, Sharjah, Fujairah and Ras-al-Khaimah.

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 WELCOME ABROAD

THE EVENING light was mellow over the sand dunes. It caught the waves of the sand and made lovely patterns. The desert made its own hills and valleys each new day when sands were lifted and thrown, and a new landscape created.

For miles around there was desolation, emptiness and silence. The silence of the desert is deep. In the evening it gets deeper and at night it is the deepest. No whisper of sound, no screech of an owl nor flutter of a lost bird's wing. This the silence of the wasteland.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the whisper of the wind which, in seconds, raged into a storm and howled its presence. For miles around, the cry of the wind was heard, but no ear listened. It died just as suddenly and the giant desert slept in silence again.

Out of nowhere at all came the dervishes of the desert in swirls of long, white robes, chanting their songs, moaning with the wind. They met and talked. Three of them listened to a new tale of the humans as told by the fourth. Then they vanished into the dark before morning light covered the desert in a rosy hue.

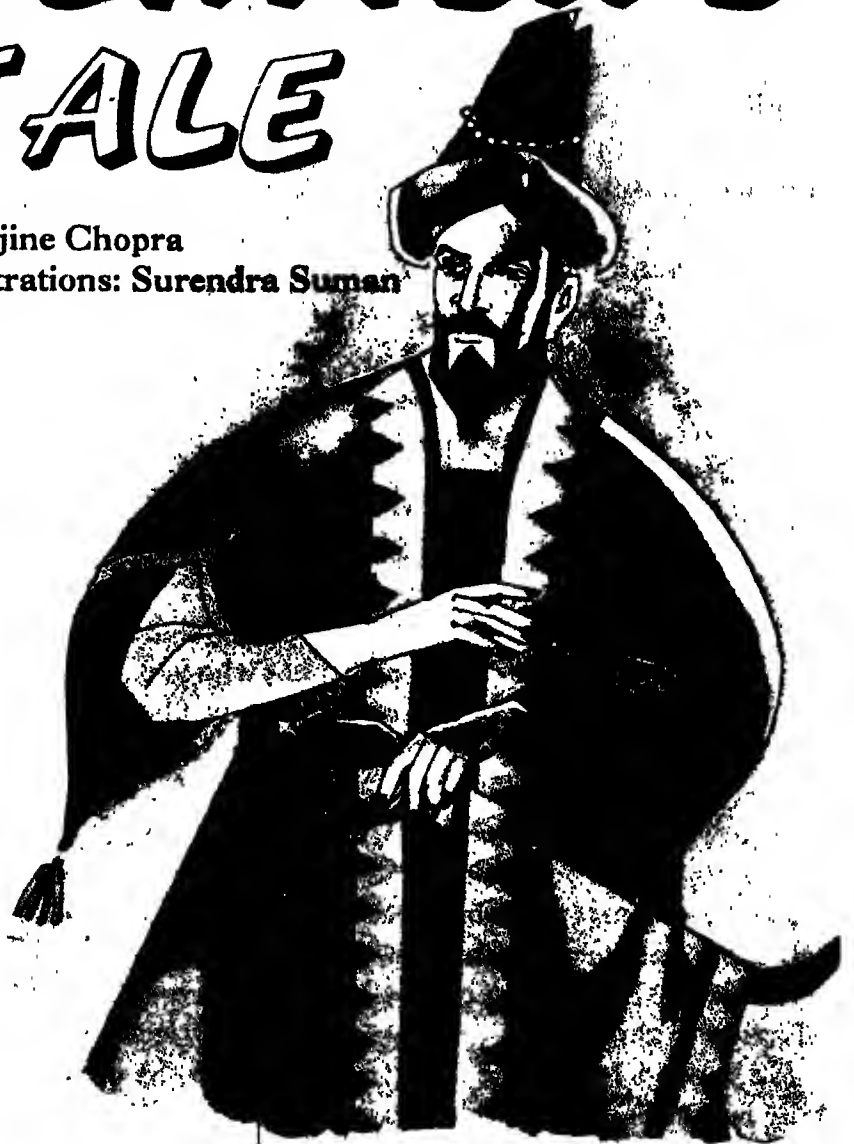
This is the tale that was told.

There once lived a king so great and famous that the whole world respected him.

THE DERVISH'S TALE

Sarojine Chopra

Illustrations: Surendra Suman



They called him *Shah-in-Shah*, the Ruler of Arabia, and many other titles. But King Najib wanted to be called Conqueror of the World also.

He got together a large army and sent for all his *mansabdars* to bring their armies too. To-

gether they would set out and conquer the world. They would bring fame to his land and rich jewels for his crown.

Many lords came, and soon a huge army dressed in bright colours of red, blue and gold,

flashing their weapons, gathered there. They awaited the command of the king. But no order came. The army waited and chafed and waited.

King Najib was awaiting the bravest nobleman of his court, Hatim Tai, the great soldier, a brave commander and an excellent friend.

At last Hatim Tai made an appearance. But, alas, he came without his army and was dressed in the long robes of the court. The king was surprised and addressed him thus:

*"Oh friend,
At last you've come,
Too long await
I thee.
Hurry now
The mistake to mend,
Into battle straight
Past the gate
To conquer lands
With me."*

Hatim was not inclined to fight the war. There was no reason to conquer more lands, kill many people and gain untold wealth. There was no satisfaction in this.

He bowed low before the king and addressed him:

*"My lord, my liege,
I see this greed
Overtake your heart.
I beg you now
Make not a start
Let peace abound
God's blessings will be found."*

The king was angered and taken aback at these words.



He thought that Hatim was a traitor who had probably been bribed by his enemies. The king shouted:

*"You mean and lowly traitor!
For a petty sum
You make of my friendship fun.
At once I now you banish,
Get thee gone!
My love forever will vanish."*

The courtiers were stunned. But not a word was spoken in favour of Hatim Tai. The great and gentle warrior left the palace sadly. He was sorry because he could not show the king his wrongdoing. He was grieved that he had also lost a friend. He climbed a lonely mountain. He hid himself in a cave surrounded by tall trees and clear springs. Chill winds

blew in this wild place.

Hatim Tai was calm and did not worry about his simple life. The king, however, did not get over his anger. In fact, he wanted to throw Hatim Tai into prison. He set a reward of 500 gold sovereigns for Hatim Tai's capture.

Many princes tried but Hatim Tai was always saved by the people. Free, he lived in his dark cave.

Up on the lonely mountain near Hatim Tai's cave lived an old woodcutter and his wife. Life was very hard for them as they were quite alone. But there was no other way to live. They would go into the forest, cut as much wood as they could, sell it and keep them-

selves alive.

One cold and cloudy day,
the old woman felt more tired
than usual. She stopped work-
ing and said:

*"My back is breaking,
My bones are aching,
Hands are weary.
In God's world
All this toil
Seems just our fate.
Why cannot we
Just have a break?
Just one,
In case more
Are two too many."*

Her husband listened, yet
kept up his work. He stopped
just to say:

*"You talk too much,
And waste your breath,
You make my head
So dizzy.
Pick now the axe
The wood to hack
Pile all the shavings
Into stacks."*

The old man continued to
cut wood; and his wife who
was more tired than ever be-
fore grumbled and grumbled.

She sat on a stone and
wailed:

*"If only Hatim lad
Would before us stand,
I'd appeal to his kind heart
To give us a start
To comfort and to life again,
Be kind to folk so plain."*

The husband grew impa-
tient and shouted:

*"How so, how so?
What can the truthful Hatim do
To make you rich*

*In just a flash?
Take up your axe
And bend your back,
True labour knows
No other tack."*

Saying this the old man
went to work again. The tree
they chopped was of such
strong wood that they both
found it very hard to make a
dent. They needed to stop
from time to time to take the
pain out of their joints.

The old woman continued:
*"I'd ask him to surrender,
Quietly lead him by the hand
To the king, our Sovereign Royal,
Others wicked plans to foil.
No malice would be borne
Hearing our simple story
unadorned
Helping these old folks*

*Our Hatim bold
Would be redeemed
Then set free."*

On hearing these words
Hatim Tai's heart was touched
with pity for the old woman
and her husband who placed
hard work above any comfort.
He stepped out of the shad-
ows of the cave and stood be-
fore the old couple saying
these words:

*"I am the man you seek.
Lead you on
From others a march to steal.
Take me to the Majesty
The king in Court
Surrender I to him
Claim you the reward."*

The couple was stunned.
The old woman smiled a
broad smile. Before she could



Speak her husband bent low
and said:

*"Sire, no and no again,
Such lowly thing will give no gain
We truly are quite happy
With simple hut and bread*

so scrappy

*'Tis God's will to see us thus
In truth we'll live and so depart
Go back from whence you came
No further word shall announce
your fame."*

Hatim Tai persuaded the old couple that they should seek the 500 gold sovereigns because they were honest and had proved themselves so. He marched boldly into the palace, but before he could begin to talk, many strange things began to happen. Other people came forward and took credit for the capture. They made many tall claims.

The wily Latif, known for his great ability to cheat even a small child, waddled into the palace. He wore a striking jewelled necklace. His golden belt hung loosely below his large stomach. He looked quite comical trying to stand in full glory before the king. He said:

*"It was so easy
To catch this quarry,
Coward as he is,
Pretending bravery.
Flashing sword
In sunlight broad,
No match for me
Was he.
When I did shout
Put he to rout*

*Caught his stumble
In the pramble.*

*I give him now
To Your Majesty.
Golden sovereigns
I'll take*

*And then be
On my way."*

The bold Zeraba, traveller from a far-off land and never known for his truthful ways, now stood before the king. His leather belt was already full of money but his eyes shone with greed:

*"This man I found
Upon the ground
Grappled in unending flow
I stemmed his blow;
Stronger, bolder, braver
I proved to be.
Now give the reward
Of labour done.
Then, friends, I leave
My way I'll wend
To far-off land
Just quickly now
Your kingly grace."*

Many, many more men came forward.

The old man could stand

these liars no more. He cried before the king and told the true tale of Hatim's brave decision. He begged the king to see the tricksters in their true colours. The prize was not deserved by anyone present.

The king looked fiercely at all the men who claimed the prize. He commanded:

*"Take off these deceivers,
Liars, swindlers, tricksters!
Hammer, beat and thwack
On their tindias and their backs—
Let them remember well
That false words will not gel.
Out of my sight, you lot,
Never my kingdom ever to plot!"*

The liars were dragged out of the court. In the meantime, the old man told Hatim Tai not to quarrel with His Sovereign. Peace was restored in the land, and Hatim Tai was given new respect.

The old man and his wife were protected by the great Hatim Tai and lived the rest of their days in comfort.



Make her future secure.

With deposits that offer high security and good returns.



If you think that you have a lifetime ahead of you to plan for her future, think again. Because sooner than you think, you'll be printing the invitations and shopping for the Kancheepurams. And hoping against hope that you had saved something substantial.

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Rungeen Singh

Illustrations: Beejee

TONY SHOUTED, "No one loves me or cares for me in this house. I am just asking for one hundred rupees. That is not much, but you are not ready to give it to me."

His mother, Seema, said, "Why do you want to spend one hundred rupees on your birthday?"

"You are cribbing about one hundred rupees! Do you know, mother, all my friends spend more than two hundred rupees," said Tony.

Seema said, "Your friends must be children of rich businessmen but your father works for a salary and we do not have any money to waste."

Tony said, "What will my friends think? They will laugh at me and make fun of me and call me a miser."

"Then they are not your true friends. Fifty rupees are

enough for a fifteen-year-old boy," said Seema.

Tony shouted angrily, "I don't want your money. Keep it."

Seema put fifty rupees in

his pocket saying, "Don't shout at me like this. Today is your birthday so I will forgive you for this rudeness. Go and enjoy yourself."

Tony banged the door and



walked out. He had decided not to go to his friends. Fifty rupees would not be enough for the soft drinks, patties and ice cream that he had planned to treat them with.

Tony kept walking aimlessly for about an hour. Suddenly he realized that he was hungry as it was past his snacktime in the afternoon. He first thought of not eating anything, just to show his parents what a martyr he was. But the pangs of hunger got the better of him.

It was 5 p.m. and he had had nothing to eat since lunch at 12:30, for which his mother had prepared his favourite dish of *shahi paneer*. He walked towards the first restaurant he saw.

He was about to enter the restaurant when he heard someone coughing hard. He looked around and saw a boy sitting on the pavement. The boy was shivering in the cold and looked sick and lonely.

Looking at the boy's torn clothes, Tony was conscious of his sweater and the smart leather jacket that his family had presented to him for his birthday; the boy had no woollens at all to protect him from the cold. His attention on the boy, Tony tripped and fell, and the boy helped him pick himself up.

The boy asked in a kind voice, "I hope you aren't hurt."



Tony said, "No. I am all right. My name is Tony. Who are you?"

"My name is Shubh. Why do you look so unhappy?"

"Nobody cares for me in my house. They don't understand me at all and are not ready to give me anything."

"You poor thing. You mean to say they keep you hungry?"

"No, no, Shubh. They give me plenty to eat."

"And they give you clothes, Tony. You are wearing such smart clothes. Oh, they must be beating you and making you work."

"No, Shubh. It is not that."

"Are they not your real parents? Are they unkind relatives?"

"No. No. You wouldn't understand, Shubh. Forget about me. Tell me about yourself. Where do you stay?"

Shubh said, "I am an orphan. I have no house to stay in."

"Then where did you live?"

"I was in an orphanage in Calcutta and it was awful there. They used to beat me and make me do all the sweeping and mopping. But then I had to leave Calcutta."

"Why?"

"Two days back they turned me out from the orphanage. They were making a sick boy work, and I told them not to, so they turned me out."

"But why did you leave Calcutta?"

"The people at the orphan-



age were afraid that I would complain about them, so they did not let me take up a job anywhere. They told the people who employed me that I was dishonest and a liar. So I left Calcutta by the first train which was on the platform when I reached the railway station. All through the jour-

ney I was afraid that the ticket collector would catch me and punish me for travelling without a ticket."

Tony said, "Why didn't you buy a ticket?"

"How could I buy a ticket, Tony? I had no money."

"Then how did you eat?"

"I haven't eaten for two

days."

Tony was stunned. He said, "I am sorry."

Shubh said, "What are you sorry about? Many times the people in the orphanage gave us nothing to eat for days. I am used to being hungry but actually, it is very difficult. I feel like grabbing something to eat but I know it is bad to steal, so I never take anything without working for it."

Tony said, "Today you have to take something from me without working for it. Don't say no because it is my birthday today and I want to give you a treat. It will make me happy."

Tony forced Shubh to enter the restaurant and ordered *dosas* for both of them. As they sat there, Shubh looked around him with eager eyes.

He said, "Thank you, Tony. It is because of you that I have seen a restaurant. This was something I wanted to do for a very long time but couldn't do because I never had any money."

Tony felt ashamed of himself. Here this poor boy was thanking him for being brought to a restaurant. Shubh was smiling even though he was wearing torn clothes, was alone in the world and had no means to support himself. Shubh had nothing and no one, yet he was thankful for the small things he got from life. Tony had every-

thing, yet was unhappy and dissatisfied.

Tony realized how selfish he had been in life till then. His parents had sent him to the best school and had given him many opportunities like learning music and sports. Yet he had always grumbled that they did not care for him. Tony remembered shouting at his mother for such a small thing as fifty more rupees to spend, and he felt sorry. He made up his mind to be caring towards everyone.

The waiter brought the *dosas* and Shubh said, "Happy birthday to you, Tony. I wish I had the money to order a cake for you and give you a gift."

Tony was touched. He called for two pastries and Shubh made him cut the pastry as he would have cut a cake. The two started laughing and talking and Tony realized that he was really enjoying himself much more than he would have with his own friends.

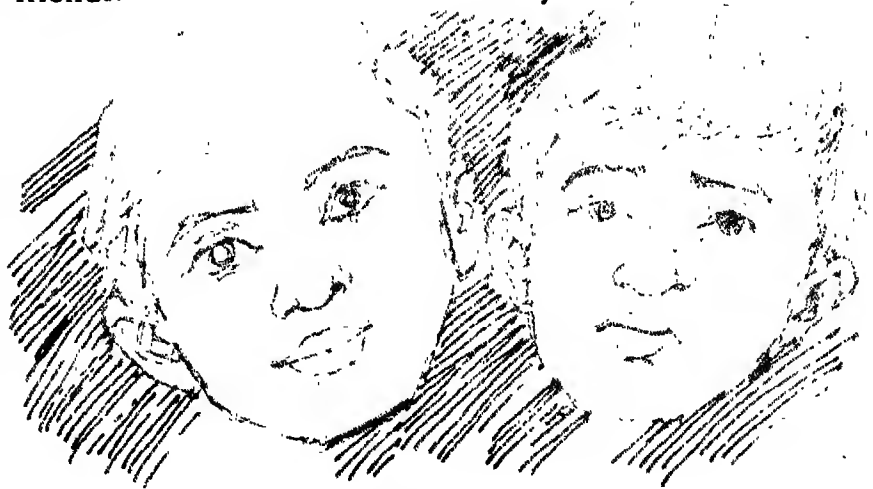
When Tony saw the hungry Shubh eat, he felt happy. He decided to ask his father to help Shubh in some way so that he would never be hungry again. He also decided that from that day he would never take all that he had for granted and would value all that life had given him.

When they had finished eating, Tony took Shubh home and requested his mother to help Shubh. His mother said Shubh could live in their house and asked him if he would help in the housework. Shubh agreed happily.

Tony said, "Mother, I have never valued a birthday so much. Thank you for everything. You and Father are very nice. I love you."

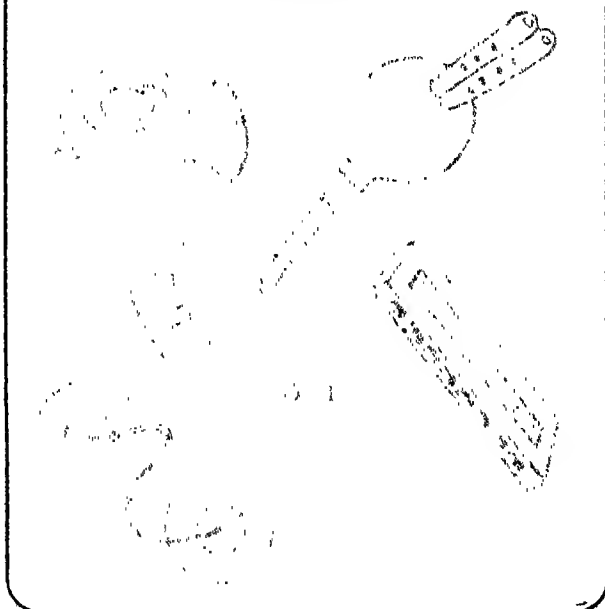
His mother was surprised because Tony had never spoken so lovingly before. She glowed with happiness when her son, whom she loved so much, showed that he cared for them.

She said, "We love you too, Tony."

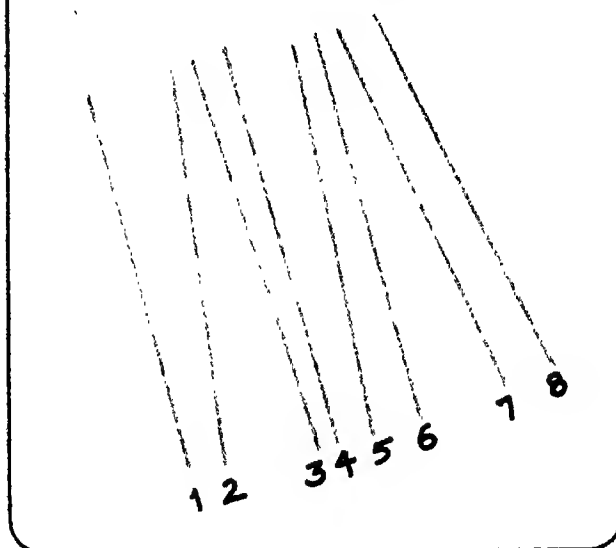


FUNTIME

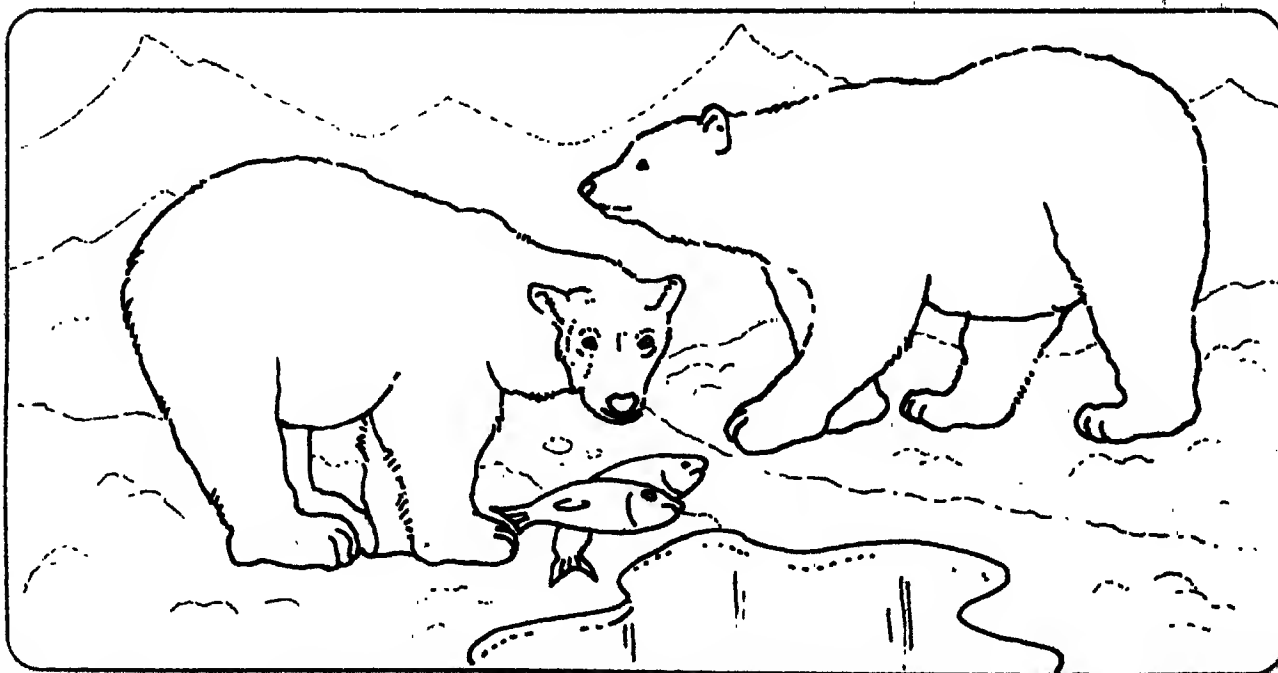
Find the odd one out.



Two of these lines are parallel.
Pick them out.



COLOUR THE PICTURE



CAN YOU FILL IN THE O'S?
 Each group of letters below is a complete word except that the O's are missing. Just fill them in and complete the words.

PRTCL

BLD

FRLNG

AUTMHLE

FLR

MPUND

BOX FILE

APP TO

MNSN

YPRN

S N

I

W

E N

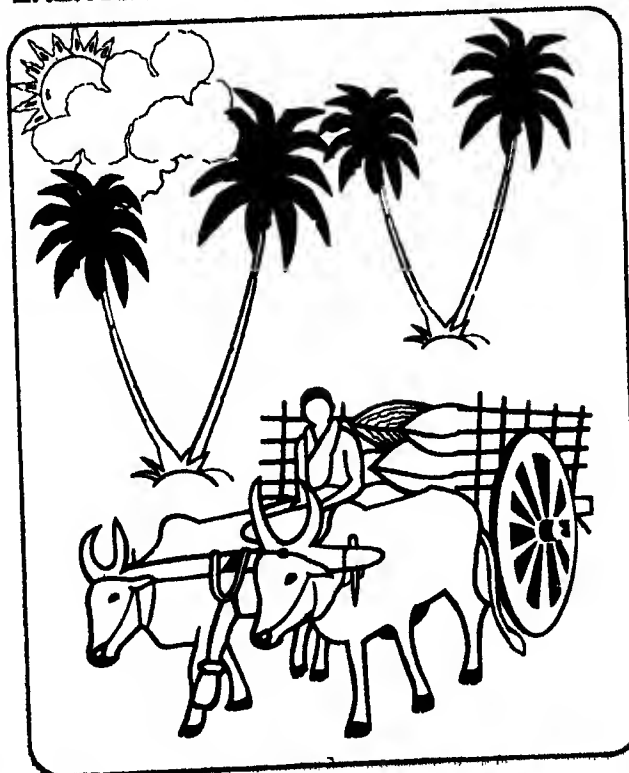
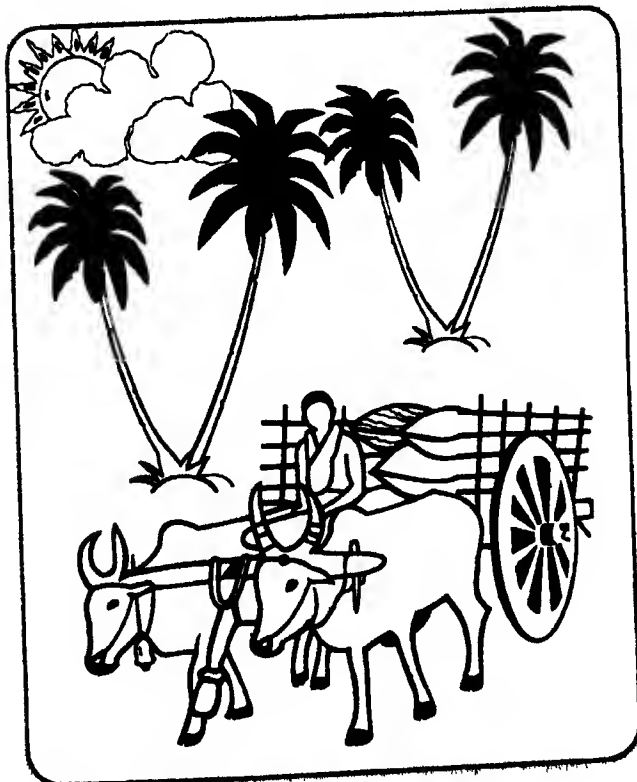
PSI

ARA

Can you recognize your favourite comic characters?



SPOT SIX DIFFERENCES



Taking Exams by the Horns

Navin Menon

It is the beginning of school term. Lessons are prepared. Schedules drawn up. Healthy discussions ensue. Some time later, the activity is heightened. Exams are approaching. The teacher and the taught are both on tenterhooks. The buzz-word is exams.

Before we know it, the air is agog with excitement...

Children furiously write exams. Teachers copiously check exam papers. And parents wait for exams to be over!

They say there is a lull *before* a storm. It is the opposite in this case. The lull comes after the storm as students, teachers and parents wait for the results!

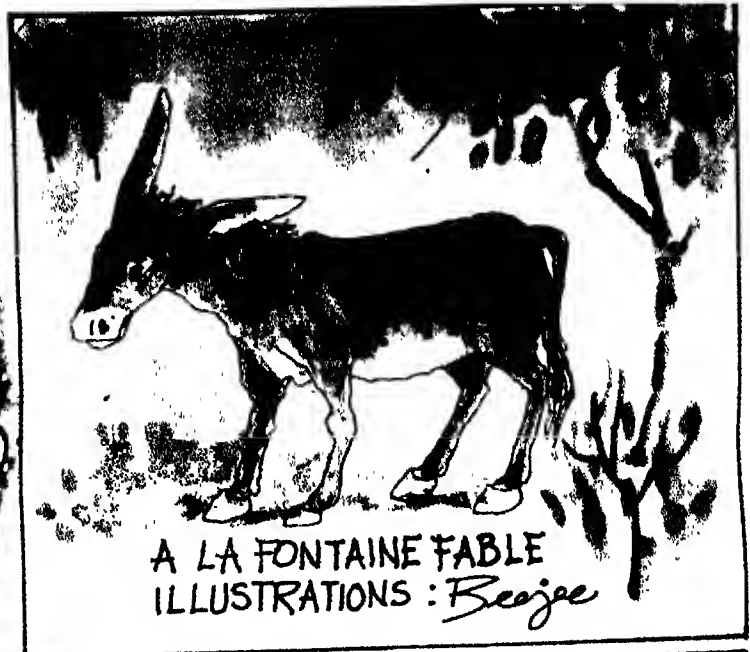
Success or failure. Both depend on whether there is a method in the madness or not. Tackling problems head on is one sure way to success. You need to get out of the dark recesses of the mind, clear the cobwebs and take corrective measures to remedy all the holes and gaps in your understanding.

For this you should:

- Identify your problem areas and tackle them—not all at once but one by one.
- Be consistent in your approach. Be regular.
- Be attentive in class.
- Practise writing out your answers.
- Be honest.
- Set a schedule. Stick to it.
- Hasten slowly.
- Don't give up. Accepting a challenge is half way to success.

Rome was not built in a day. Therefore to eventually reap success, the trick to tackle exams is to start today. Forget about the time already lost. Forget you have a whole term ahead of you. Empty your minds of all uninspiring thoughts. Take a positive approach. Always. There is no better time than NOW. A little effort every day will add up to a lot of ease in the end! Take the bull by the horns. And all the best for your exams!

WHO IS THE DONKEY?



A MILLER DECIDED
TO GO TO THE MARKET
TO SELL HIS DONKEY.

IT'S BEST WE CARRY HIM BETWEEN US TO THE
MARKET, OR HE'LL BE TIRED.



THEY SET OUT.



HO...HO...HO...WHAT A FOOLISH
THING TO DO. I'VE NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE THIS.







OH, POOR LITTLE BOY! LOOK AT YOU, WALKING WHILE YOUR FATHER RIDES THE DONKEY...

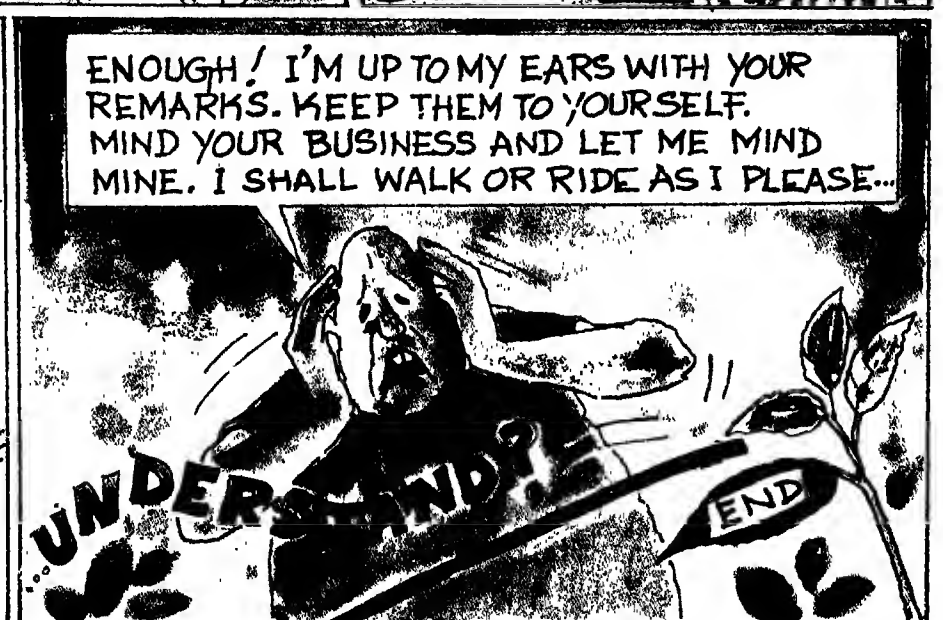
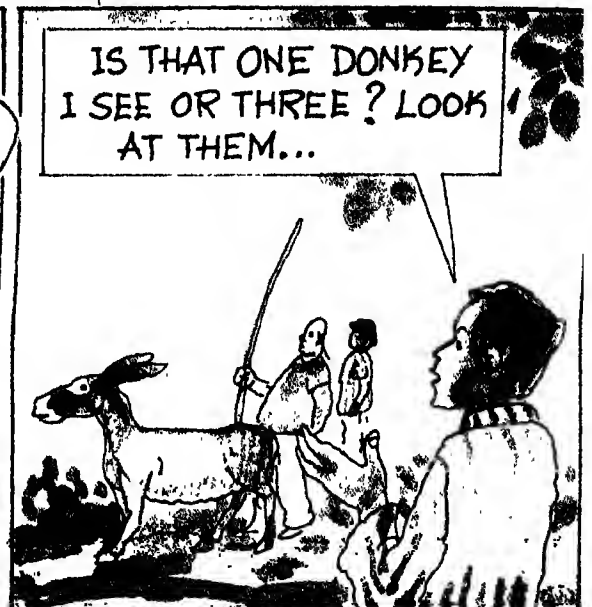
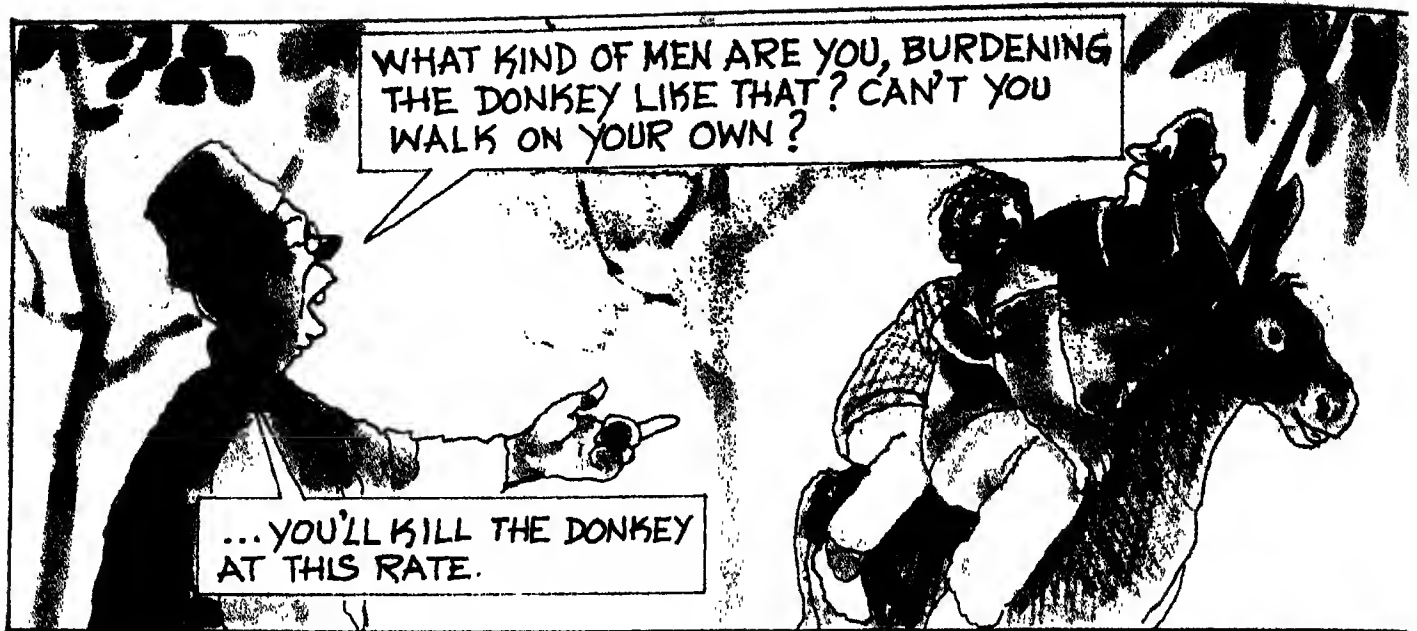


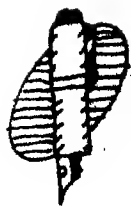
...DON'T YOU FEEL SORRY FOR YOUR SON, SIR?



SHE'S ALSO RIGHT. MY SON AND I SHALL RIDE ON THE DONKEY'S BACK.







PEN-FRIENDS CORNER

GIRLS

8670
Neeti Rajput (10)
312-A, Una Apartments
Plot No. 3, I.P. Extension
Delhi 110092, India
Reading, badminton
Switzerland, Germany

8671
Reshu Tomar (14)
House No. 343, Sector 14
Sonapat, Haryana, India
Painting, making friends
Switzerland, other than India

8672
Upasana Sil (10)
117-D, Kamla Nagar
Delhi 110007, India
Reading, pen-friendship
Any country

8673
Kantrod Amecta (15)
Tarakpur, 281/282
Punjabi Colony, Ahmednagar
Maharashtra 414001, India
Music, badminton
Bhutan, Tanzania

8674
Abhidha Sukumar (13)
MF-1/Block-4, Chavali Enclave
Kasturiba Nagar
19 Tiruvengadam St., Adyar
Chennai 600020, India
Music, tennis
U.K., U.S.A.

8675
Neha Gupta (12)
T-85, 5th Main Road
Annanagar, Chennai 600040
India
Reading, collecting stamps and
coins
U.S.A., any country

8676
Vanita Shettar (14)
Sindhu House
Kittur Rani Chennamma
Residential School for Girls
Kittur, Dist. Belgaum
Karnataka, India
Poem-writing, exploring
Any country

8677
Aru Jain (6)
D-74, Marg-10, Saket

New Delhi 110017, India
Stitching, stamp collection
Any country

8678
Kritika Gupta (9)
401 Bhera Enclave
Paschim Vihar
New Delhi 110087, India
Swimming, reading books
Other than India

8679
Sakshi Jain (10)
C-287, Vivek Vihar, Phase-I
Shahdara, Delhi 110095, India
Stamp collection, craft work
Switzerland, any country

8680
Namitha M. (11)
2435, 16th B Main
H.A.L. 2nd stage
Bangalore 560038
Karnataka, India
Collecting stamps and coins
Bhutan, Botswana

8681
Annu Anna Kuriakose (14)
Kuzhikandathil, West Othara
P.O. Thiruvalla, Kerala 689551
Music, stamp collection
U.S.A., Mauritius

8682
Shailja Sharma (13)
Dhariwal House, Ram Nagar
Shimla 171004, H.P., India
Reading story books, music
Any country

8683
Kinnari Sanghvi (12)
H-18 Masjid Moth
Greater Kailash-II
New Delhi 110048, India
Stamp collection, swimming
U.S.A., any country

8684
Manasi Thakur (14)
A/1, Suraj Apartments
Kastur Park, Borivali (W)
Mumbai 400092, India
Reading, dancing
Any country

8685
Sangeeta Mundle (13)
d/o Dr. (Mrs.) M. Paul

Kathara Hospital, P.O. Kathara
Dist. Bokaro 829116, Bihar
Drawing, embroidery
Other than India

8686
D.H. Regidha (13)
164, Ganesh Nagar, Selaiyur
Chennai 600073, India
Singing, computer games
U.K., any country

8687
Pooja Bhat (13)
85, Rail Vihar, Sector-30
NOIDA 201303, U.P., India
Swimming, stamp collection
Any country

8688
Archita Mallick (12)
De Nobili School
P.O. Chandrapura
Dist. Bokaro 825303
Bihar, India
Stamp collection, reading
Switzerland, U.S.A.

8689
Neha Bansal (12)
Pocket G-20, House No. 8
Sector-7, Rohini
Delhi 110085, India
Dancing, singing
Other than India

8690
R. Ramya Bharathi (12)
D-II, 4/3 HVF Estate
Avadi Camp H.P.O.
Chennai 600054, India
Drawing, collecting stamps
and coins
Japan, South Africa

8691
Nisha (15)
351 'B', J&K Pocket
Dilshad Garden, Delhi 110095
Playing tabla, music
Any country

8692
Femi K. Sam (11)
TC 7/1570, SDA Lane
Tirumala, Thiruvananthapuram
Kerala 695006, India
Reading, painting
Australia, Singapore

8693
Karishma Gandhi (14)
c/o Summer Bhullar
H.No. 73, Sector 2-B
Chandigarh 160016, India
Reading books, music
Any country

8694
Arabhi Ramanathan (13)
1D-101 ISRO Housing Colony
Domlur, Bangalore 560071
India
Music, reading books
Japan, West Indies

8695
Dema Yangzom (14)
Class VI, Bikhari Primary School
P.O. Tashigang, East Bhutan
Music, stamp collection
Japan, New Zealand

8696
Reenu Raizada (14)
F-204-B, Galino-6
Mangal Bazar, Laxmi Nagar
Delhi 110092, India
Music, enjoying life
Any country

PEN-FRIENDS MEMBERSHIP FORM

(FILL IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Name

Age Sex

Address

.....

.....

BOYS

8697
T. Venu Gopal (16)
C-2C/2/6, Janakpuri
New Delhi 110058, India
Philately, reading
Any country

8698
Ankit Rustagi (11)
54 Darya Ganj
New Delhi 110002, India
Cricket, football
U.S.A., France

8699
Akshat Brar (11)
F-194, Dilshad Colony
Delhi 100095, India
Judo, art
Any country

8700
William Nick Lee (16)
St. Joseph's School
North Point, Darjeeling
West Bengal 734104, India
Music, making friends
Any country

8701
Cheran Agrawal (15)
G.R. Graphite Industries
Balibandha, Sambalpur 768001
Orissa, India
Painting, cricket
Any country

8702
Kunal Haridasani (9)
115, 1-B Road, Sardarpura
Jodhpur 342003, Rajasthan
India
Cricket, reading
France, Japan

8703
Sahil Makker (13)
H.No. 84, Sector 13, Karnal
Haryana 132001, India
Painting, cricket
U.K., U.S.A.

8704
C. Srijit Chandhran (10)
95, Venkara Subramanya
Nagar Annex
1st Street, Valasaravakkam
Chennai 600087
Tamil Nadu, India
Cricket, reading
India, Japan

8705
Yeshey Nidup (14)
Class VII-A
Wangdicholing Jr. High School
Bumthang, Bhutan
Travelling, Western music
Switzerland, U.S.A.

8706
Aditya Jha (13)
c/o Wg. Cdr. R. Jha
RV-1, Officer's Enclave
AF Station Palam
New Delhi 110010, India
Reading books, cricket
Australia, The Netherlands

8707
Biju Pradhan (12)
Class V-B
Samtse Junior High School
P.O. Samtse, Bhutan
Football, reading books
Japan, any country

8708
B.J. Aravind (15)
Class X
Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya
Hondarabalu Chamarajanagar
Karnataka 571117, India
Reading, games
U.S.A., South Africa

8709
Himanshu Kotnala (10)
c/o Himanshu Book Depot
Najibabad Road, Kotdwara
U.P., India
Gardening, studying
Any country

8710
Akash Phul (10)
Najibabad Road
Near Deepak Nursing Home
Kotdwara, U.P., India
Reading, playing
Any other country

8711
Ashutosh Garg (11)
B-183, Sector-19, NOIDA
U.P., India
Collecting stamp, reading
Any country

8712
Pradyumna Javalekar (12)
207, Vijaya Apartments
H.No. 2-2-1144/27/1
New Nallakunta
Hyderabad 500044, India
Cricket, car racing
India, Germany

8713
Chandrashekhara Bhattacharjee
(16)
Govt. Hr. Sec. School
Pasighat, Dltt. East Siang
P.O. Pasighat 791102
Arunachal Pradesh, India
Photography, chess
India, Maldives

8714
Prashant Kumar (10)
K-8 Civil Zone, Subroto Park
New Delhi 110010, India
Gardening, reading
U.K., Australia

8715
Charit Gaur (12)
11-B/25 Type Qtrs.
Pusa Institute, I.A.R.I.
New Delhi 110012, India
Playing guitar, cricket
Australia, Japan

8716
Prakash Kumar Lal (16)
Class XII (Hostel)
Siddhartha Residential School
Bandar Road, Edupugallu
Vijayawada 521144
Krishna Dist., A.P., India
Collecting autographs,
photography
Any country

8717
Satnam Sandhu (11)
205 Rouse Avenue
Deen Dayal Upadhyaya Marg
New Delhi 110002, India
Cricket, making friends
Any country

8718
D. Avinash (10)
B-58, Tarang Apartments
Patparganj, I.P. Extension
Delhi 110092, India
Reading books, cricket
Australia, U.S.A.

8719
Inam Hussain Mullick (13)
6, Talbagan Lane, Park Circus
Calcutta 700017, W.B., India
Outdoor games, video games
Any country

8720
Akshat Paul (11)
160, Sector 4, Urban Estate
Gurgaon, Haryana, India
Music, making friends
India, Britain

8721
Jaideep Dutta-Roy (10)
39, Mahanirvan Road
Calcutta 700029
West Bengal, India
Coin collection, pet keeping
Any country

8722
Mridul Kumar Gogoi (16)
Coffee Board, Govt. of India
Deomali 786629
Arunachal Pradesh, India
Music, playing guitar
India, Japan

8723
Rahul Lal (16)
c/o Rajat Lal
Sir Shadi Lal Enterprises Ltd.
Shamli 247776, U.P., India
Penpals, swimming
Any country

8724
Manohar Kalani (11)
D-38, Rajouri Garden
New Delhi 110027, India
Gardening, stamp collection
India, U.S.A.

8725
Amit Gupta (16)
c/o Hari Krishan Gupta
Main Bazar, Gharaunda
Karnal 132114, Haryana, India
Reading, making friends
U.S.A., India

8726
Bharath Ganesh (14)
7B/3, Kalsimagal Buildings
54th Street, 11th Avenue
Ashok Nagar, Chennai 600083
Collecting stamps and coins
India, U.S.A.

Hobbies
(ANY TWO)

.....
.....

Countries from which pen-friends wanted
(ANY TWO)

.....
.....

Writers of Famous Adventure Stories

Swapna Dutta

Portraits: Beejee

Daniel Defoe

All of you must have dreamt of living on a beautiful island all by yourself the way Robinson Crusoe did. The adventures of Robinson Crusoe have delighted children for nearly three centuries! Daniel Defoe, the man who created Crusoe, had a most interesting life himself.

The son of a London butcher, Daniel wanted to become a priest and went to study at Newington at the age of 14. He learnt Latin, Greek,

French, Italian and Spanish in addition to all the religious study. He was a brilliant scholar and qualified with flying colours. But instead of joining the church he decided to become a hosier and started selling stockings in a London shop!

Keenly interested in politics and social reforms, Daniel had a soul above shopkeeping. He felt strongly about many social issues of the time and felt that they should be corrected. It was the age of pamphlets as there were very few newspapers at the time. Whenever anyone wanted to point something out to the people at large, they published a pamphlet about it and had it sold in the streets. Daniel published several such pamphlets about various things.

One of these criticized some of the policies of the Church of England. As this was taken as libel against the Government, Daniel was punished for it.

The punishment was that

Daniel had to stand in the pillory. A pillory is a wooden frame with holes for the head and hands. A person standing in one would be ridiculed or even beaten up by the public. But what Daniel had written was also the opinion of thousands of other people. They all sympathized with him and turned his punishment into a celebration by decorating the pillory with garlands and flowers!

Two years later he was put into the Newgate prison by his political opponents who were then in power. But he had boundless energy and continued to write even in prison. He is considered to be the first real storyteller in modern English, and *Robinson Crusoe* is one of the earliest English novels.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Remember *Treasure Island* with its sailors and pirates, Long John Silver and young Jim Hawkins at the centre of



it all, and of course, the unforgettable shanty, *Sixteen men on the dead man's chest*? It was the

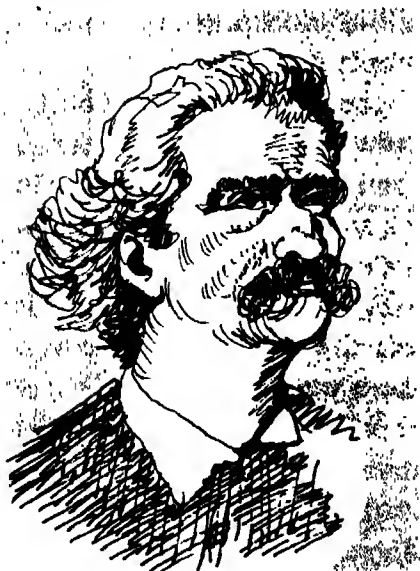


first adventure story specifically meant for young readers. Robert Louis Stevenson who wrote it came from a family of lighthouse builders. Perhaps the building of the 'mighty beacons of the sea' which brought the sailors safely home through the dark night made him so keen on adventures and helped him create some of the finest adventure stories ever written.

It might surprise you to know that Robert was very weak and sickly as a child. His parents were constantly taking him from one health resort to another. But he was brave and wrote of brave deeds and brave people.

Mark Twain

Those of you who have read *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* would remember how Tom cleverly got the fence whitewashed, how he ran off to a desert island with his two friends—Joe Harper and Huckleberry Finn—and lived like pirates, how he saw murder being committed in a graveyard, and how Tom and Becky lost themselves in the caves. All these stories were based on Mark Twain's own childhood experiences at Hannibal, Missouri.



The pen name 'Mark Twain' was inspired by the Mississippi boatmen who used to 'call out' the depth of the river to alert the captain of the boat. 'Mark Twain' means 'by the mark, two fathoms'. He worked as a Mississippi pilot for quite some time. He has described in many of these

stories his life and adventures on this great river. His stories also tell us about life in the West and what travelling was like in those days!



James Fenimore Cooper

Cooper, also known as the 'American Walter Scott', was the author of the famous *Leather Stocking Tales*. These stories of pirates and Red Indians were very popular with children at the time. And yet, despite his years at sea, Cooper had no thought of becoming a writer. He was quite content with his life as a gentleman farmer until he happened to read a certain story. He felt that the story was very badly written and that he could write a far better one if he tried!

So he wrote his first book, *Precaution*, playfully and in fun. But the book was such an instant success that he soon

went on to write *The Spy*. It was a brisk and racy story of the Great Revolution. The book made him famous both in America and in Europe. His thorough knowledge of the sea and the Red Indians enabled him to write stirring romantic adventures such as *The Pilot*, *The Deer Slayer* and the most famous, *The Last of the Mohicans*.

Sir Walter Scott

If you are interested in adventure stories with a histori-

cal background, you must have already read about the adventures of Ivanhoe, Prince Richard the Lionheart, the beautiful Rowena and Rebecca, Robin Hood and Friar Tuck. Sir Walter Scott who created some of these immortal characters firmly believed that 'children should read entertaining history!' He was the very first to make the historical novel an important part of children's literature and was nominated the 'Boys' favourite author' in 1888. *Ivanhoe* was sold out within a



week and was hailed as one of the best adventure stories for boys.

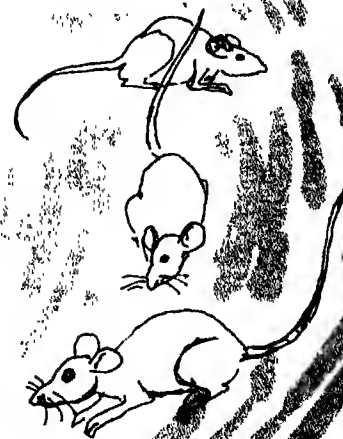


MY PET

Debkanya Chakravarty (8)

Illustration: Beejee

*I have a pet cat
She sleeps on the mat
She likes to eat rats
And shares her food with some other cats
To me she is very dear
And now, when I am writing this poem
She is sitting very near.*



The Month That Was...

By Geeta Menon

October 1: A historic peace accord signed between Kukis and Zaomis of violence-prone Churachandpur district in Imphal.

October 2: Akali Dal, a key constituent of the BJP-led coalition government at the Centre, threatens to withdraw support to it on the issue of the inclusion of Udham Singh Nagar in the proposed Uttaranchal State.

The Prime Minister, A.B. Vajpayee, launches his election campaign in Jodhpur.

October 5: Stock markets slump following fear that unit-holders of Unit Scheme-64 of Unit Trust of India would start withdrawing their deposits.

A.P.J. Abul Kalam, architect of India's missile programme, selected for the 1997 Indira Gandhi Award for National Integration for his outstanding contribution to society.

October 6: Afghanistan's Taliban militia refuse a Saudi demand to extradite Saudi dissident, Osama Bin Laden but propose the creation of an Afghan-Saudi body to discuss the issue.

October 8: Portuguese novelist, Jose Saramago, wins the 1998 Nobel Prize for Literature.

The Prime Minister postpones cabinet expansion till winter session.

Two Generals in the Pakistan army, General Ali Quli and General Khalid Nawaz, resign soon after the resignation of the military chief, General Jehangir Karamat.

October 9: Italian Prime Minister, Romano Prodi's resignation following Government's one-vote defeat in a confidence motion on his 1999 budget, plunges the country into a political turmoil.

The Pakistan House passes Islamisation (Shariat) Bill amidst opposition by the Lower House of Parliament.

October 10: Sushma Swaraj is the new Chief Minister of Delhi.

Facing a financial crunch, NTPC discontinues power supply to West Bengal and Bihar following huge outstanding dues by the States.

October 10: India lose the one-off Test match against Zimbabwe by 61 runs in Harare.

October 12: Robert F. Furchgott, Louis J. Ignarro and Ferid Murad of the United States win the Nobel Prize for Medicine.

India's World No. 3 pair—

Mahesh Bhupathi and Leander Paes—lift the doubles title in the Shanghai Open ATP tournament, defeating Todd Woodbridge and Mark Woodforde 6-4, 6-7 (7-2), 7-6 (7-4).

October 13: Sushma Swaraj drops former Transport Minister, Rajendra Gupta, and inducts MLA from Nangloi Devender Singh Shaukeen in her cabinet.

The Foreign Secretary-level talks between India and Pakistan scheduled to begin on October 15 runs into rough weather with Islamabad accusing New Delhi of 'vitiating' the atmosphere by planning to conduct a 'very large military exercise' near its border and behaving like 'petulant errant'.

October 14: Former Tripura Chief Minister, Dasarath Deb passes away at the age of 82. Dr. Amartya Sen of India wins Nobel Prize for Economics.

October 16: Politicians, John Hume and David Trimble win Nobel Peace Prize for their part in Northern Ireland's historic peace agreement.

Australian Mark Taylor slams triple century, 334, the highest by an Australian, against Pakistan in the second Test.

match in Peshawar.

October 17: India and Pakistan round off the Foreign Secretary-level talks with both sides sticking to their known positions on Kashmir.

October 18: The Centre proposes to give Rs. 200 crore flood aid for Andhra Pradesh.

October 20: Pakistan troops make an unsuccessful bid to capture a crucial post in the northern parts of the Siachen glacier on the night of October 17-18.

Former Chief Minister of Delhi, Sahib Singh Verma, declines a cabinet berth offer by the Prime Minister.

October 21: Bollywood villain, Ajit, whose real name was Hamid Ali Khan, passes away.

The US Congress passes a legislation with 398-117 votes, empowering President Bill Clinton to relax economic sanctions imposed against India and Pakistan in the wake of nuclear tests by the two countries.

October 22: Vociferous protests, slogan shouting and walkouts mark the opening of the State Education Ministers' conference when several Opposition ministers along with BJP take objection to the government's efforts to re-structure the education system according to 'RSS ideology'.

At least 25 people charred to death in Kottayam in Kerala as a private bus turns turtle and catches fire.

October 23: Andhra Pradesh

Chief Minister, Chandrababu Naidu, receives The Economics Times Award for 1998.

October 24: Israeli Prime Minister, Benjamin Netanyahu



Dr. Amartya Sen (64) gets Nobel Prize for his contribution to welfare economics. Master of Trinity College at Cambridge University, Dr. Sen becomes the sixth Indian to get the Nobel Prize and the first Asian to merit it for economics. He is also the first solo winner for economics since 1995. Dr. Sen gets a medal, a cheque for 7.6 million Swedish Kronor (\$938,000) at an official ceremony in Stockholm on December 10—the 102nd death anniversary of the founder of the prizes, Alfred Nobel.

and Palestinian leader, Yasser Arafat sign a breakthrough land-for-peace agreement.

October 25: The crisis in the Karnataka Janata Dal diffuses

with former Prime Minister, H.D. Deve Gowda, no longer insisting on his demand that the Chief Minister, J.H. Patel, test his strength in a legislature party meeting.

October 26: Australia wins the three Test series 1-0 against Pakistan.

October 27: Former Governor of five north-eastern States, L.P. Singh, passes away.

Gerhard Schroeder takes over from Helmut Kohl as Germany's new Chancellor.

October 28: Rashtriya Janata Dal leader, Laloo Prasad Yadav, surrenders before the special CBI court.

Britisher Ian McEwan wins Booker Prize for his novel, *Amsterdam*.

The Union government amends the Central Vigilance Commission (CVC) to include non-bureaucrats.

October 29: The Prime Minister convenes an urgent meeting of ministers in charge of economic ministries to discuss the price situation particularly of essential commodities.

October 30: Special CBI judge, S.K. Lal, rejects Laloo Prasad Yadav's bail plea.

Prime Minister of Pakistan, Nawaz Sharif, dismisses the Sindh provincial government and imposes Governor's rule.

October 31: Air Marshal A.Y. Tipnis is the new Air Chief. Mahindra and Mahindra win the Durand Cup Football tournament in New Delhi.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

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